

THE  
DUBLIN REVIEW.

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VOL. XV.

PUBLISHED IN

SEPTEMBER & DECEMBER 1843.



LONDON:

C. DOLMAN, 61, NEW BOND STREET:

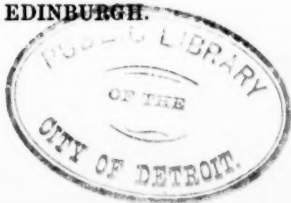
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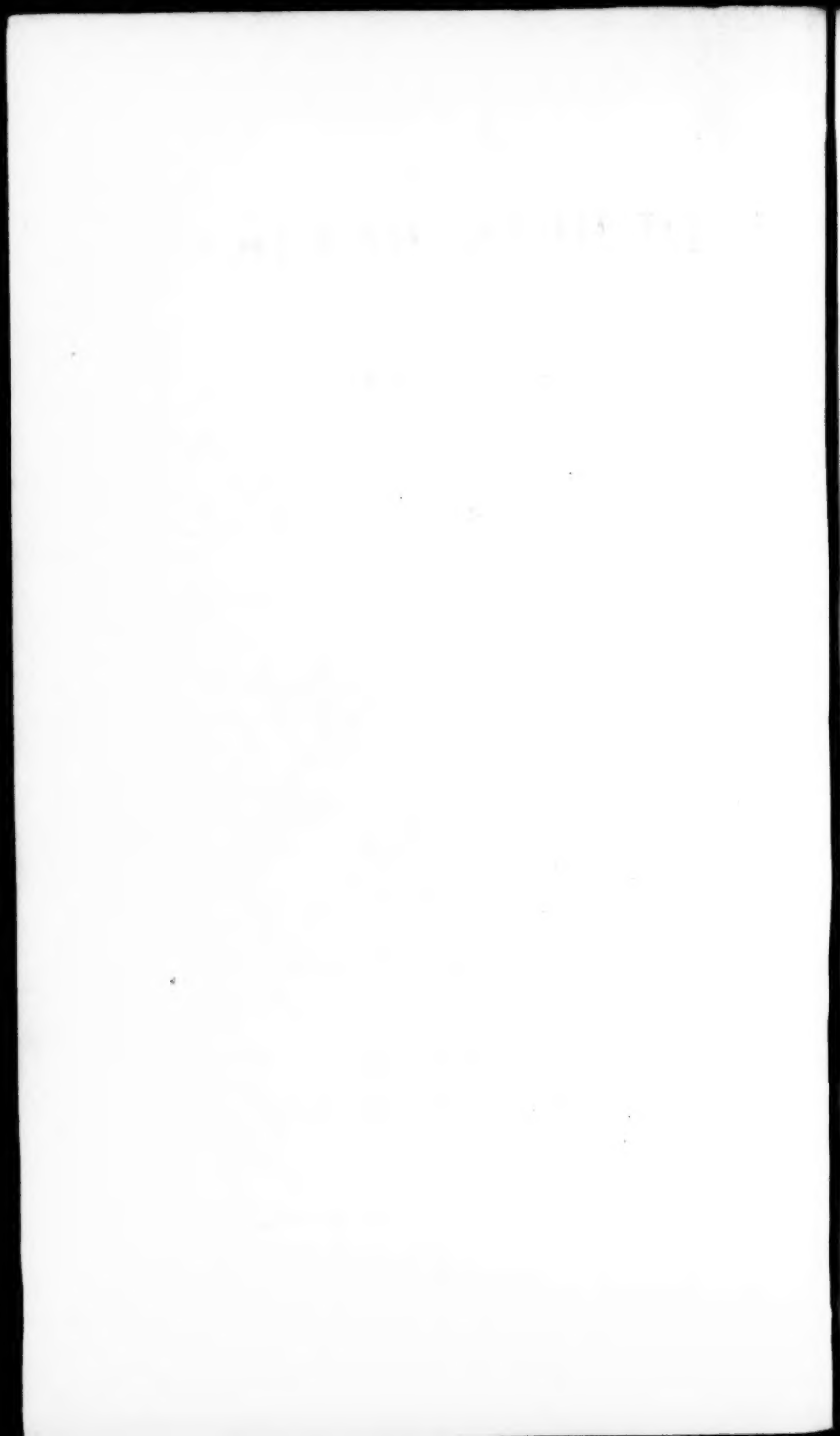
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J. CUMMING, DUBLIN:—W. TAIT, EDINBURGH.

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1843.







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THE  
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AUGUST 1843.

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ART. I.—*Etruscan Literature and Antiquities investigated, or the language of that ancient and illustrious people compared and identified with the Ibero-Celtic, and both shewn to be Phœnician.* By Sir William Betham, Ulster King at Arms. 2 vols. Dublin: 1842.

IN our last November number, and in a brief notice of Mrs. Gray's book, we took occasion to place before our readers an account of some of the wonders that have been discovered amid the sepulchres of ancient Etruria. In alluding to the inscriptions yet legible on many of their monuments, we regretted that no successful attempt had been made to decipher their meaning, and reveal it to the world; and ventured even to express our fears that the inscriptions, both on the tombs and on the Eugubine tables, would remain a mystery for ever. We little thought that our own country should furnish the Œdipus who was to dispel the mystery; and that the key of their hidden treasures was to be found in the very language of our people. The Celtic has been often styled, as much perhaps in sorrow as in scorn, a golden key which unlocked no treasures. If Sir William Betham is to be believed, such it will be no longer. With a zeal and perseverance beyond all praise, he has essayed to vindicate his land's language from obloquy and from neglect, by proving that within view of the capitol, and almost at the gates of Rome, there are hidden treasures of knowledge which, by its agency alone, can be saved from the dreary night of oblivion to which they are otherwise doomed. Before we say whether he has failed, or succeeded in his attempt, let us place before our readers the nature of the task which he has endeavoured to achieve in the volumes published under the above title.

The literature of Etruria has been most expressively termed

a geological literature; not so much because its existing remains have been extracted from the earth, as that it is as mysterious, and unintelligible, as those monuments of primeval existence, which geology has brought to light and proposed for our consideration. The enduring characters imprinted on the sandstone, or the oolitic formations, are not more certain proof of the reality of great and mighty monsters that lived and moved on the primeval earth; and of enormous reptiles and fishes, now unknown, that floated and swam in its waters, than are the monuments of Etruria of knowledge and civilization and enlightenment in central Italy, when the early denizens of Rome were but lawless plunderers, and the thickets of the Aventine but a lair for the wild boar and the wolf. Much of the obscurity which hangs over the one department of knowledge, has been dispelled by the researches of Cuvier and his successors; and from the inspection of the simplest fossil, or the faintest impression, the comparative anatomist will tell the genus and species of extinct or living organic nature to which it belonged, and specify the precise department of the animal or vegetable kingdom to which it is to be referred. But no Cuvier has yet risen in the science of philology. There are in the written and spoken languages of men, fragments of those first tongues which formed the vehicles of thought to the early races of men, who went forth from the plains of Assyria, to the east, and to the west, to the north, and to the south, and raised their palaces or their wigwams on the yet untrodden earth, and were the progenitors of the nations and people, differing as they do in colour, and speech, and physical constitution, that are now spread over its surface. We do believe that there are, at this very hour, and in every language, remains, whether monosyllabic or otherwise, whether names of most familiar things, or wants, or feelings, yet preserved with little variation from the ancient type, speech fossils, if we may be permitted so to speak, expressions or modes of speech, stereotyped throughout all time, and among every people, and throughout the varieties of human speech in their various genera and species, until they be finally resolved into that one primeval tongue which is the parent and root of all. As yet they are far more unexplored, unconnected, and unintelligible, than was the fossil world to the predecessors of Cuvier. But whether this connexion shall ever be fully traced, whether it shall ever be any more than the resemblance of a word, or a class of words, in one to

those in another language, or a similar construction of a sentence or conjugation of a verb, as in the Irish and the Hebrew, or the Greek and the Sanscrit, remains yet to be known. Large vocabularies have been compiled, voluminous works have been written, and unanswerable essays have been read before learned societies: what one has proved another has disproved: what one has maintained another has denied. One etymologist would seek the connexion of languages in the number and similarity of the words, another only from the similarity of construction. One asserts that the Celtic is cognate to the Hebrew, another to the Greek, another to the Latin, while the author, whose work is named at the head of this article, maintains that it is not only cognate to, but even identical with the Etruscan. But notwithstanding all their efforts, we do not think that the "*disjecta membra*" are yet combined. There is yet darkness over the face of the waters. The master spirit has not yet come forth from the womb of time, by whom the agitated elements of the philological world are to be combined into that order and harmony, of which we believe them susceptible.

Yet this high dignity Sir William Betham believes he has attained. The Celtic is to him a key to the hidden mysteries of many a language of the ancient world. The Greek, and in a more essential manner the Etruscan, are compelled to admit its mastery and resign to its superior claims, the origin of words which, for thousands of years, had passed current as their own;—as, viz. Chaos, Eon, Protogonus, Autoichthon, Ouranos, Hesperus, &c. Who, of our classical readers, would imagine that these words are real and veritable Irish. Yet so it is. Even Sanconiathon himself, to whom we were wont to look up through the misty twilight of antiquity, as to some patriarchal personage of thoughtful wrinkled brow, looks grave and reverend with the snow of years, whose shadowy form had in it something of the king, something of the sage, something of the priest, something of whatever is most apt to excite our awe and veneration, however dimly and confusedly mixed up together, even he becomes, under the wizard hand of our author, nothing but a mere dusty roll of parchment or papyrus, a *Sean Can a than*, as it may be a Genesis of the old time; which, however satisfactory and comprehensible to the prosaic and utilitarian spirit of our times, is yet but a poor substitute for the ideal picture we had formed to ourselves, and which was but the more dear to us for its very dimness and uncertainty. But the great object

of our author's labours, and the title to that fame to which he aspires, are the Eugubian Tables, which were found near Gubbio, an episcopal city in the duchy of Urbino, and within the papal territory. In 1444, as labourers were making excavations, to the north of the town, where formerly stood a temple of Jupiter Appeninus, they came on some buildings of compact masonry, which, on being cleared of earth and accumulated rubbish, were found to be an ancient subterranean temple. In one of the chambers, and fixed up against the wall, were found some tables, or plates of brass, covered with inscriptions in the Etruscan character, and as is supposed in the Etruscan language. Seven are still in Gubbio. Two more are said to have been sent to Venice for the purpose of being deciphered. They had not been restored when that city was occupied by the French under Napoleon; and in the confusion consequent on that event, were stolen or mislaid, and have never since been recovered. Of those that remain, five are written in the old Etruscan character, and are read from right to left. The other two are read from left to right, and are written in that which has been called the Roman, and is now the large English character. They seem like the others in their contents, but are decidedly of more modern date. Some new letters are also introduced, thus the letter O is used occasionally in place of V, and sometimes instead of F. The letter G is also found in them, which was not employed, it is said, until so late as four hundred years before the Christian era. It is evident that when the later tables were inscribed, great changes and improvements had been made in the substance and writing of the language; and if they be assigned an antiquity of four hundred years before Christ, the others must date as early as the foundation of Rome. They have been often examined, and have hitherto defied the investigation and baffled the ingenuity of the learned, not alone of Italy, but of Europe. Though believed to be Etruscan, it is not known for certain in what language they have been written. These tables, as also the inscriptions on the Etruscan tombs, bear no analogy to any other known tongue; and the labours of Passeri, Gori, and Lanzi, have but rendered yet more thick and impenetrable, the darkness in which they are enveloped. Müller, who devoted much time and labour, and wrote a learned work on the subject, has not been more successful. He has pointed out a few words which may be the names of individuals, and a termination, which may probably be a sign of the patronymic. Neibuhr has said that the whole of our know-

ledge may be summed up in two words "*avil ril*," which, certainly, he says, mean "*vixit annos*," but which is the noun, or which the verb, it is impossible to determine.

This state of things, it must be confessed, was not very encouraging. Yet, to this arduous task, hoping against hope, Sir William addresses himself. He commences his labours with an ardour undaunted by toil, as by the unpromising nature of his undertaking; with an enthusiasm, unchecked by contradiction, by sneers, or by ridicule, with a research of no ordinary power, and with a heart ever warm to the ancient glories of his country. We shall see with what success the effort has been made. He says that his attention was first drawn to the subject by a passage in the life of Augustus, by Suetonius. The first letter of the word *Cæsar*, was erased by lightning from the pediment of his statue. The augurs, who were, as usual, consulted upon the occasion, gave for answer, that the erased letter C, which was also a Roman numeral, expressed the number of days he had yet to live; and the remaining word, the dignity which, after his death, he was to attain, the word "*æsar*" being the Etruscan for God. Any of our readers will find, on consulting O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary, that this word is also the Irish for God; and is probably the only language in which the word has that signification. The identity of the Celts and Etruscans, is also distinctly asserted by Caius Sempronius, an ancient Roman writer, who is mentioned by Dionysius of Halicarnassus. His words are these, "*Quis enim ex antiquissimis, non scribit a Jano Janiculum, et Etruscos veteres Gallos conditos; et tamen plures Græcorum tradunt a Turrheno Lydo qui fuit nuper et heri positos.*" Here we have the Celtic origin of the Etruscans distinctly asserted; as also the little reliance which, on such a subject, was to be placed on the majority, if not all, the Greek writers. Cheered by these connecting links, he is induced to examine its literary remains with more care, and by comparing them with the oldest specimens of the Celtic, to discover whether there existed any, or what analogy.

The oldest existing specimens of the Celtic are the poems of Amergin, who is said by the bardic writers to be the son of Milesius, and one of the leaders of the Milesian colony. According to their chronology he flourished ten centuries before the Christian era. The poems are certainly of very ancient date, and in a language very different from that which is spoken at the present day. Indeed, so great has been the



change in the Irish since its first existing specimens were written, that a glossary ascribed to Cormac, bishop and king of Cashel in the ninth century, requires now itself a glossary to make it intelligible. It may be hence inferred that the meaning of the words of Amergin are not easily ascertained. They have been often translated, but so various have been the renderings, that we doubt much whether (excepting only a few words) any of the translators have understood the original. We are certain that some of them must be wrong. They are almost entirely monosyllabic, and from this circumstance Sir William Betham derives the principle of his interpretation of the Eugubian tables. Though the lines of the original are divided into separate and distinct words (if words they be), by points or dots at the end of each group of letters, he maintains that these dots must be altogether left out of consideration. Assuming that the language is Celtic, and therefore monosyllabic, he divides the letters into words of one syllable, by no fixed rule that we can discover, but in such a manner only as may most easily enable him to find a corresponding Celtic word; and by adding a vowel here and there, and changing a consonant for another of similar power, he succeeds in forming new combinations and reads it off in Celtic, of which he gives an English translation. These mysterious and hitherto unintelligible characters became, under the influence of his pen (scissors, perhaps we should say), the record of a voyage performed from Cape Ortegal near Corunna, to Carnsore Point in the county of Wexford, which, according to the custom of Phenician mariners, was engraved on tablets of brass, and hung up in one of the temples in memory of the event, and for the instruction of posterity. This voyage was the more memorable, for having been the first in which the mariner abandoned the circuitous line of the coast, and launched out boldly into the deep, trusting his feeble bark to the winds and waves alone. We give a summary of their contents in the author's own words:—

“It is stated that a Phenician vessel proceeded in a strong current along the coast of Spain beyond Cape Ortegal, then called ‘the northern headland of the ocean’ (on which it appears a fire beacon was kept burning for the benefit of mariners at night), “for twelve nights, in a direction *due north*, observed by the polar star, when they saw land, and came to a point which they called Carna, or *the turn*. In another place it is called Tuscer, or *the first turn*, being the first deviation from the direct northern track. They saw also a large black rock in the middle of the sea. They went round this



point, and got into smooth water, and were *free* from the heavy seas and swells they had so long encountered. They called this Car. na. ser. tus. cer. or the free turn of the first deviation. That point of land bears the name of Carnasoire Point, and the rock the Tuscar Rock. The peninsula is now the parish of Carne, in the county of Wexford. By Ptolemy it was called Sacrum Promontorium. The mariners having got into smooth water, proceeded to examine the coast, and soon discovered the entrance into the river Slaney, which they entered in safety. The flux and reflux of the tides are described with extraordinary accuracy, declared to be governed by a certain law, and influenced by the moon. The tables then state that mountains were seen to the north of the Carne. Some description is given of the return to the Frith, as the Straits of Hercules are called, and many curious particulars are adverted to, particularly the advantage of keeping from the land in deep water, which is represented as entirely free from the danger of rocks or shoals. That, contrasted with the old method of coasting, it was delightful; that the seamen were contented and happy; that steering by the North star they were certain of arriving at Carne, and might be sure they were right when they saw the rock in the sea; that the land was dedicated to Nerf or Minerva, because it was the first land discovered, and the introduction to other undiscovered countries. It was thus Ireland became a holy island dedicated 'to the illustrious holy One of the Sea,' the holy guiding one of the sea, even Nerf. It is remarkable that the title *Naomh*, given to Nerf, as *the holy one*, is the same as that now given by the Irish to the Christian saints."—p. 96, vol. i.

Having thus given the substance of our author's version, we shall place before our readers a few sentences of the original, that they may see the materials on which his ingenuity has been exerted. We select from the beginning of the seventh table, which is the most modern, and therefore likely to form the prelude, if not the key, to any thing we are to know of their meaning. We give the five first lines:—

1. Sururont. pesnimumo. sururont deitu. etaias. eno. prinuatur. simo. etuto. erafont. via. poro.
2. Benuso.
3. Fondlire. abrof. trif. fetu. heriei. rofu. heriei. peiu. serfe. martie. feitu. popluper. totar. iiovinar. totaper.
4. iiovina vatuo. ferine. feitu. poni. fetu. aurio. fetu. tases. per. snimu. prosesetirmefa. spefa. fcla. arsueita.
5. Suront. naratu. puse. verisco. treblanir. ape. traha. sahata. com. bifiansust. enom. erus. dirstu.

Let our readers make English of that if they can. We

subjoin our author's translation, and in a note\* we endeavour to give some idea of the literary alchemy by which the result is obtained. We are compelled to give the Irish in the English character. The following is the idiomatic translation, free from the obscurity of the literal of these five lines:—

1. "In this boisterous voyage it is best to leave the coast in the daytime; at night the sailing thereon is safer after a day's sailing from it, as then there is nothing but water; you will have the mountains in sight, but the sailing will be easy going from thence, although the waves are boisterous."

2. "for some distance from the land."

3. "When at sea, away from the land with the moon, going to the river all that great distance; you will have much night-sailing, but it is free from danger to the seamen, as to that, steering to the north night and day."

4. "Both by day and by night, to and from, by the star which is seen, Phœnician, that long navigation in the night is safe and happy, the navigation being very safe from shoals, it is as good steering in the night as by daylight, both out and home."

5. "It is also a great advantage in going in this sea to the western harbour at night, that the knowledge of the laws of the currents is a protection from all danger on the solitary waters."—vol. i. p. 352.

These few lines contain the substance of the entire seven tables. They give us but an endless repetition of the statement, that it is safe to sail with the moon and the tides, and that the mariner need have no apprehension of rocks or shoals from Corunna to Carnsore. It was this unvarying repetition that at very first sight made us doubt the accuracy of his principles of interpretation. It is utterly incredible that any seafaring-man, when sitting down to describe his past experiences, and give a record of a voyage which was to be of use to his

* Etruscan.	Irish.	Literat English.
1. su. ru. ront.	so. ro. ront.	This to go boisterous
pe. sni. mu. mo	be. sni. mo. mo	night sailing very happy
su. ru. ront.	so. ro. ront.	this to go boisterous
de: i. tu	de. i. do.	day in to
e. ta. i. as.	e. ta. i. as.	from indeed in it is
en. o	en. u.	water by
pri. no. ba. tur.	bri. no. ba. tur.	the mountains then will be the voyage
s. i. mo	se. i. mo	this in happy
e. tut. o.	e. tuat. o	it north from
é. ra. fon. t.	e. ra. fon. ta.	it going land it is
por. a	bor. a. (bo. ra)	swelling the (was going)
2. ben. u. so	ben o. so.	The head from this
3. fon. d. li. re.	fon. at. li. re	The land likewise with the moon
ab. ro. f.	ab. ro. fa.	the river to go that

fellows of that and every after-age, which was to direct their frail barks on that lonely sea, could or would give them no more satisfactory information, than is contained in that which is said to be a version of these tables. We doubt whether there be in the entire, a single observation which a seaman would find of practical utility in guarding against the dangers to which his vessel would be exposed. Nor is it in words like these, that the first hardy adventurers, who left the secure guidance of the shore, and launched into the wide waste of waters, where no distant island or jutting headland told them of their position or pointed out their way, would embody their sensations, or their fears, or their hopes, on the new and untried sphere of existence on which they entered. We can make allowances for the remoteness of the time, the novelty of the circumstances, the altered tone of feeling, or the imperfect form in which the statement is presented to us, but whether in the Phenician bark or English brig, we believe the sailor's heart to be still the same as it was in times of old. We believe him to be animated with the same feelings, kindled by the same hopes, conscious of the same wants, and excited by the same alarms, and did we possess the authentic original record of a Hanno or a Hamilcar, we believe that in substance they would be found not much unlike those of a Cook or an Anson. But in the document before us we find nothing to interest or to instruct us. It is the same monotonous repetition, of an uninteresting and not very accurate assertion; and therefore, whatever else it may prove to be, we are not much disposed to receive it as the official report of an ancient mariner, chronicling his experiences in the public archives, for the guidance and the enlightenment of posterity.

But our objection does not rest on these analogies. We doubt the accuracy of his interpretation on stronger grounds. Admitting for a moment his division of the letters, the very construction of the sentence, as arranged by him, affords conclusive evidence that it is not Irish. The words of a language are and must be altered by time, but the construction will be nearly always the same. Even as the parts, whether flesh or bone or muscle of the human system are ever subject to change, and what was a living integral part of the body to-day, to-morrow belongs to it no more, while the mechanism and adaptation of the parts, and the functions of the animal economy continue unaltered; so will the structure of a language survive the changes of words, the substitution of phrases or the vicissitudes of idioms, and persevere unchanged,

whilst its every component particle has been subjected to alteration. If these tables be Celtic, the construction of the sentence must be analogous to what they have been since that tongue became a written and spoken one in our land. But it is not Celtic, to have, as our author's version has, the article at the end of the sentence, or after the genitive case instead of before it, as we could point out in more places than one. It is not like the Celtic, more especially in its ancient form, such as the poems of Amergin, or the hymn of Fiech, which dates as early as the fifth or sixth century, to employ the article so frequently, or so many prepositions as are found in the version before us. These poems are composed indeed in a great measure of monosyllables, but each monosyllable is a noun, or a verb, or an adjective. There are comparatively few of what may be called the minor parts of speech, and above all, a paucity of articles. In these tables, if they be Celtic, they are more numerous than in the modern conversational Irish. They are more numerous than in any modern or ancient tongue, and the more numerous they are, the more, in our opinion, are its claims to be considered a primitive tongue diminished.

We have stated before, and it may be seen from the specimen above given, that the original tables are divided into what at first sight would appear separate and distinct words. That they are words, has been generally assumed in the systems of explanation hitherto given; and it was because he departed from this received opinion, that the royal Irish Academy objected to our author's interpretation, and, if we mistake not, would not permit it to be read at its meetings. But with all due respect for so learned a body, they seem to have come to this conclusion without examining very closely the original. Had they looked attentively at some of the tables, more especially the sixth, they would have seen that the same letters, coming in the same order, and evidently having the same meaning, are pointed differently, as in the following instance of some others, plate VII:—

nome. nerf. arsmor. veiro. peqooc. astruo. fr. i.  
 nome. nerf. arsmo. viro. pequo. castruo. frif.  
 nome. nerfarsmo. viro. peq. uo. castruo. fri.  
 nome. nerf. arsmo. viro. pequocastruofri.

This is only one of many instances which we could adduce of similar letters pointed differently; and as it is morally impossible that they could have but the one meaning, we must

suppose the pointing to be carelessly, if not arbitrarily done ; and in endeavouring to find a meaning, we must not adhere too rigidly to the present punctuation. But though we do not adhere to it throughout, are we therefore to cast it aside altogether? We think that it would not be safe to do so. However it may vary in some instances, there is yet a general uniformity pervading the whole. We find the same letters generally grouped in nearly the same manner. Though there is sufficient diversity to make us doubt, there is not enough to warrant us in rejecting altogether. However they may be divided, we may believe that they are intended to represent the same ideas, or be descriptive of the same subject. We should be more unwilling to substitute in its place any such arbitrary system (if any thing so unfixed can be called a system) as Sir William Betham has introduced, and would have us so unhesitatingly adopt, if we knew from other sources the meaning of any words or sentence, were it only the short one *avil ril* before alluded to (and by-the-by it looks very suspiciously that he does not analyse or explain these words at all) and then found that by the application of his method such a conclusion was attained, we should have some principle wherewith to commence our theory, as we should have some proof of its accuracy. But to say that because we can obtain by it a meaning of some kind or other, therefore it must be a key to the decyphering of Etruscan inscriptions, is a violation of all the rules of logical deduction. Our author should first prove that the meaning at which he arrived was the true meaning of the original. Until this is done, the entire theory is nothing but a bold conjecture. We are confident that by applying his principle of interpretation to one of the odes of Horace, or the Eclogues of Virgil, by dividing the words as may suit our purpose, by changing one letter for another of not very dissimilar power, by using the vowels indiscriminately one for the other, and by adding a letter where it was needed to eke out a meaning, we could make Horace to speak eloquently on a Repeal of the Legislative Union, and his illustrious contemporary to urge in most cogent phrase the policy of a fixed duty on corn, supposing always that we had a language as flexible as the Irish wherewith to accomplish our purposes.

To show how uncertain is the standard which our author applies, we may instance the different translations which he often gives of the same word. We have remarked in a particular manner the word spelled sometimes Totaper, at other times

Tutaper, yet from the context clearly having the same meaning. In one place it is rendered by the "*north sea*," at another by "*gentle indeed the sea by*." It is found generally joined to the word *icubina* or *iovina*, which, though clearly the same, and a proper name, is yet resolved in several instances differently. The word *inuc* occurs several times, and after dividing this word into parts, he introduces the letter *c* into the middle, for no other reason that we can see, but that he wishes by its aid, to construct out of the fragments of the original the word *cnoc*, which signifies a mountain. The letter *i* is found excessively useful. At one time it is a noun, at another a pronoun, at another an adjective. It is rivalled only by the letter *s*, which at one time stands alone, at others has the different vowels placed before it or after it, according as the exigency of the case may require. If the same use and power were applied to the letters in every instance, they would not be so much liable to objection, but to employ them in so uncertain and seemingly so capricious a manner, is taxing our credulity too far.

But the labours of our author in this department are not yet completed. In the year 1822, a square block of stone was discovered near Perugia, on two sides of which appeared an inscription of forty-five lines. The letters, which were coloured in vermillion, are said to be in the Etruscan character. Vermiglioli and Campanari have given their respective versions; but Micali, no incompetent judge, says that we cannot with certainty, in the present state of our knowledge, say whether either of them has given us the meaning of the original. Sir William Betham, undismayed by the ill success of their efforts, attempts himself the work of their explanation. He applies to the stone of Perugia the same key as to the Etruscan tables, and, as may be anticipated, the meaning is no longer a mystery. This stone, found some miles from the position of the tables, engraved after so unlike a fashion, and destined for so dissimilar an object, being evidently for the corner of some public building or street, becomes nothing more or less than a continuation of the same subject; nay, it is even destined to fill up a blank between the fifth and sixth tables, and relates to the same method of navigating the northern seas from Cape Ortegal to Carnsore. So also does the other inscription, engraved by Montfaucon from an ancient marble found in another part of Italy. We may thus perceive how deep an interest the inhabitants of Italy took in our concerns nearly three thousand years ago. We have their

navigators engaged in searching for us, braving the terrors of a stormy and unknown sea, in the hope of reaching the coast of Wexford. We have their artists employed in commemorating the glorious achievement, and preserving to the remotest time and to generations then unborn, the route which was to bring them to us; that no hapless Etruscan or Umbrian might be deprived of the honour and happiness, at least once in his life, "*of steering by the moon and the tides, and the guidance of the polar star, to the north, even to the rock of Tuscar and the promontory of Carnsore.*"

As may be supposed, he applies his key to the inscriptions on Etruscan tombs. We have in a former number of this Review drawn attention to them, and given some of the generally received interpretations which our author pronounces to be utterly erroneous. Since Mrs. Gray visited the country, several interesting and beautiful remains have been discovered, more especially a tomb found near Perugia, in February 1840, and called "*Sepolero dei Volunni*," because it was supposed to contain the remains, and to have been the burying-place of that ancient and illustrious family. As usual in unrisfled tombs, it was found full of sarcophagi and other interesting relics of antiquity, but of a more than usual beauty and magnificence. The sides of the entrance, the walls of the chambers, and all the sarcophagi but one, were inscribed in the usual Etruscan form, and that one, which alone was of white marble, had on it in Roman letters—

P. VOLUMNIUS. A. F. VIOLENS.  
CAFATIA. NATUS.

This inscription has been thought to afford a clue to the decyphering of the others, on one of which is written the words—

PUI. FELIMNA. AU. CAPHATIAL.

and on another—

CEILIA. FELIMNEI. ARNTHIAL.

These inscriptions, which, to an ordinary observer, would seem the names of individuals, Sir W. Betham finds out to be Irish, which he thus translates. First, "*Lamentations of women were heard, when he was conducted to the house of all.*" And of the second, "*By night, with the lamentations of women, conducted to the house of all.*" The later Latin inscription he pronounces to be a forgery (when or how the forgery was perpetrated he forgets to mention), to lead un-



thinking antiquaries astray. But he forgets to explain how, according to his principles, they neglected to inscribe on the tomb the name of the individual deceased, as was usual among the Romans, who, it is well known, derived all their religious customs and ceremonies from this people. The family resemblance of the inscriptions with one another, the similarity also in sound of Felimnas with Volumnius as a surname, afford us a very high probability that they are really the names of the parties, and not the moral and sentimental reflexions into which they are attempted to be resolved.

One word more we shall add, ere we take our leave of this subject of literature. It is the supposed resemblance of the Etruscan with the Celtic characters. The former has thirteen, the latter sixteen, characters in their ancient alphabets. Our author fancies he can perceive a strong family resemblance between them, but we must confess that, on the minutest examination, we have not been so fortunate. We have compared them with the most ancient letters of different languages, as these are engraved in *Astle's Art of Writing*. We can discover a strong resemblance between the Etruscan, the Hebrew, the Phœnician, the Basque, and the old Gaulish, but none whatever with the Celtic. Astle places the four now mentioned in the same family, and there can be no doubt but that they are derived from the same source, whatever that source may be. But with the Celtic they have not the most remote resemblance. The formation of the Celtic letters is altogether different, and they must be classed in altogether a different family.

From the literature of the Etruscans he proceeds to their mythology. Assuming their mythology and that of the Phœnicians to be identical, he begins with the latter, as described by Sanconiathon, and finds a Celtic explanation of the names, attributes, and power of each divinity. We have before mentioned the very uncereemonious manner in which poor old Sanconiathon himself has been deprived of his personality, and shall not follow our author in the minute detail of his derivations, in which he certainly does say some strange things, strongly affecting our risible faculties. Perhaps few of our readers have been previously aware that St. Patrick is frequently addressed by his spiritual children under the style and title of Hercules; and that many of our saints, and illustrious personages, many of our great statesmen and advocates come in for a share of the honour. Certainly this was a piece of information which we did not previously possess. If



such a custom exists, we know no one more entitled to the honour than Sir William Betham himself, for he does wield his Celtic club with an energy that is not a little wonderful; doing great execution among the worthy folk that whilom did dwell on the cloud-capt summit of Olympus, and macadamizing the very choicest, and most venerable, and time-honoured monuments of that locality, with a determination that no difficulty can deter. Neither Chaos, nor Demiurgus, nor Melicarthes, nor Trismegistus, nor the hundred-armed Briareus himself can dismay our modern Hercules. They, as well as the cloud-compelling Jove, are compelled to do homage to the sovereignty of our national tongue, and shrink almost into thin air at the influence of its wizard sound. Shall we tell our readers the fair and easy manner in which, with one blow of his club,\* he disposes of the very heaven-born Titans.

"It is a natural conclusion that the Phœnicians would give names to their ships expressive of their qualifications. So a ship would be called Briareus, because of her doubling a cape well, or had done so; [*sic*] another Cottus, after the first ship; another Hesperio, from her experience of the sea, &c. They would also be denominated giants from their combined power, and be described as having fifty heads and one hundred hands, because they had a crew of fifty men. In our own ships the sailors are called hands, and it is a natural and appropriate figure of speech."

The Hydra, with its hundred heads, turns out to be but the recurring promontories and jutting headlands of a long line of coast; Hercules applied fire to their heads to render them harmless, by the erection of fire-beacons, which made them guides and not dangers to the mariners. Scylla is but another version of Skellig, and the golden apples of the Hesperides are found to be but oranges from the Canaries. Prometheus, the beautiful mythos of Prometheus—but we shall here let our author speak for himself, he is really so rich, that we shall not defraud our readers of their—shall we say, instruction or amusement.

"Prometheus is represented as climbing up to heaven and thence bringing down fire, which meant nothing more than sailing to the south, by which new stars, or constellations, and a warm climate were discovered; thus obtaining heat from the sun at the end of a ferula, *i. e.* at the end of a study. He ridiculed the gods, that is, he

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\* We are surprised that he has drawn no analogy between the club of Hercules and the sprig of Shillelah.

made light of former discoveries. He taught many useful arts. Banier supposes Prometheus to have been but a continuation of the story of the Titans, in which he was not far from the truth; for both fables are allegorical of nautical voyages and settlements in distant countries, and the contemplation and study of the heavenly bodies. The sacrifice of two oxen may have meant the preservation of beef in its salted state [oh, shades of Æschylus and Shelley!] as a supply of provisions for long voyages, in which the flesh alone was preserved, while the old system was to take live animals to sea, and slaughter them as required, a system which could not be practised in long voyages. The confining Prometheus to a rock, and his delivery by Hercules, was most likely a nautical discoverer being absent from his country by some accident to his ship, and unable to return, being brought back after some years by subsequent Phœnician voyagers, of whom Hercules was the emblem. The vulture preying upon his liver, the trouble or vexation attending such a situation, which, although it may be distressing, and preying upon his mind, yet hope did not forsake the person so situated so as to despair of return."

The nature as well as the defect of our author's etymology may be seen in the word *Latona*, which he thus resolves; *LA. day*, *TON waves*, and *NA the*, and meaning the waves of day. He here, as in every other instance, proves too much. In accounting for every syllable and letter, he, in reality, accounts for nothing. No Irish scholar would ever place, as our author here does, the article at the end of the word. It should be, according to the grammatical construction of the language, not at the *end*, but in the *middle*, being the prefix of the genitive case. The word *Pallas*, he derives from *beal*, the mouth, and *las*, light, and believes it to be equivalent to and synonymous with "a bright idea," a "*lucid* (quere lucid) *notion*," "*a brilliant discovery*," and so, could we say it without irreverence, we believe not a little of our author's etymology to be.

Having no sympathy with Freemasonry, we pass over his description of the Cabiri, and the effort to make out the Freemasons as their legitimate descendants. Several associations for purposes of religion, politics, and amusement, we suppose there have ever been. There is something in the mystery which holds them together, which invests such societies with a charm for the giddy and the thoughtless, but we believe the Cabiri and the Freemasons had nothing in common save their secrecy and mutual brotherhood, and, it may be, the false and ridiculous pretence of having something important to conceal. We pass on to another connecting

link which is endeavoured to be traced between the coinage of the Irish and the Etruscans. In the fields and bogs of Ireland there have been dug up, from time to time, rings of gold and silver, which have contributed not a little to perplex and puzzle the antiquaries, not alone of Ireland, but of other countries;—the original purpose for which they were intended not being satisfactorily ascertained. Some believe them to have been used as bracelets, others as clasps or fibulae, others as frontlets for helmets. Some of these articles have been found weighing fifty-six ounces, which makes it highly probable that some, at least, were not intended for any such purpose; whereas ornaments of such a weight would be found by no means convenient. Our author was, we believe, the first who suggested that these metallic substances may have been the coinage of the country. It is well known that vast quantities of the precious metals were to be met with in Gaul, at the time of Cæsar, and he expressly states that as money they used gold and iron rings of a certain weight. The gold only remains: the iron must have long since corroded and decayed. It appears also, from Sir Gardner Wilkinson's valuable book on Egypt, that the use of gold and silver rings, as money, was not unknown to them; for in the inscriptions on the tombs, it appears that some of the tribute of the conquered cities consisted of rings of gold. It would be matter of no surprise therefore that such things should be found in Ireland. It is true that all the metallic ornaments found are not rings, but yet we can trace the successive alterations by which the simple ring was unfolded into what has been called a fibula; and we can have little difficulty in believing them to have been used for such a purpose. It may also happen, that, though their primary destination and object was a monetary medium, they may, notwithstanding, have been occasionally employed for secondary purposes, as for instance, ornaments of dress, or clasps for keeping the outward garment in a closed or convenient position. It is a singular corroboration of this opinion, that metallic rings of nearly similar form have been found along the coasts of the Mediterranean, and especially on the site and in the vicinity of Carthage; and also that they are yet used upon the coasts of Africa, so like the ancient Irish, that, but for the material of which they are composed, they could not be known asunder;—those of Africa being iron, while the Irish are always of the purest gold. Thousands of these articles are annually made in Birmingham, and shipped for the Gold

Coast, where, under the name of Manilla, they form the current coin of the natives. If it be true that these articles, however differing in size, are yet found to increase in weight, in a certain ratio, it seems almost certain that they were used for coins or weights, perhaps for both. The weight of these being a certain fixed multiple of the Etruscan assis, is another point on which he rests for a confirmation of his theory. He even goes so far, and is so absorbed in his favourite and cherished opinion, as to assert that the two-headed Janus on Etruscan coins, is an emblem of their having performed the outward and homeward voyages to the coast of Ireland.

We next come to what we consider to be the really valuable part of these volumes, where he draws a resemblance between the mode of sepulchre of the two countries, and endeavours to show that they had one common origin. On a former occasion we noticed the strong resemblance between the sepulchral mounds of Cære and the tumuli of Ireland. There is the same gradual elevation on the outside, and the same internal arrangement of the chambers. The mound of New Grange is but a rude counterpart of those of Central Italy. There are in some of them chambers and passages cut in the solid rock, as we know to be the case, at least, in one tumulus on the Bandon river in the south of Ireland. The round towers of the latter country are also enlisted by our author in his cause, as may be expected. The original purpose of these towers has been so frequently discussed; there have been so many treatises written upon the subject, and written with so much ingenuity and research, that we are unwilling to do more than allude to them on the present occasion; and should certainly have passed them by altogether unnoticed, but that they have received an additional interest from some excavations recently made. It is a melancholy, and yet a convincing proof of the meagreness of our domestic annals, and their insufficiency for many of the purposes of history, that these, the most interesting monuments of our country, should have been passed by unnoticed and unrecorded; and that the very first certain mention of their existence should be found in the page of a professed maligner of that country and its people. For we are not aware of any earlier allusion than that of Cambrensis, who speaks of them as peculiar to Ireland, and also mentions the belief of the fishermen of Lough Neagh, who fancied that they could see, under the waters, the towers that were built there before the inundation by which the lake was formed. The public are

already aware that the opinions concerning their erection have been many and various: some ascribing to them a Christian, and others a Pagan origin; some maintaining them to be belfries, others watch-towers, others places of penance, and others the abode of a peculiar class of contemplatives. There are many who believe that they were fire-temples, erected by a class of pagan devotees, who worshipped that element like the disciples of the Persian Zoroaster. Of all these various and discordant opinions, the latter seemed most popular, whether as more conformable to our national yearning after an eastern extraction, or, it may be, from the seeming confirmation it received, from the discovery in India, by Lord Valentia, of some round towers, very strongly resembling those he had so often seen in his own country. The Indian towers were pillar temples, erected by the Parsees for the worship of fire. Mr. Petrie read, some few years since, an essay on the subject for the Royal Irish Academy, which received the prize from that body, and which was to have set the subject at rest for ever, but that essay has not yet been published. It is but a short time since, that, in addition to all previous conjectures, another was proposed, as to whether they may not have been intended for purposes of sepulture. It was thought that if they had been so used, some relics must still exist of the bodies, and therefore some evidence of such a destination. In pursuance of this suggestion it was proposed to dig in the interior of a few of those that were most easily accessible. The first explored was that of Ardmore, in the county of Waterford, near the sea coast, on the north side of Youghal Bay. This tower resembles very much, in the circular bands that surround it on the outside, at regular distances, the one seen in India by Lord Valentia. The excavation was made by Mr. O'Dell. The following is an extract from his letter to Mr. Hackett, of Middleton, immediately after the excavation was made. We prefer in this and the following instances to give the original documents, to any condensed narrative of our own.

"But I will tell you what I did find, which has mystified me not a little. It must be fresh in your memory that in the former excavation I had to sink through a mass of very large stones, so closely packed together that it was not easy to remove them, but without any mortar, except when they approached or joined the wall of the tower. This description, however, applies to the two or three lower courses of the stones, for the upper were not so close. Your letter, however, and a little of my own curiosity, determined

me on sinking deeper. To work therefore I went yesterday, and came at once upon regular courses of immense unhewn stones, so packed and joined in with the surrounding work, as, apparently, to have formed part of the original structure. These stones were so close that it was almost impossible to get a crowbar between them, and they were removed with great difficulty; at length we got up the last of them, and found that they had been lying on a bed of mortar, quite smooth and level. This mortar was exactly level with the external base of the tower, and I naturally concluded we had arrived at a *ne plus ultra*, but to my great surprise the crowbar went through into soft mould. So down we went, the stones standing round like the sides of a wall; and about a foot lower down, across the centre of the tower, and lying east and west, we found a human skeleton. But pray come and see things for yourself."

In this excavation the head and feet were found so fixed under the walls at each side, that they could not be extracted with the others. It appeared also that the body must have been placed there at the first building of the tower, and an experienced mason, who was called to examine the excavation, gave it as his opinion that it must have been originally intended for its reception. The body, therefore, as was surmised by some, could not have been deposited there before the building was contemplated or projected, and remained subsequently undisturbed. This occurred in July 1841. In the August following, another skeleton was discovered in the same town, below the other, and before they came to the foundation, which was on the solid rock. The next experiment was in the beautiful tower on the north side of the cathedral, on the Rock of Cashel; but the result was unsatisfactory. It seemed to have been examined before, and nothing was found but the *débris* of some former investigation. Nothing daunted, however, by this failure, a committee of gentlemen from the South Munster Antiquarian Society, proceeded to examine the tower near the cathedral of Cloyne, in the county of Cork, in the month of September in the same year.

"The workmen, after clearing out about three or four feet of rubbish, fallen nests of jackdaws, bones of birds, &c., came to a solid floor of broken limestones laid in gravel, so firmly fixed, as only to yield to the continual application of the pickaxe and crowbar, under which was found a bed of fine black earth, in which were found three human skeletons, two lying beside each other, and one below: under this was a layer of heavy stones with a smooth level surface, fixed in gravel, under which were two tiers of light flags which rested on the solid rock. There is no question of the sepulchral character of this tower, nor can a doubt be raised on that point."

With respect to the assertion here made, that there can be no question of the sepulchral character of this tower, there is a little exaggeration, though, we believe unintentionally, on the part of the author. It is not true that three skeletons were found in the manner described, nor indeed was there found any skeleton at all. There were found certainly in the black earth mentioned above, some human bones, principally, if not entirely, of the smaller bones of the body, some pieces of skull, which seemed that of a young person, and six collar-bones, which gave rise to the statement of the six skeletons, considered so decisive of their sepulchral character. If the bodies to which these bones belonged were placed there in their integral state, it seems strange that while the smaller bones are preserved, no vestige of the larger bones remains. Is it not natural to suppose that they, in consequence of their greater size, should longer have resisted the progress of decay? The bones which have thus been magnified into skeletons, we know, of our personal knowledge, to have been contained in a vessel of very small dimensions, and to occupy at this very moment the small cabinet drawer of a gentleman, who, albeit not of our creed, cherishes them with a most excessive love and veneration. The tower of Roscrea was subsequently attempted, and quantities of human bones were found, but nothing to indicate that bodies were deposited there in their integral state, and the further examination of the bottom was interrupted in consequence of the water which began to flow in upon the labourers. On the stones of one of the windows was found the figure of a galley and some other things, and underneath an inscription in characters an inch long, but so effaced, that they could not be accurately decyphered. But the most important, we believe, of the Irish towers is that of Drumbo, in the county of Down, which was examined by the agent and at the request of the Marquis of Downshire. We give an extract from a letter of his lordship's agent, A. Durham, Esq.:—

“About seven feet below, when we commenced excavating, we found a skeleton ‘in situ,’ lying by compass N.W. by W., wanting both feet from the knees, and the right arm. The earth we removed was of a blackish colour, as if principally composed of vegetable matter full of stones, many of which, from the mortar on them, must have fallen from the top. On the eastern side it abounded in bones of different animals, and a few seemingly of black cattle. Under this earth we came to a surface of mortar. This induced us to proceed still more cautiously, and immediately under this mortar



we first discovered the skull in good preservation, together with the teeth. We then laid bare the entire body, a work of no little difficulty, from the wetness and adhesiveness of the soil. We were much inclined to leave the body as we found it, but were obliged to raise it to continue our search. We excavated to the very foundation of the tower without finding any thing. In the earth were many pieces of charcoal. The skull was lying on the right side."

His lordship in reply endeavoured to account for the loss of the feet, by supposing that the tower was too narrow to admit the entire body. To this Mr. Durham replies:—

"The diameter of the tower is nine feet, and what appears still more remarkable is, that the trunk was not placed exactly in the centre, but the head so near the side, that there would have been room sufficient for the body with its legs and feet. Had it been perfect it would have been in the centre. The mystery seems much increased by the want of the arm. None of the bones found had been acted on by fire. There was no flagstone nor floor either above or below the body. The layer of mortar seems to have been intended for a floor."

Maghera, in the same county, was subsequently examined, as was also that of Brechin, in Scotland, but nothing of importance was found to throw light on their origin. That of Abernethy, however, in the county of Fife, is more important than any of the others, and indeed, to our minds, almost conclusive on the subject. The Rev. Mr. Small, minister of Edenhead, in that county, published in 1823 a small volume on the Roman antiquities found in Fife. In describing the round tower of Abernethy, in the body of his book, he mentions a popular tradition, that it served as the burial-place of the Pictish kings, and expresses his belief that were an excavation made, the remains of these heroes would be found. On the 10th May 1821, the experiment was made, as described in the Appendix, from which we quote.

"The sexton who was employed had not dug down more than four feet, when he came to plenty of human bones, and the fragments of an urn with a row of carving round the bottom of the neck. Most of the bones appeared to have belonged to the person that was last interred, as they came up double and of the same size. The arm-bones, the thigh-bones, the leg-bones, and all the ribs on both sides, as also part of the skull and back-bones, all in a state of apparently good preservation. There was one bone, however, which was dug up among the rest, that obviously appeared to us all not to belong to the human body, which the doctor declared to be rather the thigh-bone of a dog. The man, in digging, soon came to thin



broad flags, which seemed either as the bottom of the first coffin, or the cover of another, and by removing one which seemed the largest, found there was plenty of bones below. And thus, after gaining our end in ascertaining the original design of building it as a cemetery for the royal family, we desisted. After making this important discovery within, we went out and made another without. Looking up to it, we observed that the first twelve rows of stones from the foundations were exceedingly weather-beaten, old, and corroded by time, though seemingly of a hard and durable nature.\* The contrast was so great with those immediately above them, that these appeared as if they had been newly built in comparison with the others.

“The sexton has since informed me that he afterwards dug down farther and found many more bones, among them seven skulls, all lying together. The flesh was adhering to some of the bones, which the uncommon dryness of the soil must have caused.”

We have made these large quotations, and trespassed largely on our readers, because we believe them to contain facts, not only new but interesting. We leave them to draw their own conclusions. We may remark, however, that if, as Sir W. Betham imagines, there be any connexion between these towers and the Etruscan one of the Cucumella, it would be the upper and not the lower part of the building that would be decayed, for in that instance the lower part being enclosed within a tumulus, would be preserved from the action of the air, and therefore from corrosion. Had such been the case also, it is scarcely possible that some of the tumuli should not still remain, or at least, that some vestiges thereof should not be discovered. It is certain that some of these towers were employed for sepulchral purposes. The tower of Abernethy would lead us to suppose that they were erected for that express object. But in our examination of the subject we should not forget, that they may have been originally constructed and used for one purpose, though subsequently employed for another. Were it not for this consideration, we should say that the fact of their having been employed for sepulchral purposes, would destroy, and for ever, the supposition that they were erected by the fire-worshippers of old. We know with what horror the disciples of Zoroaster, in common with all eastern nations, looked on the touch of any thing unclean; how sedulously they guarded, and still guard, against the slightest profanation of that which they look up to with ido-

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\* The same appearance struck us very forcibly in the tower of Cashel, if our memory serves us rightly; and also in that of Cloyne.

latrous veneration. They will permit none to approach it. The very elevation of the door from the ground was, it is said, intended to guard against this contingency. None were to come near it, or to look at it, or to touch it. Even the ministering priest has to cover his mouth with a veil, lest his breath should communicate to it any contagion or defilement. There is no source of defilement which, even to this day, they regard with more horror, or from which they would purify themselves with a more religious diligence and scrupulous anxiety, than the touch of a dead body. Even those who come near it to render it the last rites of affection and of friendship, are compelled to undergo a rigorous purification ere they can be again admitted to the full enjoyment of social, much less of religious communion. How unlikely, therefore, is it, that the most hallowed rites and duties of the fire-worshipper could be contaminated by any such source of uncleanness? much less that the very shrine or altar, whereon the object of their idolatry reposed, should be placed directly over the remains of human corruption, nay, should be not unfrequently disturbed from its position, in order that the body should be consigned to its last resting-place. If these towers were therefore erected for purposes of sepulture, they were never intended for fire-temples, and their resemblance to the pillar-temples of India is only one of those casual instances of identity, which not unfrequently occur, and for which it would be useless, as it would be unnecessary, to inquire a cause.

These are, we believe, the great points of resemblance, and therefore of connexion, which our author would seek to establish between the ancient inhabitants of Ireland and those of Italy. The great and prevailing defect of his reasoning seems to be, that he takes for granted that the Phœnicians and Etruscans were of kindred, nay, were one and the same people. This supposition is at variance with the best and most intelligible Etruscan remains. We know from history that they and the Carthaginians were united by mutual engagements, but these engagements were only for commercial purposes, and were probably directed against the Greeks. There is no ground for supposing a closer connexion than one of interest between them. Their monuments bear no Phœnician character or allusion. To assume, as Sir William does, the language to be Phœnician, is supposing the very thing which is in dispute, and which we believe he has not succeeded in establishing. The attempt made by Vallancey, and somewhat disingenuously given by him as his own, of connecting it with the Celtic, by giving an Irish

version of the speech in Plautus, has long since ceased to be looked on in any other light than a piece of considerable ingenuity. Whether our author has succeeded better in applying the self-same principle to the Etruscan inscriptions and Eugubian Tables, we leave others to determine. We confess that we ourselves are still incredulous on the subject. The character of the Etruscan monuments, religion, and social constitution, as far as we can ascertain, are decidedly Egyptian. The style of their architecture, whether sepulchral or otherwise, is clearly borrowed from the Nile. The style of art in which their ornaments are engraved, as well as the nature of many of the ornaments themselves, are also derived from the same source. We have the images of Osiris and Horus. The sacred Scarabæus is found in great abundance. The mode of painting and embellishing the walls and interior of their sepulchral chambers are akin to those of the Egyptian kings. We have a yet stronger proof of their affinity in the existence among them of the system of castes. It is now asserted on the best authority, that they were divided into four separate castes, similar to those of Egypt and the East, called respectively *Larthia*, *Lucumones*, *Rasenæ*, and *Etrusci*. How may the existence among them of such an institution be reconcilable with their alleged Punic character? If they had aught in common with the people of these our western coasts, it must have been through the medium of that great wave of Celtic migration which rolled along the line of central Europe, filling the valleys of the Danube and the Rhine with their first inhabitants, extending into the yet untrodden forests of France, Spain, and Switzerland, making them resound with the voice of men, which, however savage and uncouth, was yet the first they had heard since the retiring waters of the deluge left them, once more to be his abode and the scene of his works. There can be little doubt that it was these the first forefathers of Europe, the pioneers of humanity and civilization, in their second dispersion, that were the *Pelasgi* in Greece, the *Siculi* and *Aborigines* in Italy, the *Iberi* and *Celtiberi* in Spain, the *Galli* in France, and the *Britanni* of these our western islands. There seems but little doubt that these were all of one common extraction, however they may have differed in some particulars, as physical constitution, advantages of situation, or soil, or climate, or, it may be, commercial intercourse with other people, promoted or retarded their civilization and refinement. It is but natural that they should all have retained some impress more or less strong of their com-

mon origin, which no lapse of time could efface, no vicissitude of fortune could utterly destroy. Hence arises the similarity which we can trace in so many particulars, whether of customs or of language, between the Celts and the Greeks, and which is the more striking as we ascend the streams of their respective histories. Hence also arises the resemblance between the Celtic, and the Hellenic and Latin tongues. They are all but dialects more or less refined, and expressive of that original language which was spoken ere Greece had yet an inhabitant or a name; which was brought into Italy by those early and primitive races of men,—whose origin was so remote and obscure even in the olden periods of the Roman history, that they were believed to have sprung from the very soil on which they dwelt,—and which is spoken still, in a somewhat corrupt and degenerate manner, by the Basque and Welsh, and in its purest and most expressive existing form by the Gael, who, in Ireland and the Scottish Highlands, still preserve a fragment of the language of their fathers. That Celtic remains and customs should be found in greater abundance, and the Celtic language in greater purity in Ireland than elsewhere, is not at all surprising. Her insular position has protected her from many of the disasters that have afflicted other countries. The foot of the invader has been but rarely seen upon her shores. The tide of conquest, stayed by the double channel which divides her from the continent, has expended its fury elsewhere. The characters of the Gael are not to be looked for beneath the *débris* of former inhabitants, of exploded dynasties, of extinct governments, nor amid that confused medley of customs, and tongues, and peoples, that in other countries obstruct the inquirer and baffle his researches. It is not yet two hundred years since chieftains ruled in Ireland, whose fathers were chieftains of the selfsame hills, and plains, and valleys, in the time of Theseus and the Argonauts. Whoever, therefore, wishes to study Celtic antiquities or Celtic customs, must study them in Ireland; or, whoever means to become acquainted with the purest existing specimen of that language, must apply himself to that which, without fear of contradiction, we may pronounce the oldest and most primitive tongue on the continent of Europe,—it may be, of the globe.

As a fundamental principle of his theory, our author asserts that before the arrival of the Etrusco-Phœnician colony, this island was inhabited by a people kindred to the Picts of Scotland. These, the first inhabitants of Ireland, were, according to him, of a different race and language from those

whom he calls, indiscriminately, Celts, Phœnicians, and Etruscans, by whom it was afterwards subdued and peopled. If this latter fact be true, will he tell us what became of the earlier inhabitants of the land? Have they left us no other memorials of their existence than the few rude stone hatchets which are occasionally found? What became of themselves and their language? Is there another instance of a people so completely extirpated as not to tinge the language of the conquerors with any peculiarity of its own, or not to survive in any remote corner of the kingdom? There is no record, nor vestige of any other language being spoken by the Irish than the Celtic, which he would have us believe to be the language of the Etruscan tables and inscriptions. If any other was ever spoken in Ireland it must have utterly disappeared. There are instances of the conquerors losing their own tongue in that of the people they subdued; but none, that we are aware of, of the conquered people exchanging, unanimously, their language for the language of their rulers. The inhabitants of Etruria and Tyre, were they to emigrate in a body to Ireland, and leave not an individual behind, would not have produced such a result as that which our author ascribes to the intercourse between the two countries. For some intercourse there must have unquestionably been. We have always been of opinion that it was more frequent than is generally believed. We have preserved amongst us the tradition of early Phœnician traders who visited our shores, and whose visits were not unfrequently accompanied by violence and fraud to the unsuspecting natives. We have the testimony of ancient Greek and Latin writers to the existence of such a communication. We find that the names of Albion and Ierne were known to them before they could tell where they were. We know that tin and copper, from Britain, were common marketable commodities in Greece, before they, who used them, could tell whence they came; and amber, which must have been obtained by Phœnician merchants from far more northern seas than ours. The harbours, rivers, cities, and geographical arrangement of the country were known to the early Greeks, with a minuteness and accuracy which only those who visited could have communicated. We may add, that mention is made by some of them, of Ireland, in such a manner as to lead their readers to suppose that of the two sister islands, Ireland was the more important. These particulars could only have been procured from the early Phœnician traders, whether of

Tyre or Carthage, who, it is likely, established factories, if not colonies, on the coasts, as, in after times, were established by the Danes at Dublin, Cork, and Waterford. From these colonies were procured the curious and costly articles of gold, silver, and bronze, which are being continually found. Some of the swords dug up in the fields of Ireland can in no way be distinguished from the Carthaginian swords, which the soldiers of Hannibal have left on the field of Cannæ. To them must also be ascribed the ancient mine-workings which may still be seen; as for instance, the coal-workings of Ballycastle, in the county of Antrim, which were so extensive that the first persons who explored them lost their way in the intricacy and extent of the passages, and were discovered only after twenty-four hours of search. We believe that this commercial traffic, which may have endured for centuries, and in which these very Etrusci may have had a share (for we know that they were in league with the Carthaginians for the navigation of the west), has given a colour to some of our older annalists and bardic writers, and countenanced some of those dreams of eastern origin to which the Irish have so fondly clung, and which even yet they are unwilling to have altogether dissipated.

This subject is one on which we would fain dwell a little longer, and somewhat more in detail, but the length to which this article has extended warns us that it is time to bring it to a close. Whatever our own feelings may be, we should not forget that the patience of our readers is, perhaps, already exhausted; and, though many and interesting topics yet remain, that we may not longer trespass on their attention. Indeed, we feel that we have scarcely done justice to our author's volumes, nay, to the importance of the subject, within our present limits, and could we say so without affectation, with the poor measure of our abilities. However sceptical as to the result, we must bear our testimony to the zeal and diligence of his labours, as also to the very considerable erudition which he has brought to the consideration of the subject on which he has been employed, and also, in conclusion, to express our hope that, however we may differ from him in something on the present occasion, we may be more fortunate,—or, shall we say, better instructed?—should it be our duty hereafter to notice any other work that may issue from his pen.

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ART. II.—1. *Annali Clinici del Grande Ospedale degli Incurabili di Napoli; aggiuntivi i Fatti più notabili, descritti da' Medici e da' Chirurghi Nazionali ed Esteri.* 8vo. Anno I—VIII. Napoli: 1835-1842.

2. *Napoli e suoi Contorni.* Di Giuseppe M. Galanti. Nuova edizione. Interamente Riformata dall' Abate Luigi Galanti. Napoli: 1838.

3. *Guida pei Curiosi, e per i Viaggiatori che vengono alla Città di Napoli.* Per G. Affitto. 2 vols. 8vo. Napoli: 1834.

ALMOST every city of Italy has some proverbial character, embodying, in a short epigrammatical sentence, the peculiar qualities by which it is distinguished. That of Naples is brief, but thoroughly Italian: "*Vedi Napoli, e poi muori!*" "See Naples, and then die!" A stranger may smile at the extravagance of the form, but, in substance, he can hardly deem it an exaggeration. Nature has indeed lavished her choicest gifts upon Naples, and art has embellished and improved, with exquisite taste, the constituents of natural beauty thus profusely bestowed.

So attractive indeed are the natural beauties of the city and its environs, that visitors have come to regard it in no other light than that of a place of amusement and relaxation, after the more serious and solemn sight-seeing of Rome. A "run" to Naples agreeably fills up the interval between the Carnival and the Holy Week, or between Easter and Corpus Domini: and after a morning or two in the museum, a forenoon at Pompeii (taking in Herculaneum on the way), a drive out to Pozzuoli, with the *Viaggio d'Enea* as a supplement, and the *giro* of Salerno, Præstum, Amalfi, and Vesuvius, with, perhaps, a visit to the islands, if the weather be favourable, the tourist is supposed to have "been to Naples," and to have seen all that is worth seeing in the southern capital of Italy. The churches, he is told, are nothing after those of Rome: the other religious establishments are scarcely named as deserving of notice; and of the charitable institutions he hears absolutely not a word. His travelling oracle, Madam Starke,\* names but one out of the entire number, the Albergo de' Poveri; he finds Valery equally silent and unsatisfactory;† and there are ten chances to one, that he leaves Naples, ignorant, not only of the nature and condition, but even of the very existence, of the rest.

Nor, indeed, are the Italian guide-books calculated to

\* Starke's Italy, p. 301.

† Valery, p. 469.



supply the sort of information best suited to a visitor whose time and opportunities of observation are limited. The information they contain is confined to a few of the institutions, and, generally speaking, extremely meagre, ill-arranged, and unsatisfactory; and, although the Hospital of the Incurables has a journal devoted exclusively to itself, it is almost entirely professional, containing nothing but reports of cases, and medical and pathological dissertations.

The following paper is an attempt, by a brief and unpretending enumeration of these munificent charities, to supply the deficiency. The materials have been partly collected upon the spot, partly drawn from general statistical reports, and the official returns of the institutions themselves. We need hardly say that it can be little more than an outline of the subject; but we have great pleasure in informing our readers, that, in a short time, they may expect a detailed account, from the pen of the learned and amiable Canonico De' Bianchi,\* on the same plan as Morichini's *Istituti di Carità Pubblica in Roma*.

The charitable institutions of Naples claim an origin more ancient than those of any other city in Europe, Rome only excepted. Many of the most ancient among them must, of course, in the long lapse of ages, have changed their destination, or fallen into decay; but even of those which still subsist, there are several which may be traced back to a very remote antiquity. S. Gennaro dei Poveri, still a very extensive and flourishing establishment, was founded in 788. S. Antonio Abate was in existence in the eleventh, and probably in the tenth century. S. Eligio, still the principal fever hospital of the city, was erected in 1270. The Nunziata was founded in 1330 (though its original destination was not precisely the same as the present), and S. Angelo a Nilo, about the end of the same century, in 1389. The number of sick received into hospitals, and of poor relieved in the asylums, even in those early times, must have been very considerable. From a MS. census of the city, taken in the year 1591, it appears that the inmates of the hospitals numbered no fewer than two thousand four hundred and eighty-one, and the daily distribution of wheat, during a time of famine and public distress, exceeded three thousand five hundred bushels.† The system of Monti di Pietà was introduced in 1539; the Conservatorio dello Spirito Santo was

\* To the kind assistance of this learned and accomplished ecclesiastic, we owe much of the materials of the present sketch.

† See a manuscript quoted by Galanti, p. 176. The precise amount was 2498 *tomoli*; this *tomolo* being 1·45 of an English bushel.



opened as early as 1555; and next to that of Rome, founded by Innocent III, the first foundling hospital established in Europe was that which still subsists in the Nunziata, although its resources have been sadly curtailed by the arbitrary exactions of the French government.

The public charities of Naples may naturally be divided into three classes;—hospitals, charitable asylums (which are of two kinds, *conservatori* and *ospizi*), and charitable banks, or loan-funds. There is another institute however, so intimately connected with them all, and so interwoven with the whole system, that any account omitting to explain its nature and offices, would, necessarily, be not merely incomplete, but, indeed, almost unintelligible. We allude to the pious associations, called confraternities, which, though frequently referred to in former articles, are so numerous and so active in Naples, as to merit a special notice. It would be impossible, however, to enter fully into detail respecting them, as they number no less than one hundred and seventy-four, and comprise at least fifty thousand members. Many of them are mainly devotional in their object; but there are very few which do not connect with their devotional practices, some work of charity and benevolence; as attending the hospitals, visiting the prisons, relieving the sick poor, or burying the dead. Some of them are exclusively clerical; the remainder, partly mixed, partly exclusively for the laity; but even in the latter it almost invariably happens that the director and some of the officers are clergymen. A hundred and sixty-five of the number wear a uniform, which, while it tends to remove all distinction of rank, and to place all on the true footing of equality which religious brotherhood implies, serves also as a disguise for the wearer and a safeguard against spiritual pride and ostentation. For our present purpose, it will suffice to enumerate a few, commencing with those which are exclusively clerical.

Of these the most remarkable is that popularly known, from the dress of the wearers, as the Confraternità de' Bianchi, and dedicated to our Blessed Lady, under the title *Sancta Maria Succurre Miseris*. It is composed of the *élite*, as well in rank, as in ecclesiastical dignity, among the city clergy. Since its foundation, about three centuries ago, it has numbered among the brethren four popes, upwards of twenty cardinals (six of whom are still living),\* and several saints,

\* The cardinal archbishop of Naples and the nuncio apostolic are always members of the Confraternità de' Bianchi.

among whom are S. Giacomo della Maria, S. Francesco Caracciolo, S. Gaetano Tiene, founder of the Theatine congregation, S. Alfonzo de' Liguori, B. Giovanni Marimoni, and B. Paolo, cardinal d'Arezzo. The great object of this confraternity, like that of S. Giovanni Decollato at Rome, is the care of criminals who are condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, and who naturally require, in the depression and despair of their last hours, not only the most constant attention and tender care, but also instruction of a peculiar nature suited to their unhappy condition. The moment sentence of death is passed upon the prisoner, the members of the congregation take the place of the ordinary spiritual directors of the prison, and with unwearied vigilance watch to the very last hour every opportunity of instilling holy thoughts into his troubled mind; availing themselves of every favourable moment to inspire confidence, or to calm despair, to excite or confirm the disposition to repentance, or to direct him, if already repentant, in the reparation of the injuries which have been the consequence of his crimes. Nor is their care confined to the unhappy victim of the law himself. In order to relieve his mind more completely from the earthly cares which burden it in his last hours—cares which often press most sensibly upon minds otherwise hardened, and form the greatest obstacle to their conversion to God—the confraternity charges itself with the care of all those for whom the criminal is bound to provide, and who stand in need of his assistance or protection. The parents of the unhappy man are secured against want, or rather are maintained in comparative plenty and independence. If he leaves a wife, she is placed in a safe and honourable asylum, whence, if she desires to marry a second time, she receives a considerable dowry. A similar provision is made for his children in some of the numerous conservatories of the city: and, in a word, every exertion is made upon the one hand to relieve the natural anxiety of the culprit for those whom he leaves behind, and, on the other, to sooth for them the pain of separation, more bitter because of the shame and humiliation by which it is accompanied.

In addition to their care of the condemned criminals, the Bianchi brethren also provide for poor and unfriended debtors, and prisoners confined for minor offences; paying the debts of the more meritorious among them, administering suitable advice and instruction for those whom it is possible to reclaim, and taking every means to recall them from the ways of crime to which they had been habituated.

It is consoling to know that their labours are eminently successful. Cases of impenitence or despair are all but unknown among the criminals attended by this pious brotherhood. No difficulty disheartens their holy zeal. No repulse, though accompanied by insult, and even violence, damps their resolution. Few indeed, even of the worst class of prisoners, are so utterly hardened that it is not possible to find some wavering or relenting moment, at which a thought of hope, or of terror, tenderly and judiciously suggested, will be entirely without influence; and suggestions, like these, tell with double effect when they come from those who are known to devote themselves to their holy duties with pure and disinterested motives. The impression once made, zeal and charity will be sure to supply means of following up and improving it; and the prayers offered up without intermission by the brethren, especially at the altar, cannot fail to bring a blessing upon the labours of the community. The merits of this estimable body are well appreciated in Naples. By the people they are held in the highest veneration; and even in the prisons, the most profligate and abandoned will uncover as a brother of the Bianchi passes by.

There is another association of the Neapolitan clergy entitled *Confraternità delle Cappelle Serotine*. It is a body of learned and zealous priests, associated for the charitable purposes of providing evening instruction and devotional exercises for artists, mechanics, and other persons actively employed during the day, and thus debarred from the public opportunities of instruction afforded in the churches during the morning. The city is divided into fifty-seven districts, each of which has a separate branch of the confraternity, with a distinct chapel, a rector, prefect, and confessors or chaplains, varying from six to ten, according to the numbers of the members. They meet every evening at the Ave Maria; and in order that the instruction may be more practical, as well as more usefully communicated, are divided into two classes, old and young. The evening is spent in literary and religious instruction, and concludes with night prayer recited in common. On Sunday, they assemble at seven o'clock, A.M. The confessors are in attendance, and the principal duty of the morning is the all-important preparation for confession. A subject of meditation is proposed to all, on which they reflect for half-an-hour. The meditation is followed by the holy sacrifice of the mass, at which those who are so disposed communicate; and after a second mass of thanksgiving, they

return to their homes. After dinner they assemble a second time in the chapel, to visit the adorable sacrament of the altar, at the conclusion of which visit the younger members of each branch-association proceed in a body, chaunting some sacred hymn as they pass along, either to a garden in the city, or to some pleasant spot in the environs, where the rest of the day is spent in innocent amusement, under the eye of the prefect. On their return, a party, appointed by rotation, is despatched to assist in the several hospitals; and the remainder of the party devotes the evening to teaching or learning the catechism, or to some similar work of piety. We cannot stop to point out the advantages of this admirable institute; with what incalculable fruit might it not be introduced into our large towns and cities!

The *Pia Opera degli Studenti* is very similar, but it is intended for the students of the university and of the schools of medicine, and the other youths who repair to the capital, to prepare themselves for any of the learned professions. These the members seek out, and, upon Sundays and festivals, bring together to the churches of the fraternity, where they are prepared for the sacraments, and receive instructions suitable to the state of life in which they are engaged. The advantages of such an institution are sufficiently evident, especially for young men withdrawn from the vigilant eye of parents and guardians, and exposed, without a guide, to all the dangers and seductions of a luxurious capital. It is under the direction of the learned Mgr. Scotti—a name well known in the literary world—who, besides his other numerous contributions to literature and science, has written several most valuable works for the use of students, and especially of the members of this confraternity. His *Catechismo Medico* and *Omellie Pegli Studenti* have been reprinted in every part of Italy, and translated into French, and (we believe) also into German.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the *Confraternità degli Spedali* and that of the *Pia Opera delle Missioni*. Their object will be sufficiently understood from the title itself. We proceed, therefore, to enumerate a few of the associations of the laity, selecting those only which have something peculiar in their object or constitution; and even of these the reader must be satisfied with the merest outline.

The lay confraternities of Naples are a hundred and sixty-eight in number, comprising all ranks and professions, and devoting themselves, each according to its own rule, to the

exercise of charity in every varied form of which it is susceptible.

Thus the *Confraternità di S. Ivo* is an association of lawyers, united together by certain practices of devotion and certain pious obligations. With these, however, they combine, like almost all the other confraternities, a work of charity peculiar to their own profession. They undertake gratuitously the defence of poor and friendless clients, who are destitute of the means of prosecuting their just claims by the tedious and expensive process which the law requires. To guard, however, against the abuse of their services, they make it a point to satisfy themselves, in the first instance, of the justice of the claim which they undertake to prosecute. For this purpose a standing committee examines the statement of each applicant for assistance, and reports thereupon to a general meeting of the body. If it meet the sanction of the majority, the cause is undertaken, and the client's claim is zealously prosecuted without expense, and with all the expedition which the necessary forms of the law permit. The institute of St. Ivo is very ancient, and has had some of the most celebrated jurists of Italy among its members.

The *Congregazione di S. Maria della Misericordia* is composed principally of nobles, who devote themselves, not in name only, but in reality, to the blessed works of mercy which their title implies. Their first duty is the care of sick and indigent priests, for whom they have an hospital under their own direction. They also visit the other hospitals, instruct and relieve prisoners, provide decent and religious burial for the dead, and contribute towards the honourable provision for young females of virtuous character, by bestowing dowries upon them in case of marriage, according to their prospects and condition. The nobles have another congregation entitled *Della Croce*. It resembles the clerical confraternity of the Bianchi; but is designed for prisoners who have not as yet been condemned to death.

Another of the corporal works of mercy is illustrated in the *Confraternità di S. Giuseppe de' Nudi*, whose main object, as the name imports, is to provide clothing for the naked. When it is found impossible to relieve the wants of all applicants, the first place is given to the claims of distressed clergymen, the next to those of unprotected females, especially those who were born to better fortune; and so on in proportion to the destitution of the applicant and his incapacity to provide for himself. In this manner the society

distributes nearly a thousand suits of clothing annually, selecting, in honour of their patron, the three chief festivals of St. Joseph, as the great times of distribution. Although these, however, are the professed objects of the institute, it is proper to add that their charity is by no means limited to this species of assistance. They also distribute large sums of money in alms, according to the wants which necessarily come before them in the discharge of their ordinary office.

There is something still more edifying in the institute entitled *Dei Poveri Vergognosi*, "of the bashful poor." Not content with relieving the prominent distress which forces itself upon observation, the object of this noble association is to seek out those still more interesting objects of charity who "to dig are unable, to beg, ashamed;" and who, in the honest pride which the recollection of better days inspires, conceal their poverty, and shrink even from the charitable scrutiny of the benevolent and humane. In a large city, such as Naples, the number of such individuals is necessarily very large; but the zeal of the brotherhood, and the delicacy and gentleness with which they discharge their office, are beyond all praise. The confraternity, though composed of laymen, is under the direction of the clergy, who, from their greater intercourse with the people, can more easily discover and more promptly relieve, the urgent cases of distress with which their professional duties bring them into contact.

The *Confraternità della Trinità de' Pellegrini*, that of the *Scuole Pie*, the *Agonizanti*, and many others, resemble in their general character, and in most of their regulations, those already described under the same titles in a former article. We must, however, particularize one, the *Congregazione della Scorziata*, commonly called the *Tempio di S. Paolo*. It was founded, in 1582, by a benevolent lady, named Giovanna Scorziata. In one respect it does not differ from the many other conservatories which exist in Naples, Rome, and the other cities of Italy,—being an asylum for young unprotected females. But its peculiar object is worthy of more especial notice. It is intended to supply a retreat for those unhappy wives, whom the absence or misconduct of their husbands, or some other untoward circumstance, condemns to a species of premature widowhood, attended with all the dangers, while it wants the freedom, of the widowed state. For these a resting-place is provided by the *Tempio di S. Paolo*, in which their virtue is secured from danger, and their honour placed beyond suspicion. Their children, if of an age to be separated from the mother's care, are placed in some of the orphan houses of the city.



With these we must be content, though but a scanty specimen of the Neapolitan confraternities. We have stated that their number exceeds a hundred and seventy; and indeed it is scarcely possible to conceive a pious or charitable object for the furtherance of which some association has not been formed. To visit the prisoner, to attend the sick, to assist the dying, to bury the dead, to protect the widow and be a father to the orphan, to guard the honour of the virtuous, to reclaim the fallen from the ways of sin, to strengthen the dying Christian in his last agony by prayer, and assist the suffering soul in purgatory by pious suffrage, form the great and striking objects to which they devote themselves: but there are a thousand minor offices of charity, which can only be known in the actual working of the system. Every class in society, from the highest to the lowest, has its own institute; and all vie with each other in the zeal and tenderness with which they minister to the necessities of their less happy fellow-creatures. Each labours in its own department, from the benevolent physicians who attend the sick gratuitously, the lawyers who undertake the defence of the poor, the noble ladies\* who perform the most menial offices in the *Spedale degli Incurabili*, or that of the Pace, down to the humble *pizzicaroli*, who, according to their little means, supply on stated days a portion of the patients' dinner, or the barbers, who contribute their professional mite of charity, by shaving or cutting the hair of the poorest and most helpless inmates of the hospital.

From this brief sketch of the confraternities of Naples, it will be seen, that the mode of attendance in the hospitals and other institutions, or rather the spirit by which it is actuated, is very different from that to which we are accustomed in these countries. The hospitals themselves are among the noblest in Europe. The great *Spedale degli Incurabili* was founded by Maria Longo, wife of one of the regents, in the beginning of the sixteenth century; and the institute was approved by a bull of Leo X, dated March 11th, 1519. This benevolent lady, having exhausted all her private property in the work, was not ashamed to beg from door to door the funds necessary for its completion. Having expended her entire fortune upon the hospital, she entered into a religious order, and devoted the rest of her life to the

\* Of these there are two congregations which visit the great hospital twice each week, clad in the *sacco* which they use, partly as a uniform, partly as a disguise.



care of the sick. The present building, however, has grown out of numberless subsequent additions made at different times; and by bequests, donations of money, and grants of land and other property, its funds increased in proportion to the increasing dimensions of the building, and the growing number of patients received within its walls. Although, in common with those of the other pious foundations of the city, the revenues have suffered from the encroachments of the French Government, they at present amount to about 250,000 crowns; and even still the spirit of charity is as active as in former times. Many charitable individuals support, by their annual contributions, one or more patients in the hospital. In 1821, Cotugno, the celebrated physician, bequeathed 80,000 dollars; in 1824, Signor Marchetti, a native of Messina, no less than 150,000.

It would be a mistake to imagine, that, as the name seems to import, the *Spedale degli Incurabili* is exclusively for incurables. It is, in fact, open to every species of disease except fever, for which there are several other hospitals. The number usually received varies from a thousand to twelve hundred; but the building has frequently accommodated fifteen hundred individuals. All these are not only gratuitously attended and maintained during illness, but, with a charitable foresight which is well worthy of imitation, are, we believe, supplied, if necessary, at leaving the hospital, with a sum of money, sufficient for their maintenance till they shall be able, without danger of relapse, to resume their ordinary occupation.

The patients are distributed into seven wards,—those of the first floor being assigned to the men, and of the second to the women. In both, the stranger will be surprised to find a separate ward for consumptive cases; but this is done, not because the medical directors of the institution entertain the popular Italian prejudice of the contagiousness of the disease, but, because as long as this notion subsists, they deem it unwise and cruel, as well as unsafe, to expose the other patients to the constant apprehension of catching the contagion. With the same consideration for the feelings of the sick, and also to secure more constant and more efficient spiritual assistance, the dying, and those whose cases are utterly beyond hope, are removed to a separate ward. This practice is contrary to ours, and has some inconveniences as regards the dying patients themselves; but, we believe, all things considered, it is the more judicious and more humane.

The Spedale degli Incurabili is open to all nations, and to every creed, without distinction. A patient once received is never dismissed until he has been perfectly cured. There is at present in the hospital a bed-ridden patient (a paralytic), who has spent thirty-five years within its walls; and another died lately who had been an inmate for forty years.

The government of the institution is vested in a committee of three laymen assisted by a rector, who is always an ecclesiastic, all of whom devote themselves without remuneration to this office of charity. The medical and surgical superintendence is entrusted to a numerous staff, divided into three classes,—primary physicians, physicians in ordinary, and physicians of the day. Of the latter class, two, appointed in rotation, are always in attendance to watch the condition of the patients, and to secure the strict fulfilment of the prescription of the physicians in ordinary; the rector lives in the house, and oversees the details of the internal management. The neatness, order, and regularity of the arrangements, as well as the solicitude manifested to provide for all the wants of the patients, cannot fail to strike a visitor even at the first moment of entrance. We should add, that the hospital has a convalescent house at Torre del Greco, to which dropsical patients and convalescents are sent for the purer air which this delightful situation affords. This branch contains about sixty beds.

Gratifying, however, as is this charitable solicitude for the physical wants of the sick, the still more tender concern for their spiritual necessities, and the spirit of religion which breathes through all their arrangements, constitute the great charm of a Neapolitan hospital. That of the incurables, in order to secure the undivided attention of the clergy, is a distinct parish, under the independent jurisdiction of its own superior. It is attended by eight confessors, together with twelve chaplains, whose duty it is to watch by the sick, and assist the dying. Besides the stated attendance of the confessors at fixed hours, when they are assisted by the members of the clerical confraternity of the hospitals already alluded to, and by many other pious clergymen of the city, it is an indispensable statute that there shall be constantly in attendance at least one confessor and two chaplains, whose duty it is not alone to attend to any case where their assistance is solicited, but literally to take up their abode, day and night, in the different wards, comforting the desponding, suggesting pious thoughts to the fervent, and rousing the indifferent to a sense of religion. Altars are placed at convenient points

throughout the wards, so that each patient from his bed may have the consolation of assisting at the adorable sacrifice, which is daily celebrated. Nor are these charitable duties confined to the clergy. They are powerfully seconded by the members of the confraternities, both male and female, who visit the hospital by turns. The female wards are under the care of the Sisters of Charity, two of whom, with six nurses, remain night and day in unrelaxing attendance on the sick. They are sixty in number, and reside in a convent annexed to the hospital.

Next in interest, though far inferior in extent, is the *Spedale della Pace*, an hospital for male fever patients. The beautiful building which is now used as the hospital, was originally the palace of the Caracciolo family; but in 1629, it was applied to its present destination, and placed under the direction of the brethren of San Giovanni di Dio, popularly called *Fate Ben Fratelli*. The revenues of this hospital suffered under the general suppression; and the number of patients is now limited to sixty. But it is more the spirit than the extent of the charity that will interest the Catholic visitor. The hospital consists of one long and lofty hall, admirably ventilated, and exquisitely neat and well ordered. The beds are arranged in a double row, one extending along either wall; each bed is furnished with a crucifix and some sacred picture, which are constantly before the eyes of the sufferer, and the vaulted ceiling is richly painted with frescoes representing the life of the patron, St. John of God. At the end, in a recess visible throughout the ward, stands a beautiful altar. The adorable mysteries are daily celebrated, and all have the consolation of assisting. The brethren are twenty-four in number, and relieve each other by turns, so that two are constantly in attendance upon the patients. It is a curious fact, that since the foundation of the hospital, two hundred years ago, although all, almost without an exception, have been seized with fever during their attendance on the sick, not one has ever died of this dangerous, and so often fatal, disease. The patients are all received gratuitously: and it is an interesting illustration of the spirit which influences their charity, that a separate place, with superior accommodation, is provided for patients of the more respectable class, whom poverty or a change of fortune places under the necessity of soliciting assistance. This small establishment contains eight beds, each in a separate apartment. It is known by the diminutive name, *Pacella*, or "little hospital of the Pace."

The *Spedale di S. Maria della Paziienza Cesarea* is also intended for fever patients. It contains about the same number of beds as that of the Pace; and though by no means so elegant, is very similar in all substantial arrangements. It is situated on the Strada dell' Infrascata, which may almost be called the charity-quarter of the city. This street contains two other hospitals,—the *SS. Sacramento*, and *S. Francesco*, both under the direction of the government.

Both these fever hospitals are for men. There is a third, the *Spedale di S. Eligio*, for female fever patients. It is a very ancient establishment, having been founded in 1270. In addition to the charitable bequests and other pious foundations for its maintenance, the directors were permitted, in 1592, to open a bank, the profits of which were similarly applied, till the bank was united some time ago with that of the Two Sicilies. The funds, however, are still considerable. The care of the sick, generally about a hundred in number, belongs to a religious community of ladies similar in their institute and obligations to the Brignoline, already described in our notice of the Genoese hospitals. The establishment also contains an asylum for young females, which should more properly be noticed under the head of conservatories. These, also, are under the care of the nuns.

The *Trinità de' Pellegrini* is a surgical hospital for wounds, fractures, and all injuries which are the result of accident or of violence.\* It is under the care of the well-known confraternity of the same name. The Neapolitan branch of this association was embodied by a brief of Paul III, in 1540. The hospital contains about seventy patients, who are not only maintained, but personally served and tended by the brethren. Like the *Spedale della Trinità*, at Rome, it is also designed for the accommodation of pilgrims and distressed strangers. The number of these, however, is, of course, much inferior to that in Rome.

But the most extensive hospital, after the Incurables, is that of *S. Maria di Loreto*, which contains six hundred beds. Originally, it was a school of music, and some of the most eminent musical professors of Italy, as Sacchini, Traetta, and Guglielmi, owe their fame to the training received therein. Some years since, the musical pupils were transferred to another establishment, and this extensive building has been converted into an hospital for the sick of the *Albergo Reale*, and its

\* It is for men only. In similar cases females are received in the *Incurabili*.

dependent charitable asylums. It is subject to the general superintendence of the commission of the *Spedale degli Incurabili*; but the immediate government of the house is in the hands of the rector (who is a priest), assisted by several other ecclesiastics, and by the brethren of the confraternities, as in the other houses.

There are several other hospitals, as *S. Maria La Fede*, *La Santissima Trinità*,\* *Il SS. Sacramento*, and *S. Maria di Piedigrotta*. But those already mentioned will suffice as a specimen of the entire. Instead, therefore, of dwelling upon these institutions, which differ but little from the similar ones of other countries, we shall proceed to the second class, the charitable asylums, called either *Ospizi*, or *Conservatori*, according to their use and destination.

We shall commence with the *Albergo Reale dei Poveri*, which partakes of the nature both of the *Conservatorio* and *Ospizio*, and which, for its order, extent, and magnificence, may justly be considered one of the noblest institutions of Europe. This immense establishment was founded by Charles III, in 1751, after a design furnished by the celebrated *Cavaliere Fuga*. The proportions originally contemplated were truly gigantic. The front was to have been two thousand feet in length, and the vastness of the interior may still be seen. It was to have consisted of five spacious courts, the centre being occupied by a magnificent church, with five naves meeting at the great altar, on a plan very similar to that which has been carried out in the *Albergo dei Poveri* at Genoa. Of this majestic design, however, a considerable portion is still unrealized;—the work having been interrupted by the financial difficulties which have beset the government since the end of the last century, and never fully carried out since the restoration. But, even as it stands, it is a stupendous edifice. The church is entirely unfinished, and the interior courts have not risen beyond the first story; but the front is completed, and presents a striking façade twelve hundred and fifty feet long and a hundred and forty in height. In the centre a magnificent double staircase leads to the great entrance. The right wing is set apart for the males, the left for the females; but, though the great entrance is common to both, they are entirely separate, and under distinct management.

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\* This and the following are military hospitals. *S. Maria di Piedigrotta* is an hospital of marines.

The Albergo Reale was originally intended to have contained all the poor of the city. Hence it is at once a retreat for the old, and an asylum and a place of education for the young. The male inmates are at present two thousand two hundred. Of these, about eight hundred are old and infirm, the rest are of all ages, commencing from seven, the time fixed for admission. The old, if not decrepit and incapable of active exertion, are allowed to work in their own trade, if they have learned any; if not, they are employed in some office of the establishment, according to their respective strength and capabilities. The young, during the first years of their residence, receive an excellent elementary education, and are afterwards trained up to some trade selected by themselves;—tradesmen of all classes, tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, weavers, printers, &c., being found within the institution. Should they manifest a taste for the fine arts, they are instructed in drawing, engraving, perspective, modelling, and painting; and there is an admirable school of music, containing about two hundred pupils, from among whom almost all the military bands of the kingdom are supplied.

There is also a school for the deaf and dumb, the pupils of which number at present thirty-six.\* It would be difficult to find a population better predisposed than that of Naples to receive instructions in the deaf and dumb vocabulary. Such is the copiousness, variety, and expressiveness of the gestures† which they use naturally and without instruction, that the master's work would seem to be anticipated by nature herself. To judge from a cursory observation, the system of training is extremely judicious and successful. The pupils are taught to read and write, not only Italian, but French and German; and propose and answer questions in these languages with great quickness and precision.

But the Catholic visitor will be particularly edified and delighted by the attention which is paid to their religious education. It is the same at Rome and the deaf and dumb institutions throughout Italy. We can hardly conceive a more interesting sight than the public prayers of one of these little communities. It is of course unnecessary to say that the whole scene is pantomime, and to the uninitiated stranger little better than dumb-show. But the simple fervour of their

\* There are besides five or six pupils who live in the female establishment, but are instructed by the same teacher.

† See, on this curious subject, De Jorio's learned work, "*La Mimica degli Antichi Illustrata nel Gestire Napolitano.*"

manner, and the solemn reverential air which their expressive little features wear, bespeak the untutored piety which, destitute of the ordinary organ of communication, they thus imperfectly endeavour to convey. Scenes like these are a literal assurance that God is not worshipped with the lips only; that religion is not a thing of words but of feelings, and that, although the favours of Heaven are not equally distributed to all, yet, in the eyes of charity, all are heirs of the same promise, and included in the general command, "Let every spirit praise the Lord."

We once had the happiness of assisting at the spiritual exercises of a retreat for the deaf and dumb. It was during the three first days of the Holy Week, which, in all Italian communities, are devoted to retirement and preparation for the great mysteries of our Lord's passion and death. It may seem a contradiction to say that silence was enjoined, but at least the ordinary intercourse of the pupils was prohibited; and all the exercises, as prayer, meditation, instruction, &c., were conducted with the same order and regularity as in the other communities. The instructions especially were extremely interesting. The preacher, of course, appealed to his youthful audience by signs only;—signs, too, which to a stranger were utterly unintelligible. But it seemed as though he possessed a magic power over his little flock;—to see the intelligence which sparkled in their eyes as they followed his rapid and expressive gesticulations; to watch the gradual warming of their young minds to the subject—the alternate joy and sorrow, contrition and hope, which chased each other across their features during the successive stages of the meditation. It was a scene from which the most practised spiritualist might have learned, and which the most indifferent spectator could hardly contemplate without emotion.

The children are admitted at the age of seven, and are maintained in the Albergo until their eighteenth year; at which time they are at liberty, either to leave it, or to remain and work at the trade which they have acquired. The military tastes of his present majesty have left their traces in the institution. The uniform of the house has always been an undress military costume; but the army, of late years, has drawn many more recruits than formerly from the youths educated therein. Indeed many enter expressly with this view, and all who have not learned some trade during their stay, almost as a matter of course are drafted into the army when they attain the military age. The arrangements of the



house are very excellent, and most creditable to the humanity of the directors. The food is solid and abundant; and the good old custom of adding some better cheer upon festivals, is uniformly observed. The inmates sleep in large and well ventilated dormitories, each of which is under the superintendence of a prefect; and, immense as is their number, the youngest children in the establishment have separate beds. Morning and night prayers and the visitation of the blessed sacrament are all made in common, and the whole community assists at mass every morning. The morals of the inmates are most carefully guarded, and there is the same care of their spiritual wants which we have observed in the other establishments of the city. There are four resident chaplains and twenty-four confessors, who come at stated hours, twice each week, to hear the confessions of the community.

The Albergo has several dependent institutions, which are under the superintendence of the commissioners appointed for its management. Of these the principal are the Ospizio of *S. Francesco di Sales* and that of *SS. Giuseppe e Lucia*. The latter is an asylum for the blind, who are taught to read, write, and perform both vocal and instrumental music. The number of pupils is of course variable, but generally exceeds two hundred. Besides these, there are several hospitals, some of which have been already mentioned; for instance, the *Madonna di Loreto*, the *Madonna dell' Arco*, the *Cesarea*, and *S. Maria La Fede*. These institutions receive not only the sick of the Albergo, but also all other applicants, each according to its own destination.\*

The *Ospizio di S. Gennaro dei Poveri* ranks next in extent and importance to the Albergo, though long prior to it in origin. This noble monument of Neapolitan charity was erected in 788, and the church which was connected with it still retains its original title. About a century afterwards, the church and hospital were both placed, according to the wise and pious custom of those times, under the care of the monks of the Benedictine order; and in 1476, having gradually increased in extent and resources, it was made the great public hospital of the city. Its use as an hospital ceased, however, nearly two centuries

\* Not being able at this moment to lay our hand upon the official returns of the last years, we give the numbers admitted into the Albergo Reale and its dependencies, during eight months, up to August 31, 1833. They are as follows: Albergo, 4224; *S. Giuseppe e Lucia*, 217; *Cesarea*, 36; *S. Francesco di Sales*, 594; *S. Maria di Loreto*, 449; *Madonna dell' Arco*, 286; *S. Maria La Fede*, 624; total, 6416.

ago; and since the great plague of 1656, during which it was constantly crowded, it has been converted into an asylum for aged poor of both sexes. It is a fine old building, consisting of two oblong rectangular courts, one rising above the other, with the ancient church at the extremity of the interior one. The inmates at present number about sixteen hundred, of whom eight hundred and twenty are men, the rest women.\*

The *Ospizio della SS. Nunziata* claims the honour of being the second foundling hospital established in Europe,—that of Rome alone being prior to it in origin. The building itself dates from a much earlier period. It was founded by Sancia, wife of Robert of Provence, who was chosen king of Naples in the early part of the fifteenth century, and by the wisdom and benevolence which characterized his administration, obtained the surname of the “Wise and Good.”

From the very moment of its foundation it became the most popular charity of the city, and received numerous and extensive donations, as well from private individuals as from the public purse. Among its earliest benefactors were Queen Giovanna II, and Margaret, mother of the celebrated Ladislaus; the latter of whom bestowed upon it the principality of the town of Lesina. Leo X, in 1515, transferred to it the property of the rich Abbey of Monte Vergine. The funds, however, suffered severely from the failure of a bank which the directors opened in the seventeenth century, and its present revenues scarcely exceed sixteen thousand ducats.

The Nunziata is at once a foundling hospital, a conservatory, and a retreat for penitents; the three classes, however, being entirely separate, and each under a different superior. The manifold objects embraced by its comprehensive charity are detailed in a not inelegant inscription which stands above the entrance.

“LAC PUERIS, DOTE INNUPTIS, VELUMQUE PUDICIS,  
DATQUE MEDELAM EGROS, HÆC OPULENTA DOMUS.  
HINC MERITO SACRA EST ILLI QUÆ NUPTA, PUDICA,  
ET LACTANS, ORBIS VERA MEDELA FUIT.”

The foundlings of the institution amount to about eight hundred. They are supported and educated till their seventh year; after which the boys are removed to the *Albergo dei Poveri*, unless claimed by their parents or other friends. For there is a charitable custom among the pious Neapolitans of

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\* S. Gennaro is probably best known to visitors as the entrance to the great catacombs of Naples.

adopting these little friendless outcasts and educating them as members of their own family. The children thus adopted are called by the simple and endearing title, *Figli della Vergine*, and are piously supposed to draw a blessing on the family into which they are introduced. The female foundlings remain in the institution itself, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, till they are of an age to select a state of life for themselves. If they embrace the religious profession, they are provided for in some of the convents of the city. Should they choose to marry, a small dowry, suited to their circumstances, is supplied from the funds of the institution.

A most interesting feature in the constitution of the Nunziata, is the provision which it makes for its *élèves* during their after life. They are anxiously watched and shielded from danger. As far as is possible, a friendly intercourse is maintained with them; and if, through frailty or folly, they should be betrayed from the path of virtue they were taught to tread, they are anxiously sought out and received once more, and by every device of tenderness and charity, drawn back to the happier course to which their early education had formed them. The temporalities of the Nunziata are under the management of a commission, consisting of three noblemen, of whom the Principe Torella is the present head. But the internal affairs are directed by the rector, who is always a priest. The females are under the care of the Sisters of Charity.

The charitable asylums for young females, entitled *Conservatori*, the nature and object of which have been described in a former paper, are almost without number at Naples. Some of them still possess considerable property derived from ancient foundations, though almost all have suffered from the political revolutions of the present century. The *Conservatorio dello Spirito Santo* was founded in 1559, under the auspices of a benevolent Dominican, assisted by an association of religious laymen, from whose name the present title of the asylum is derived. The object originally contemplated was to provide a secure asylum for those young females whom the bad example or profligacy of their parents exposed to danger of seduction. In 1564, Cardinal Caraffa established a fund to be distributed among the inmates, in dowries, of a hundred ducats each. Some years afterwards, the directors opened a bank, the profits of which were to be applied to the benefit of the institution;—a device commonly employed in those times. However, this bank is no longer in operation,

and the girls derive a portion of their support from their own labour. They are about three hundred in number, and the establishment is celebrated throughout Italy for the beauty and excellence of the lace which they manufacture.

The *Concetto del Carminello* may be taken as a specimen of the humbler class of conservatories. It was founded in 1611, partly by private charity, partly by a grant from the Monte di Misericordia, an institution of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Its arrangements, though of the homeliest description, are admirably calculated for the class for whom they are intended. The number admissible is about two hundred, of every age from seven to seventeen. As soon as they have completed their seventeenth year, they are entitled to a dowry of a hundred ducats: but they are at liberty to reside within the institution as long as they remain unprovided.

The first care of the directors is to bestow on the pupils a plain, but solidly religious education; in addition to which they are instructed in the usual female arts, and employed in plain work, weaving, and embroidery, or in the manufacture of ribbons and velvet, the profits being applied partly to their own use, partly to the maintenance of the establishment. These, and many similar houses,\* still possess considerable, though lamentably diminished, revenues. Many others are entirely dependant upon the casual, but yet unfailing charity of the people.

Of this latter class, though our limits render detail impossible, we cannot avoid mentioning two, the *Conservatorio del Ecce Homo a Porto*, and that of *S. Maria del Gran Trionfo*. The former was founded by the Abate Pelegrini, and contains about seven hundred inmates. The latter is still more interesting. It was founded some years since by the Abate Cotello, a zealous Neapolitan priest, who, like the Abate Palotti at Rome, may be regarded as the apostle of his native city. Among his numerous projects of benevolence and charity, this humble but extraordinary man undertook the erection of an asylum for penitents. Trusting in the assist-

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\* We subjoin the names of a few. 1. S. Francesco di Sales, a very large community, containing three hundred; 2. S. Vincenzo Ferreri; 3. Rosario delle Pigne; 4. Rosario a Porta Medina; 5. L'Addolorata; 6. La Concezione; 7. S. Maria del Refugio; 8. S. Nicolo a Nilo; 9. The Conservatorio dell' Ecce Homo a Porto, and that of S. Maria del Trionfo. Both are penitentiaries, the former founded by the abate Pelegrini, and containing about seven hundred inmates; the latter is still more interesting.

ance of Providence, with that true evangelical confidence which always distinguishes genuine devotion, he commenced the work, literally, without resources; and, as an example to those whose means would permit them to assist in the undertaking, he himself contributed all that his poverty and prodigal charities left at his disposal—his share of manual labour in the work. One morning the humble Abate Cotillo was seen, at the head of a small body of workmen, with a load of building-stones upon his back and a mattock in his hand, to commence the foundation. The effect was astounding. The news spread like wild-fire through the city. Contributions flowed in from all ranks and from all quarters. The rich contributed money; the architects furnished plans, the poor, whose resources permitted no further contributions, gave the labour of their hands with a willing heart; and in a short time the building was completed, and the benevolent wishes of the founder fully realized.

The penitentiary of the Abate Cotillo might serve as a model for all such establishments. The visitor will be especially struck by the parental tenderness and delicacy with which the erring daughters of shame are here received and treated. Regarding as abundantly sufficient the chastisement which their own conscience, under sound religious direction, but too sternly inflicts, for the rest, all the arrangements, though strict to the last degree, are such as to sweeten their lot, and to make them forget that they have been outcasts from that society whose first laws they have violated. Sensible, upon the one hand, of the necessity of constant occupation in order to prevent the mind from reverting to the dangerous recollections of former life, and, on the other, aware of the impolicy of wearying the yet unstable resolution of the penitent by excessive and irksome employment, the humane and considerate founder has introduced into his system some of the less laborious and distressing occupations, even such as partake more of the nature of relaxation, than of labour. Music, both instrumental and vocal, forms part of the duties of the day, and especially sacred music of the most solemn kind. The subjects, of course, are varied, but many of them are selected expressly for the singers, and nothing can be more touching than the execution of some of their solemn and penitential hymns of the church. The performance of the choir of S. Maria del Gran Trionfo is among the most interesting in Naples, not only for itself, but for the associations of charity, benevolence, and religion, with which it is connected.

The penitentiary of *S. Maria del Presidio* is more ancient. It was founded in 1647, and placed under the care of the Pii Operarii of *S. Nicola alla Carita*. The inmates number about sixty, and form a very edifying community. They are supported by their own labour and by casual charitable contributions. The church of the congregation is a curiosity in its way, having been built with a legacy bequeathed from the hoarded savings of a beggar, who, in his apparent poverty, had long subsisted on the bounty of the charitable brethren.

The *Conservatoria di S. Raffaele* is a large establishment, containing a hundred and fifty inmates. It is under the care of the nuns of the Addolorata,—a religious sisterhood living in community, but without solemn vows or obligation of enclosure, and entirely devoted to this, and similar works of charity.

All the above-mentioned conservatories are open, indiscriminately, for every applicant. There are others, reserved (from motives of delicacy and consideration for their feelings) for females of the better classes. The Ritiro di Mondragone, for instance, is intended exclusively for young females of poor but respectable family, and for widows of reduced fortune. It was founded in 1658, by the Duchess of Mondragone, from whom it takes its name. Others, again, are intended for the orphans of particular classes of tradesmen or mechanics, and are supported by the confraternities of their respective trades. Thus the watchmakers have *S. Maria della Purita*; the notaries, *S. Maria dei Notari*; the silk-weavers, *SS. Filippo and Giacomo*; and the cloth spinners, *S. Rosa dell' Arte di Lana*.\*

A few words upon the Monti, or charitable banks and loan funds, and we take leave of Naples.

The first of these in time is the Monte di Pieta, which was founded in 1529, though the present beautiful edifice was not erected till 1590. Its object was to relieve the poor from the oppressive exactions of the Jews and other usurers of the time, by supplying them with temporary loans at low interest, and, in cases of more than ordinary distress, gratuitously;—the profits of the bank being applied to other charitable purposes. We need not dwell on the rules of this institution, which are the same in substance as those of the Roman Monte di Pieta, described on a former occasion.

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\* Another of these institutions for particular trades is *S. Gennaro dei Cavalcanti*, but we cannot at this moment recall its specific destination.

The *Monte de' Poveri* is one of those establishments which owes its origin to a particular profession. Like the confraternity of St. Ivo, it was founded by a body of lawyers in 1563; but the members are no longer confined to that profession. Its object is the relief of prisoners confined for debt, particularly those whose industry and previous good character are an evidence of honesty and upright intentions. Many of the directors, though not all, being members of the law, their professional opportunities enable them at once to discover and relieve the true objects of such charity. The bank was opened in 1605, and ten years afterwards was fixed in the present magnificent establishment; but in 1807, at the suppression of the banks under the French, this also was merged in the Banca delle due Sicilie. Their means, therefore, are less ample than at former periods; but they still effect a great deal of good. They maintain an hospital for the sick of the prisons; and on five of the principal festivals of the year, liquidate the debts of a certain number of prisoners, selecting those whose circumstances appear to involve the greatest degree of hardship and distress. These, however, though the primary and principal, are not their only works of charity. They distribute considerable alms, and bestow at stated periods, dowries of two hundred ducats each on the most deserving inmates of one of the conservatories already named.

But the most interesting of all these institutions is the *Monte di Misericordia*. It was established in 1601, by seven Neapolitan noblemen, who bound themselves by mutual agreement to practise in common the seven corporal works of mercy. Their obligation at first was limited to visiting the sick in the hospital every Friday. Besides their personal attendance, they contributed considerable sums of money, partly from their own resources, partly collected from the charity of the faithful. The funds thus at their disposal were applied to the maintenance of a certain number of patients, and to other charitable objects connected with the hospital. In 1604 they opened a charitable bank, for which they obtained the sanction of the government, as well as a bull of Paul V, dated November 5, 1605. The primitive fervour of the brethren remains unabated. The administration is distributed into seven departments, corresponding with the seven corporal works of mercy; and it is a rule of this institute, that each member shall serve during a given period in each department. As a specimen of the pains which are taken by this pious brotherhood to ameliorate the condition of the poor, we may



mention that among their other works of charity they supply every year to three or four hundred poor the means of visiting the baths of Casamiccia in the island of Ischia, where they are lodged and maintained for twenty days at the expense of the confraternity. This is a trifle in itself, but it tends to display the spirit by which they are actuated.

Lastly, in addition to these and numberless other institutions, each of which has its own specific destination, there is a general commission of charity, which may serve as a supplement to all. We allude to the *Commissione della Real Beneficenza*. It is a species of royal almonry, not limited by any specific obligation, and intended to relieve all urgent cases of destitution of what kind soever they may be. This commission dispenses annually at least thirty thousand ducats.

The length to which this notice has already swelled precludes us from offering any observations of our own. Nor, indeed, is observation necessary. The charity of Naples is beyond all the praise which it is in our power to bestow, and we shall content ourselves with summing up, in one sentence of Eustace, the character of this often misrepresented city:—"There are more retreats open to repentant females, and more means employed to secure the innocence of girls exposed to the dangers of seduction, than are to be found in London, Paris, Vienna, and Petersburg united; and it must be confessed that in the first and most useful of virtues, in the grand characteristic quality of the Christian, charity, she surpasses many, and yields to no city in the world."\*

ART. III.—1. *The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*. Vols. I. II. & III. "Practice with Science." 1840-1842.

2. *Practical Chemistry for Farmers and Landowners*. By Joshua Trimmer, F.G.S. 1842.

3. *Rural Chemistry: an Elementary Introduction to the Study of the Science in its Relation to Agriculture*. By Edward Solly, Jun. F.R.S., F.L.S. Hon. Memb. Roy. Agr. Soc., Experimental Chemist to the Horticultural Society of London, Lecturer on Chemistry at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, &c. &c. 1843.

4. *The Farmer's Magazine and Monthly Journal of Proceed-*

\* Eustace's Classical Tour in Italy, vol. ii. p. 357.

*ings affecting the Agricultural Interest.* Vols. v. and vi. 1842.

THE last few years have been fertile to luxuriance in books on agriculture at home and abroad. Some philosophers, of high rank in chemical literature, have propounded ingenious theories; others have occupied themselves, more profitably, in refined experiments on the constitution of the atmosphere, and the structure of organic matter. The harmonious relation of animal with vegetable life, and of both with the earth and its atmosphere, have been more clearly displayed; and we might seem about to consummate the union of art with science in the practice of agriculture, and in our sanitary code.

Yet, notwithstanding the vaunted march of science, that flourishes in after-dinner speeches at agricultural societies, we greatly fear,—and it is one object of this paper to explain why we fear,—that our country-gentlemen, far from being the first, as on their own showing they ought to be, are among the last in Europe to unite practice with science either as landlords or legislators. We shall not pause to inquire how far the system of education prevailing at the two renowned English universities, and their ancillary schools, may tend to harden the heart and contract the mind of our youth, but it is a truth more glaring every day, that the aristocracy of the land have a more lively faith in any species of tamboofery,\* legislative or scientific, that may flatter their sectarian prejudices, or serve the temporary purpose of a party conflict, than in the grand and simple truths of revelation or of natural science. Hence, whilst bustling committees are collecting materials for big blue books, and much superfluous zeal is manifested, with the ostensible purpose of agricultural and sanitary amelioration, the salutary influence of light and air, essential to the life-blood of mankind, is subjected to a window tax; and laws calculated to produce and perpetuate scarcity of food are imposed on the community for the undissembled purpose of maintaining rent.

Dr. Paris, commenting upon some neglect experienced even by the favoured and celebrated Davy, well observes that this

“Can never be redressed until the aristocracy shall be possessed of a competent share of scientific knowledge, and instructed to appreciate its value. To effect such a change, the system of edu-

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\* A word originating in North Lancashire: any bold statement of idoneous facts, without due inquiry as to their truth.

cation so blindly and obstinately continued in our great public schools must be altered; for minds exclusively applied to classical pursuits, and trained to recognize no other objects of liberal study, are indisposed, and indeed disqualified, for enquiries ministering to the arts of life, and arrogantly despised for their very connexion with utility. It is in the early ignorance of the rudiments of science that the after negligence of science has its source."... "The instances or proof of the extent of the ignorance and indifference I have noted, and of their pernicious effects upon the most important interests of society, especially legislation and the administration of justice, are abundant. In Parliament, how is a question of science treated? In our courts of law, and criminal investigation, it is lamentable to observe the frequent defeat of justice, arising from erroneous conception, or from the utter absence of the requisite knowledge. In the ordinary affairs of life, we see conspicuous among the dupes of quackery and imposture those whose stations should imply the best instruction, and whose conduct, unfortunately, has the effect of example."

"A contempt far-spreading, and proceeding from the well-springs of truth, is rapidly arising against this exalted ignorance; the industrious classes of society are daily becoming more imbued with knowledge upon scientific subjects, and the nobility, if they would preserve their superiority in social consideration, must descend to the popular improvement."\*

Although agriculture has claimed rank as a science as well as a necessary and noble art from an early period,† yet has the practice at all times preceded, and taught or illustrated the theory. The burning of lime,‡ the constructing of drains,§ the relative value of different manures of animal origin, and the preference due to some liquid excretions|| were well understood by the Romans. The use of marle,¶ and of chalk brought up from a sort of mine a hundred feet below the surface,\*\* was known in Britain long before the invasion of Cæsar. Some properties of natron or carbonate of soda were so well understood at a period still more remote, as to give force and beauty to two passages in the Bible where this substance is alluded to.†† Though St. Jerome's annotations on these passages have long assigned the true meaning to the word here translated nitre—the neter of the Hebrews—and

\* The Life of Sir H. Davy, by J. A. Paris, M.D., vol. ii. p. 153.

† Varro, lib. i. cap. 3.

‡ Cato, cap. xviii. et xxviii.

§ Ib. cap. xliii.

|| Columella, lib. ii. cap. xvi.

¶ Lingard's History of England, vol. i. p. 9, note.

\*\* Plinii Hist. Nat. lib. xvii. cap. 8.

†† Jeremiah, ii. 22; Proverbs, xxv. 20.

although classical commentators have given to Virgil's nitrum its appropriate signification, yet a fertile writer on fertilisers has gravely stated, among other reasons for the use of saltpetre in agriculture, that Virgil "recommended the Italian farmers to employ it, as a steep, mixed with the dregs of oil, to make the seed grain swell."\* Virgil was too good a chemist and farmer to write such nonsense. By mixing together the refuse oil and the fossil alkali, he formed a soapy compost, soluble in water to a certain extent; whilst saltpetre and oil would not unite at all. Ill fares the bewildered agriculturist, between the bad scholarship and bad chemistry thus obtruded upon him; no wonder if he resent such depredations on his time and pocket, if he refuse to turn his tobacco-pipe into a crucible, and eschew science altogether.

The use of bone may be considered one of the most capital modern improvements. Yet this substance, now recommended on theoretical grounds, as containing so many valuable principles,—fat, gelatine, carbonate of lime, and phosphate of lime,—was at first tried empirically, by accident, almost of sheer necessity, by some Yorkshire fox-hunter clearing away the refuse of his dog-kennel, about the year 1772. Of this fact, however, Johnson seems to have been ignorant ten years later; for Boswell records the following singular dialogue:

"1783. April 18.—*Boswell*.—I observe, in London, that the poor go about and gather bones, which I understand are manufactured?

"*Johnson*.—Yes, sir: they boil them, and extract the grease from them for greasing wheels and other purposes. Of the best pieces, they make mock ivory, which is used for hafts to knives, and various other things; the coarser pieces they burn and pound, to sell the ashes.

"*Boswell*.—For what purpose, sir?

"*Johnson*.—Why, sir, for making a furnace for the chemists for melting iron. A paste made of burnt bones will stand a stronger heat than anything else."—*Croker's Boswell*, vol. v. p. 80.

We learn from the lectures of Sir H. Davy, that at the commencement of the present century, bone was much used as a manure in the neighbourhood of London. Berzelius informs us that, in 1817, by desire of an agricultural society, he analysed a soil which had yielded crops of grain, time immemorial, without manure. It contained small fragments of

\* British Farmer's Magazine, vol. iv. p. 268. Oct. 1840.

bone, and after being boiled a long time in water, afforded a solution, which yielded a precipitate to the infusion of galls; whence the philosopher concluded that the ground had been a field of battle in former time. Davy, understanding the chemical nature and properties of bone, suggested, in a few lines, what must be the most economical method of employing that substance in agriculture. Liebig has refined a good deal on this point, as on many others.

The use of lime, after a lapse of many centuries, continues to be regulated by practice and by accidental occurrences rather than by science. Yet there is no object of research more completely exhausted by the chemist, none with which a mere tyro can more easily or more instructively make himself acquainted. If, therefore, we shall hereafter find the masters of agricultural science much at fault on the subject of lime, we need not proceed any further in the irksome task of demonstrating the careless and unsatisfactory manner in which they fulfil their obligations to the simple and confiding Bucolic reader.

In the following observations, we shall deviate to some extent, in the first instance, from the arrangement that might have been adopted, had our object been a mere critique upon individual authors. We shall select the properties of lime as the principal subject of consideration, as well with the view of correcting some obscure and erroneous notions that seem to prevail, as of obviating all suspicion of undue feeling towards gentlemen, of whom we have not the slightest personal knowledge.

The Royal English Agricultural Society was established in May 1838. Its motto is, "Practice with Science," and its journal has very deservedly obtained an extensive circulation. Mr. Pusey has detailed, in the first volume, his views of the state of agricultural science in England at the time of the society's establishment; in the third volume, he reviews the progress of agricultural knowledge during the last four years. As a practical writer, Mr. Pusey is distinguished by clearness of style, perfect acquaintance with his subject, and great candour in expressing his opinions. Our limits will unfortunately only allow this general tribute of praise to what constitutes by much the largest portion of his papers.

The books of Mr. Solly and Mr. Trimmer are neither the best\* nor the worst, but average specimens of rural chemistry,

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\* Professor Johnston of Durham, is the only good modern chemist, in this

or chemistry for farmers. The *Farmer's Magazine* is an entertaining jumble of much common sense in practice, some nonsense in science, and something worse than nonsense in politics.

We must apologize to all but agricultural readers for pre-mising a brief statement of some properties of lime pretty generally known to writers of such chemical works as are not particularly addressed to land owners and farmers.

1. Marble, limestone, and chalk, consist of carbonate of lime; and contain, in fifty parts, twenty-eight of lime and twenty-two of carbonic acid; everything else is foreign matter, or impurity.

2. Fifty grains of this carbonate exposed to a sufficient degree of heat, for a sufficient time, lose twenty-two grains of carbonic acid, and become twenty-eight grains of quick lime, dry lime, fresh lime, or pure lime.

3. Quick lime, or pure lime, was long considered, and for agricultural purposes might still be considered, a pure or elementary substance, from which nothing more could be extracted; but by certain processes, devised within the present century, twenty-eight grains of pure lime may be deprived of eight grains of oxygen gas, and reduced to twenty-grains of a metal called *calcium*. Therefore, lime is considered by chemists as *oxide of calcium*.

4. Quick lime, or dry lime, when sprinkled with water, grows hot, swells out, and falls to dry powder, as we see every day. This powder is called hydrate of lime. It is lime chemically united with water; twenty-eight grains of lime thus treated unite with nine grains of water, and form thirty-seven grains of hydrate of lime, or slaked lime. If more than the requisite quantity of water have been employed, the excess may be baked out of it by the heat of a common oven. At a full red heat, the hydrate, like the carbonate, may be decomposed, the rest of the water may be driven off, and twenty-eight grains of pure lime, or quick lime, will remain as before. Now it is a very wonderful circumstance, and therefore worthy of remark, though not strictly connected with our subject, that the nine grains of water which go to form the hydrate contain precisely eight grains of oxygen, or exactly the quantity previously united with the metal to constitute the lime, or oxide of calcium.

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country, who has treated on Agriculture well; yet Davy's Lectures are still unrivalled.

5. Quick-lime, or dry lime, when slaked or hydrated, does not change its chemical properties. It remains caustic until united with some acid. That so many strange words should come into use is unfortunate and rather puzzling; still, they who treat any subject are bound to understand the terms they employ, and to use them in a right sense, otherwise they only perplex those they profess to instruct; and no presumed dulness or ignorance of the pupil can afford an excuse for such negligence in the teacher as we shall presently have to deal with.

6. The thirty-seven grains of hydrate of lime, or slaked lime (4,5), long exposed to the air, and to water containing carbonic acid gas, gradually lose their caustic (5) property, exchange their nine grains of combined water for twenty-two grains of carbonic acid, and, in process of time, become fifty grains of chalk or carbonate of lime.

7. If we put our fifty grains of carbonate of lime into a teacup, and pour upon it by degrees very dilute sulphuric acid, we shall see the carbonic acid bubble up and escape; and when we add just enough of sulphuric acid to replace the carbonic acid, we can soon expel the superfluous water by heat, and shall then find, instead of fifty grains of chalk or marble, sixty-eight grains of gypsum or sulphate of lime, consisting of pure lime twenty-eight grains united to forty grains of pure sulphuric acid. The forty grains of sulphuric acid in the gypsum contain precisely twenty-four grains of oxygen, and the twenty-two grains of carbonic acid in the marble contain precisely sixteen grains—the one, of course, twice and the other three times the quantity existing in the lime.

Mr. Pusey, as already stated, is an agriculturist and country gentleman of considerable attainments, uniting science with practice to a degree that well entitles him to the distinguished position he holds in the Royal Agricultural Society of England. On this account we cannot help lamenting the inadvertence betrayed in a few pages of his excellent paper on the progress of agricultural knowledge during the last four years. "We have been told," he says, "that farmers near Totness, in Devonshire, have given a fair trial to fresh lime, and have found it not at all better than when it is slaked,"\* adding, in a note, "on the other hand, at Woburn, I have just met with a case in favour of recent lime. The soil was

\* Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, vol. iii. p. 212.



a light sand, with a tendency to blackness at top: half a turnip field had been dressed with fresh, and half with slaked lime, and there was a marked difference in favour of the fresh lime." We have shown that there can be no difference between fresh lime and slaked lime in an agricultural point of view. Fresh lime can produce no effect until it is slaked. If lime be applied ever so fresh, it must be slaked by the first shower.

Mr. Joshua Trimmer, being a maker of books in the scientific line, has less excuse than Mr. Pusey if he fall into equal or greater mistakes. He tells farmers and landlords that calcium is an oxide of lime (p. 41); a bootless piece of knowledge to them, if it were true—whereas it is just the reverse of the truth, lime being an oxide of calcium (sec. 3, p. 57). This is a superfluous blunder, hardly deserving of notice if it stood alone, which, unfortunately for his readers, is not exactly the case. "The hydrate," (sec. 4, p. 57) he says, "is soluble in water and has an acrid taste, neither of which properties are possessed by pure lime." (p. 56.) Perhaps it was this statement that misled Mr. Pusey. Undoubtedly pure lime is insoluble in water, so long as it is kept dry; as a child cannot be drowned unless it fall into the water. Mr. Trimmer is, however, so far of our opinion as to state that "water poured on lime enters into combination with it." But this process is the common operation of slaking lime; and the hydrate of lime thus produced is "slaked lime." Again, lime-water is prepared by agitating quick lime repeatedly in water, and setting it aside in a well closed bottle until the undissolved parts have subsided; "this solution has a strong alkaline reaction." Therefore there is some difference, in the mind of Mr. Trimmer, between pure lime and quick lime. We will deal fairly with Mr. Trimmer—if he be wrong in believing calcium an oxide of lime, he more than repairs his injustice to that metal, by assigning to it, in another place (p. 56), two oxides, or one more than we are able to find in *Dr. Kane's Elements of Chemistry*.

Mr. Solly's book appears to be more free from glaring errors than Mr. Trimmer's. Still, we have a right to expect better things than we find on the subject of lime, from an honorary member of the Agricultural Society of England, and a successor to Davy, as lecturer on Chemistry at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

"Quick-lime has a strong affinity for water, and when it is

wetted it becomes very hot; the lime combines with a quantity of water, and when it has cooled, we find that the lime is much altered, *having lost its strong caustic properties, and become mild or slaked.*" (p. 4.) This author is elsewhere very confused in the use of the word caustic. "A white or grey matter, called ashes, when put into water renders it caustic." (p. 43.) "The caustic substance found in the ashes of wood, is an impure carbonate of potash." (p. 43.) "Lime, in its pure condition, is a highly caustic substance; it is customary to mix quick-lime with woodash, which contains comparatively little free potash, as the greater part of it is combined with carbonic acid, when it is desired to make a very strong caustic ley: the quick-lime decomposes the carbonate of potash, combines with the carbonic acid, and becomes converted into carbonate of lime; whilst the potash being no longer combined with an acid, is able to exert its caustic properties." (p. 55.) This is not rural, but very rude and rustic chemistry. We are to infer that lime mixed with water *loses* its caustic properties—that water mixed with woodashes *acquires* caustic properties, and when the two compounds are mixed together, the lime, which had *lost* caustic properties, is capable of conferring caustic properties upon the solution of woodashes or water, which had previously *acquired* caustic properties. At page 56, Mr. Solly affords us the following questionable and useless piece of information. "The uses of carbonate of lime are very numerous: one of the most important is for burning into lime. This is a very curious process, for heat generally increases the attraction which two different substances have for each other; yet in this and some other cases, it rather diminishes it, and the strongest heat is unable to drive off carbonic acid from its combination with potash or soda, though lime, which parts with it so readily when heated, is able, when cold, to take it from either of the alkalies." At page 55, we learn that "carbonate of lime forms a considerable part of the bones of animals, and shells." This holds true of the latter only. At page 58, "in the burning of lime *not only is the water expelled*, but also the acid itself with which the lime was combined." At page 26, "chalk is a compound of carbonic acid and caustic lime, *together with a quantity of water*, and is called carbonate of lime." At page 57, "if this lime, thus slaked, is left exposed to the air, it combines with carbonic acid, and becomes changed into carbonate of lime, and at the same time *parts with part of*

the water with which it had previously combined." It parts with the whole. Mr. Pusey remarks, "Sir H. Davy's theory, that it (lime) dissolves vegetable fibre, is given up; in fact, it hardens vegetable fibre." (p. 212.) Solly contra, "The use of lime increases the rapidity of decay." (p. 137.) "The addition of lime greatly accelerates putrefaction." (p. 138.) "The decay of vegetable manures may be greatly facilitated by lime." (p. 139.) "Quick-lime has greatly assisted in promoting the decay of organic matters in the soil." (p. 142.) So much for the giving up, of what we are sorry to see Mr. Pusey term Sir H. Davy's theory. Davy stated matters of fact as he believed them, and his statements on the subject are extremely guarded. If he did fall into a slight mistake here, that has long been very fairly corrected. Dr. John Davy published valuable experiments on the subject several years ago, and in his notes to the agricultural lectures of the great philosopher, has made that unrivalled work the means of correcting what appears to be a doubtful or erroneous conclusion. So much however for lime. A few words will dispose of Mr. Trimmer as an agricultural chemist.

In the chapter on laws of combination is the following passage:—

*"When a body A unites with another body B into two or more proportions, the quantities of the latter united with the same quantity of the former, bear to each other a very simple ratio, which may be represented by one or other of the following series:—*

*"1st Series.—A unites with 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c. equivalents or doses of B.*

*"2nd Series.—A unites with 1,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , 2,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , &c. equivalents of B.*

*"Carbonic oxide and carbonic acid afford examples of combination according to the first series.*

	Carbon.	Oxygen.	Ratio.
" Carbonic oxide consists of - - - 6	8	1	
" Carbonic acid - - - - 6	16	2	

*"In the first case one equivalent of carbon unites with one equivalent of oxygen; in the second it unites with two equivalents."*—p. 15.

If time and space were at our command, and if such inquiries could interest the farmers and landowners, to whom Mr. Trimmer addresses his book, we should show that this rule is inapplicable to the combination of carbon and oxygen, by reminding him of an intermediate compound of carbon and oxygen, the oxalic acid—to say nothing of the mellitic and croconic acids.

In another place (p. 32) we are told that ammonia is found in a certain liquid fertilizer in the proportion of 19 parts out of 100 of the fresh liquid;—the proportion is not quite *two* per cent. Again, "In other compounds containing carbon, oxygen and hydrogen are present, but the proportion is greater than that in which they form water. Most of the organic acids are of this class." The proportion of *both* cannot be greater, sometimes oxygen, sometimes hydrogen is in excess. In another place he says, "sugar thus formed, may be distilled into alcohol or spirits of wine." (p. 65.) Sugar can never be distilled into spirit. Liquors fermented from sugar may. "The well known substance turpentine is," he tells us, "a good example of a resin." (p. 70.) Yet he shows immediately afterwards, that when turpentine is distilled, it is separated into a volatile oil and a residual resin. "By immersing bone for a long time in diluted muriatic acid, both the gelatine and the earthy salts are dissolved." (p. 75.) The earthy salts are dissolved, but not the gelatine. "Humate of lime, the most soluble salt of humic acid." (p. 84.) This is an erroneous statement of Liebig or his translator, and not an original blunder of Mr. Trimmer, like the following:—"Sulphurous acid containing *six*, and sulphuric acid *twenty-four*, parts of oxygen." (p. 42.)

Yet this author opens his book with the assertion, that "of all the improvements which have taken place in British agriculture during the last century, few have originated with practical farmers" (p. 1); and attempts a "report of a debate in a farmer's club," which cannot fail to recommend his work to the favourable consideration of those who belong to such societies.

The faults of Mr. Solly's book, though very many, are those of a careless rather than an ignorant writer. The following are specimens:—

"It must be remembered that where the candle goes out for want of air, it does not do so because all the oxygen is burnt, but because the elements of the candle, having combined with all the oxygen of the air, or, as it were, saturated it, there is no more oxygen left to keep up the combustion of the candle."—p. 10.

"Sulphate of lime is dissolved in small quantity by water, and accordingly we find it almost always present in spring-water, which derives it from the soil through which it rises; it is the presence of this substance in spring-water which gives it that freshness which distinguishes it from common river-water, and renders it pleasanter to drink than soft water; in fact the great distinction found between hard and soft water is mainly caused by the presence or absence of

sulphate of lime, which, though contained in very small quantity, greatly influences its use for domestic purposes."—p. 58.

Towards the conclusion of his paper, Mr. Pusey gives an account of "the modern German theory as founded by Sprengel, and lately established by Dr. Liebig." (p. 213.) Among the "four kinds of *air* variously combined," we were rather surprised to meet with "carbon, which is charcoal." Liebig's discovery of ammonia in rain-water is considered by Mr. Pusey to be a new and remarkable fact. Silica, we learn, is the acid of flint, and phosphorus, of bones. Until we were enlightened by the modern German theory, we did not know the difference between silica and flint, and should just as soon have believed flint to be an acid of silica, as silica an acid of flint. Nor were we aware, until we perused Mr. Pusey's paper, that phosphorus was an acid of bones; having hitherto considered phosphorus to be a remarkable element or simple substance, forming with oxygen acid combinations which, again uniting with lime and other bases, furnished the animal economy with sundry phosphates, some of which are assimilated in the form of bones, others excreted to fertilize the soil. Mr. Pusey enumerates as four alkalies, potash, soda, *lime*, and *magnesia*. Of these, we have observed lime and magnesia more usually classed among the earths, than the alkalies. "In every ton of oat-straw," we learn, "there is nearly one hundred weight of flint; whence, if a hay-rick be burnt, lumps of a substance like glass are often found in the ashes." The oat-straw must be very dry indeed to afford five per cent. of flint, and this large proportion in oat-straw does not so clearly explain whence the glass proceeds, which is sometimes, but not often, found in the ashes of burnt hay. We hear of some wonderful field in Mecklenburg, dressed with a marl full of phosphorus. This marl must be worth the attention of those who manufacture lucifer-matches. Mr. Pusey proceeds—

"This is a very superficial view of the new theory of agriculture, which, though but a theory at present, certainly promises important results. In order to test it first, and, if it hold good, to apply it afterwards, two courses of inquiry are requisite; one, as Dr. Liebig informs me, a more minute examination of the ashes of plants, in which these mineral substances are found, and further, a more accurate analysis of our various soils, in which last particular English science is sadly defective; for Dr. Liebig observes, 'Davy has made several analyses of various fertile soils, and since his time numerous other analyses have been published; but they are all so superficial, and, in most cases, so inaccurate, that we possess no

means of ascertaining the nature or composition of English arable land. This reproach on the science ought certainly to be removed; and it is easy to see how varied a field of inquiry is opened by the new theory. At the same time, though it is a most promising theory, it would be premature to expect that for some years to come chemistry should be able to direct, or materially to benefit, husbandry. But though we have not yet seen the secret workings of nature, I believe that we are near the door, and that the veil will soon be raised.”—p. 214.

Surely it is no disparagement to a theory that it is *but* a theory. Can it become any thing else? Nothing is more characteristic of the genuine John Bull, especially in his agricultural capacity, than his conceiving himself to be a practical man, entitled to treat theory of every kind with disdain. This is a very mistaken notion. John is an inveterate theorist in person, and still more in the persons of those he commonly employs to think for him; John's great misfortune is, that he is prone to err in his choice of a theory, and very reluctant to exchange a bad one for a better. Our objection to Sprengel or Liebig is, not that they have *only* propounded a theory, or even that their theory is bad, but that their facts are questionable, and adjusted to the theory, whereas the theory should be constructed upon facts.

“What is the characteristic feature of chemistry from its very cradle? It is a complete faith in the testimony of the senses; an unbounded confidence in experiment; a blind submission to the power of facts. Chemists, ancient or modern, desire to see with their eyes before they employ their powers of mind; they desire to adapt theories to facts, not to seek facts in favour of preconceived theories.”\*

“A theory established upon twenty facts ought to explain thirty, and lead to the discovery of ten more; but it generally requires to be modified, or fails altogether before ten facts in addition to the former.”†

“We are to remember, from our first entrance upon chemical science, that it is impossible to explain every thing, and our attempts are consequently in many instances abortive. Two men of great genius see the same phenomenon from two distinct points of view; the theories they form cannot therefore agree. It is not uncommon for some philosophers of no great depth of mind to regard one of these theories as a real expression of facts. The young are more apt to fall into this error than the aged, who, having seen their favourite systems overturned by experiment, become more wary. Yet

\* Dumas, *Leçons sur la Philosophie Chimique*, Lec. i.

† *Ib.* Leçon ii.

it is not invariably necessary, that of two contrary theories, the one should be true and the other false. The true state of things may remain undiscovered, or may never be disclosed. We must therefore balance the probabilities in favour of the two theories, without admitting either the one or the other to be an exposition of the truth, that is to say, without acceding to either our full and entire assent, until we possess sufficient proof that one only is exact, and consequently every other is false. Every theory is the method of describing the meaning of a fact. It may be admitted as sufficient, so long as it explains all the facts that are known. It may not prove correct, yet for a certain time it may answer as well as a true theory. In treating scientific subjects we always require a theory, in order to arrange our ideas, and to classify details which otherwise would be difficult to remember. When a theory is adopted, it is often of great advantage to science if we are able to prove that the phenomena will admit of another explanation; but it does not follow that the former one is inaccurate, and it is always a culpable innovation to abandon an established mode of explanation for another more novel, the truth of which is not based upon strong probabilities. It is therefore indispensable to prove, in the first place, that the theory generally established is erroneous, and that another is required.”\*

It is cold comfort for country gentlemen to be told by Mr. Pusey, that they must wait some years before they can realise much benefit from chemistry to actual husbandry; and this new German theory, which, instead of connecting and explaining the numerous facts already ascertained, requires at the outset two courses of inquiry so extensive as a new analysis of the ashes of all cultivated plants,† and of all cultivated soils,‡

\* Berzelius *Traité de Chimie*.

† See Dr. Daubeny's estimate of Sprengel's analysis, at p. 172, post.

‡ We remember perusing, with some surprise, a statement to the effect that the soils of the kingdom were about to be analysed, at the expense of government. After some trouble, we discovered, at p. 44 of the “Farmer's Magazine,” for July 1842, an account of a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, held on the 23d of May 1842, when “Sir Charles Lemon wished to make one remark, and that a very important one, on the analysis of soils, which it had been stated, in the report he had heard read to the meeting, the government had proposed to have made at the Museum of Economic Geology.” Turning to a previous volume of the same magazine (for June 1842, p. 473), we found the Society gratefully acknowledging a communication from the Earl of Lincoln, expressing his willingness to direct, as the Society may suggest, a complete analysis of the soils of the kingdom, to be undertaken at the Museum of Economic Geology, at the expense of government.” Alas! for the promises of a strong government! the Society's own printed report has dropped this passage,—her Majesty's Office of Woods and Forests having perhaps seen some lion in the path. The liberality of the offer, however, may be estimated from a statement recently published by Professor Johnston, that “the rigorous analysis of a soil is one of the most difficult problems of its kind which the chemist in his laboratory can be called upon to solve, and one which requires the longest time. Were he to do nothing else, he would be an industrious experimenter if he



may, at present, be postponed for future consideration. The new theory of agriculture may form the subject of a distinct notice.

"Any young chemist," proceeds Mr. Pusey, "who will take up the late brilliant discoveries of general principles, and devote his life to patient research into the means of applying them, may hope to acquire an imperishable reputation; and it is evident, from the ardour with which chemists now embark in agricultural research, that they feel they are making progress." (p. 214.)

We have attempted to take up the late brilliant discoveries of Dr. Liebig, and, by the aid of two French versions, happily arrived at the end of the one by Dr. Lyon Playfair. We next applied ourselves, in no unfriendly spirit,\* to the physiological and pathological volume, translated by Dr. Gregory. For the benefit of such rural readers as may not yet have plunged deeply into the new theory, and as a caution to any young chemist who may contemplate so rash a proceeding, we quote from this second volume a single paragraph.

"In the following pages, I offer to the reader an attempt to develop analytically the principal metamorphoses which occur in the animal body; and to preclude all misapprehension, I do this with a distinct protest against all conclusions and deductions which may now, or at any subsequent period, be derived from it in opposition to the views developed in the preceding part of this work, with which it has no manner of connection."

Dr. Liebig has studied country gentlemen in the school of Dr. Peel; but Giesser is not Tamworth, and the landed interest, though loud and lusty in the British legislature, forms a small and feeble party in the republic of science.

In the journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England,† we meet with an "essay on the simplest and easiest mode of analysing soils, to which the prize of twenty pounds was awarded in December 1838, by the Rev. W. L. Rham, A.M. Vicar of Winkfield, Berks."

"It is presumed," by Mr. Rham, "that the object of the English Agricultural Society in offering a prize for the best account of the cheapest and simplest mode of analysing soils, is to encourage farmers, unacquainted with chemistry, to make experiments on soils of known fertility, comparing them with others in order to discover the circumstances which chiefly influence fertility, and the means by which less fertile soils may be improved."

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should faithfully analyse thirty or forty soils in a year."—*Journal of Agriculture*, July 1843, p. 14.

\* Dublin Review, xiii. 336.

† Vol. i. p. 46.

How little can be learnt from the chemical analysis of a soil is known only to those who, with some knowledge of practical chemistry, have considered the numerous facts that require to be ascertained, and the patience, skill, and sagacity demanded for the true solution of each separate problem. The chemical analysis of inorganic matter is difficult,—that of organic matter still more difficult, and withal very unsatisfactory. Then the mixtures of organic and inorganic substances which constitute a fertile soil are so multifarious, many important ingredients exist in so small a proportion and in so uncertain a state of combination, that one cannot help admiring at once the courage and self-complacency of the worthy Vicar of Winkfield in hoping to accomplish so arduous a task with resources so scanty.

Davy's fourth lecture enables "the philosophical farmer" to examine soils in a simple and complete manner, for the period at which his work was written. Notwithstanding the advances subsequently made in the art of chemical analysis, the process of Davy was long reprinted, without alteration, by compilers of books on chemistry; indeed, Professor Johnson, of Durham, is perhaps the only chemist in this country who has attempted to improve upon Davy's model. The ingenuity of Mr. Rham has, on the other hand, devised a retrograde movement,—a sort of "Davy made easy," or "an analysis without chemistry," and "practice without science,"—adapted to the humble capacities of farmers and farmers' friends. It is needless to say that the paper is utterly worthless, and calculated to obstruct, instead of advancing agricultural improvement. Indeed, Mr. Rham candidly states what his mode of analysing will *not* accomplish.

"There may be *many* mineral substances in the soil which this mode of analysing will not detect; and some of these *may materially affect the fertility*. In most cases, there will be something to indicate the presence of metals. Iron abounds in most soils: when the quantity is considerable it will be detected by pouring a decoction of gall nuts into the water which has washed the earth; it will immediately become of a blueish dark colour. The other metals are not of frequent occurrence. Sulphate of lime or gypsum, and also magnesia, are found in some soils; but the separation of them can only be effected by those who are well acquainted with chemistry: they *fortunately* occur very seldom, and the places where they are found are generally known. For all practical pur-

poses it is sufficient to ascertain the proportion of sand, clay, carbonate of lime, and humus, which any soil contains.”—*J. R. A. S.* vol. i. p. 53.

The reverend chemist will permit us to point out one or two slight mistakes he has inadvertently committed in the paragraph we have just quoted. Pure water that has merely washed a ferruginous soil will not give a black colour to infusion of galls: in order to be tested in this manner, the iron must be rendered soluble by some acid. Gypsum and magnesia are of frequent occurrence in all fertile soils; so, also, is bone earth, which Mr. Rham does not seem to think worthy of attention. Neither can the absence of these ingredients be considered a *fortunate* circumstance, for they may, and frequently do, constitute the main difference between fertile and barren soils, which is the problem that Mr. Rham, at the outset of his paper, professes to enable even an ignorant farmer to solve. It seems to be Mr. Rham's opinion, that the mechanical state of a soil, and its hygrometrical properties, are of more importance than its chemical constitution, as indications of fertility; yet, in ascertaining these properties, Mr. Rham has made no improvement whatever upon the simple processes of Davy.

The third volume contains a very interesting paper by Mr. Murchison, “on the Tchornoi Zem, or black earth of the central regions of Russia.” For information on the geological relations and agricultural value of this “black earth,” we must refer our readers to Mr. Murchison's paper. The earth was submitted for chemical examination to Mr. Phillips, the chemist of the Museum of Economic Geology, and to the celebrated French agricultural chemist, M. Payen. The former furnished the following analysis to Mr. Murchison:—

“Silica	-	-	-	69.8
Alumina	-	-	-	13.5
Lime	-	-	-	1.6
Oxide of iron	-	-	-	7.0
Vegetable matter	-	-	-	6.4
Traces of humic acid, sulphuric acid, } chlorine, &c.	-	-	-	1.7
				100.0

Dr. Daubeny detected about the same proportion of organic matter as that noticed by Mr. Phillips, and thus expresses himself:

“The possession of a deep soil, easily penetrated by the roots of

plants, and containing so large a per-centage of mild humus, would alone impart great fertility."

M. Payen says:—

"The composition of this earth is remarkable for the proportion of *azotised* matter which it contains, and the volume of the azote. The connexion between this earth and the organic substance, when the latter is so rich in azote, appears to me to be essentially one of the surest indications of the fertility of soil, other conditions of chemical properties and mineral composition being favourable."

ANALYSIS OF THE BLACK EARTH BY M. PAYEN.

100 of the earth.	{	6.95 combustible organic matter	{	Alumina	5.04
		93.05 ashes		Oxide of iron	5.62
Soluble in boiling hydrochloric, or muriatic acid, 13.79			{	Lime	0.82
			{	Magnesia	0.98
			{	Alk. chloride	1.21
Insoluble in boiling muriatic acid, 79.30			{	Silica	71.56
			{	Alumina	6.34
			{	Lime traces	
			{	Magnesia	0.24

4.140 grammes of the earth yielded 9.498 cubic centimetres of azotic gas.

Mr. Rham supplies the society with the following note upon M. Payen's analysis.

"If we only consider the elements of which this black earth, which is stated to be so fertile, is composed, the analysis does not afford us much information, without a knowledge of its mechanical texture. The same elementary substances may be so variously combined as to produce very different soils in respect to fertility. Thus, if 70 per cent of silica were in the form of small crystals, such as we find in sea sand, and the 13 per cent of alumina, combined with the 7 per cent of iron, and the sulphuric acid were mechanically mixed with the sand, the result would be a soil not much superior to that of Bagshot Heath; and although the 6 or 7 per cent of organic matter, especially with a considerable proportion of animal matter, would give it some fertility, it would never be fit for the growth of wheat for want of firmness. But if the alumina is combined with the silica, so as to form clay, and a portion of the silica only is in the form of fine sand, making with the clay a loamy soil, and the oxide of iron be a peroxide not hurtful to vegetation, then the organic matter intimately mixed with this soil will form the richest wheat loam. This confirms an opinion I have ventured to express elsewhere,—that when the silica is in a very high state of division, and intimately blended with the alumina, it can no

longer be considered as sand; nor has it the porous quality by which sand is soon deprived of its moisture, and the organic matter exhausted in it. *This shows the necessity of a mechanical examination of a soil which is so easily effected by sifting and washing alone, conjointly with an accurate chemical analysis, before we can form a correct opinion of the real fertility of a soil.*—W. L. RHAM."

M. Payen, it will be seen, notices some facts in respect to this black earth which seem to have been unobserved or neglected by Mr. R. Phillips, viz. 1. the presence of azotised matter in considerable quantity, which must be of importance as conducing to fertility; 2. the existence of alumina in two states of solubility, a point to be attended to in the analysis of all clays; 3. the presence of quite as much magnesia as lime. The last-mentioned omission is the more remarkable on the part of Mr. R. Phillips, as he has devoted especial attention to the means of separating magnesia from lime.

Dr. Daubeney, Professor of Rural Economy in the University of Oxford, delivered a lecture on the application of science to agriculture before the members of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, on Thursday, the 9th of December, 1841, which appears in the third volume of the Journal.

A part of this lecture is devoted, rather unprofitably, to an explanation of Schubler's attempt at a classification of soils; and if it answer no other purpose, proves at least Davy's good sense and judgment. Davy, in lecture iv, comes to this conclusion.

"To attempt to class soils with scientific accuracy, would be a vain labour; the distinctions adopted by farmers are sufficient for the purposes of agriculture, particularly if some degree of precision be adopted in the application of terms. The term sandy, for instance, should never be applied to any soil that does not contain at least seven-eighths of sand; sandy soils that effervesce with acids, should be distinguished by name of calcareous sandy soil, to distinguish them from those that are siliceous. The term clayey soil, should not be applied to any land which contains less than one-sixth of impalpable earthy matter, not considerably effervescing with acids. The word loam should be limited to soils containing at least one-third of impalpable earthy matter, not considerably effervescing with acids. A soil to be considered as peaty, ought to contain at least one-half of vegetable matter."

Schubler's classification, duly arranged in classes, orders, and species, includes seventy-four different kinds of soil, of which twenty are pronounced poor, twenty intermediate, and twenty rich, as they furnish five, ten, or fifteen parts of humus

in a thousand. Magnesian soils do not afford a single variety, much less a species, and the proportions of phosphates and alkalies are equally disregarded. No difference is made between the soluble and insoluble silicates or aluminates, as chemical characteristics of soils: in short, Schubler's mode of classification may rank with Rham's mode of analysis.

Yet is Dr. Daubeny well aware of the value that in an improved state of chemical science, with corresponding facilities of chemical analysis, will be attached to the presence, and to the state of chemical combination of such substances. After a few words in favour of Mr. Rham's "easy directions," he says:

"Let me, however, remind you, that such a rude analysis as I recommend, tells you nothing respecting the presence or absence of many ingredients which exist in minute quantities on the soil, but which nevertheless occasion the most decided differences in its qualities as affecting vegetation. Such are the alkalies and the phosphoric acid, both of which necessarily escape detection whenever we examine such small quantities of the soil as are usually submitted to analysis. It is, therefore, no reflection upon Sir H. Davy, on the last age, or on any chemist of the present, if, under such circumstances, he is silent as to the presence of these ingredients in the samples which he has undertaken to analyse. If, therefore, information be sought on these points, larger portions of the soil must be sent, and a greater amount of chemical skill will be called into requisition; but where the object is merely to determine the sort of soil which exists on a given property, then a small quantity only need be examined, and a degree of science, such as would be easily attainable by most farmers, will suffice."

Dr. Daubeny remarks in a foot-note:

"Sir C. Lemon last autumn expressed to me his surprise that a sample of the soil taken from the Serpentine of the Lizard was pronounced by Mr. R. Phillips, to whom it had been sent for examination, to be totally destitute of magnesia. I told him that I could myself state that no quantity of that earth considerable enough to be detected in a sample consisting of only a few hundred grains was present in it, having some time back executed a rough analysis of this soil. It would have been rash, however, to have concluded from this that magnesia was entirely absent, for Mr. E. Solby has since informed me, that by operating on a much larger amount, he has succeeded not only in detecting the existence of the earth in question, but even of estimating the proportion it bears to the other ingredients."—p. 142.

There is a want of accuracy in the following sentences:—  
"Phosphate of lime is *secreted* by the organs of a plant," &c.

(p. 144). "Nitrogen cannot be *secreted* by plants directly from the atmosphere" (p. 147). "A great quantity of phosphate of lime is continually drawn from the soil in the form of *butter* and cheese" (p. 144).

Dr. Daubeny proceeds with some remarks on what he calls agricultural constants, the value of which may be collected from a subsequent communication, dated Oct. 17, 1842.

"I hasten," says Dr. Daubeny, "to apprise your readers of an error which has been kindly pointed out to me by a friend, as occurring in the table of the constituents of crops published in the last number of the *Journal*, and affecting the whole of the column in which the proportion of azote belonging to the several vegetables is stated. Owing to the omission of a cypher, the quantity of azote given by Boussingault for 10,000 lbs. is represented as that existing in 100,000 lbs., and the error has of course been the means of rendering the numbers in the antecedent column relating to the amount of water and carbon likewise incorrect.

"It will be easy for your readers to correct both these errors, by adding in every case a cypher to the numbers quoted in my table in the column relating to azote, and by calculating the water and carbon from the difference between the amount of the fixed ingredients and of the azote added together, and that of the sum total supposed to have been operated upon.

Thus if in wheat the azote be	-	-	-	-	2.380
And the fixed ingredients	-	-	-	-	2.137
				Together	4.517
Then its carbon and water ought to be	-	-	-	-	95.483
That being the sum necessary to make up	-	-	-	-	100.000

"But I ought not, perhaps, to forego the present opportunity of cautioning your readers against placing too implicit a reliance on the result of the analyses therein given, whether as relating to the proportion of nitrogen, or to that of the fixed ingredients of the crops.

"With regard to the former, Boussingault, who is my authority, has published in a later number of the *Annales de Chimie* than that which supplied me with the numbers quoted in my table, a fresh series of results concerning most, though not all, of the vegetables enumerated, which being probably more accurate than the former ones, I will by permission insert; and with regard to the fixed ingredients, I believe many of our first chemists are of opinion that the results obtained by Sprengel require verification before they can obtain the full confidence of the scientific public.



"When, indeed, we consider the labour, skill, and experience which must be called into requisition for the execution of so difficult and extensive a series of analyses as that quoted in my table, we cannot help wishing that so great a work had been undertaken under the auspices of a public body capable of furnishing the requisite funds, and by an association of chemists, who could assist each other in their respective labours, and be a check upon the errors into which they might severally fall, rather than by a solitary and irresponsible individual, whatever may be his merits or respectability."\*

This is but poor work on the part of a learned professor from the university of Oxford. The idea of any other agricultural constant than the rent day is sufficiently absurd, without the gross and inexcusable blunder of what is here softly termed a cypher meaning one-tenth part—a tithe, in short, to use a word which the farmer comprehends. Then follows the awkward attempt to escape by cautioning the reader against too implicit a reliance on the results of analyses by Sprengel, the father of the modern German theory, and of Boussingault, whose accuracy is only equalled by his candour and judgment.

Professor Henslow has addressed some amusing letters to the farmers of Suffolk through the newspapers; and these, we believe, are republished separately. The ninth letter affords an instance of the unlucky scrapes into which really clever and intelligent men are apt to fall by their own inadvertence, when casting crumbs of eleemosynary science among farmers. Professor Henslow says, "I have carelessly stated oxygen to form nearly one-half, instead of one-fifth of the atmosphere; and I have supposed that chloride of calcium was the common bleaching powder." The same letter contains the confession of another error by Dr. Daubeny: "I fear I may have led the public into an error by mentioning among the substances that fix carbonate of ammonia, common salt." . . . "I regret that I published this statement in a lecture which has gained so much publicity through the medium of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*."<sup>†</sup>

The Rev. W. Thorp opens a paper "on the feeding of stock" in the following strain. "If I mistake not, Professor Liebig points out, in his work just published, *Organic Chemistry applied to Physiology and Pathology*, a discovery of no

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\* *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, vol. iii. p. 433.

† *Farmer's Magazine*, May 1843, pp. 346-7.

less value to agriculturists than any of those in the agricultural chemistry. It is respecting the necessity of warmth to animals during the time of their fattening; and also of a due supply being given them of nitrogenized food. In that splendid treatise, which will be as enduring as the science of medicine,"\* &c. This vaunted discovery, "that clothing is equivalent to a certain amount of food" (p. 431), famine, and not Liebig, has imparted to the wretched inhabitants of our manufacturing districts. Mr. Thorp proceeds to reason out the corrected data of Daubeny, and apply them to sheep and turnips without mistrust; yet the addition of a mere cypher will hardly suffice to make up the difference between 17, in Table I, and 1680, in Table II, which represent the weight of azote in 100,000lbs. Dr. D. seems to have taken an analysis of dried turnips in both instances. Mr. Thorp's turnips are fresh from the field—no matter—a goodly array of figures demonstrates, as proved, all that Mr. Thorp has imagined.†

Such is the humiliating view of the state of agricultural science in England exhibited in the writings of landowners, clergymen, professors, lecturers, &c. On this sandy and slippery foundation how is it possible to construct a good system of practical husbandry? How cruel and unjust is it to charge the careworn, toilworn, farmer with ignorance of a science hitherto so barren? to distract his attention from real hardships and lowering prospects, by golden promises of new inventions and exhortations to redoubled toils of mind, more irksome to him than bodily labour, and quite as hopeless. In an art so ancient as husbandry, and a science so comprehensive and exact as chemistry, it were futile to anticipate, and it is sheer imposture to promise, that sudden advances can be made by cunning devices and sleights of science.

Having devoted so large a space to the state of English agricultural science, we should feel pride and pleasure were it possible for us now to do justice to the skill and enterprise of many cultivators of the soil, whose contributions to the

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\* Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, vol. iii. p. 430.

† On referring to M. Boussingault's paper on the "*Annales de Chimie et de Physique*," for 1841, tom. i. p. 251, the reader will find that 9550 parts of fresh turnip, equal to 716 dry, yield 12.2 of azote. Hence 1000 parts dried contain about 17, and 100,000 = 1700, or another analysis might afford only 1680. Dr. Daubeny's error therefore is not a cypher, but two cyphers, or 100 parts; and Mr. Thorp's blunder is to the truth as 9550 to 716, or applying the proportion of azote in the dry turnip to that in the fresh bulb; and the folly of his paper is shown by this, that a more than tenfold error in his premises does not seem to affect his conclusions at all.

two periodical works placed at the head of this article, are highly honourable to their sagacity and candour. Among these we have already assigned a distinguished place to Mr. Pusey, as a practical man and trustworthy counsellor on all topics that are not embarrassed by scientific speculations. We concur with him in the hope that "lime is not an indispensable ingredient of clay fit for manure."\* Yet we are not satisfied with the two instances he has adduced in support of his hopes. The strong clay without lime in Suffolk, when applied to a poor *calcareous* soil could require no lime to fit it for use. In the second instance, the blue shale was not applied merely to a "field of gravel and sand," but to gravel and "yellowish *calcareous* sand," "lying upon the *magnesian limestone* near Ferrybridge."† Therefore lime, whether present in the shale or not, was the ingredient least wanted. Still, an opulent agricultural society ought not to leave such questions in doubt, but should procure from eminent chemists satisfactory analyses of the various soils, and other substances, upon which experiments, tried in the farm, are recorded in their journal.

We cannot suppress some feeling of disappointment after perusing some interesting communications on the use of marl and clay, and on the burning of clay, when we find so little that is useful in the comments, as to the influence of the iron, the silica, and the alumina respectively, before and after the operation of burning. In the burning of clay especially, the lime is probably the ingredient that is acted upon to the least advantage.

We were much struck by the following paragraph in an article on Cottage Economy and Cookery, by F. Burke, Esq.

"On the mode of making bread we offer no instructions, except that when the cottager has got an oven it should be baked at home, and made of household flour; but this observation may be made, that in former days our forefathers were accustomed to eat rye and barley bread; and throughout the whole of the north of Germany and Poland, though producing abundant crops of wheat, no other kind of bread than that made from rye is generally eaten, yet no peasantry in Europe are more strong and healthy. The appearance of the bread is not, indeed, so inviting as that of wheat, but the flavour is extremely pleasant, the quality is more nutritious than that made from barley. Now it is usually calculated that a man, his wife, and two children, eat from three to four pounds of bread daily. The price of the quartern loaf of household wheaten bread is, at present, eightpence; but that of rye can be made for

\* Journal of the English Agricultural Society, vol. iii. p. 181.

† Ib. p. 162.

fivepence; and if this were used it would occasion a saving of about eighteenpence in the poor man's weekly wages.\*

Among the minor contributors to its journal, the Royal Agricultural Society can boast of the Prime Minister, and Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. We learn from Pliny, that Marius, seven times consul, planted his vines in such a manner as to prove himself, in the eyes of posterity, a profound tactician and consummate general. Perhaps it may be said hereafter of Sir James Graham's "Results of Experiments in Subsoil Ploughing,"\* and of Sir Robert Peel's "Account of a Field thorough drained at Drayton, in Staffordshire,"† that on these congenial subjects the two right honourable baronets have combined science with practice, in more ways than one.

We cannot resist the temptation to make one extract from the *Farmer's Magazine*. The subject is "Lord James Hay's Drain Tile."

"On Saturday, the 2nd April (1842), Lord James Hay was at Baldoval House, the seat of Sir John Ogilvy, for the purpose of showing the method and explaining the process of making the concrete drain tile, lately invented by himself. There were present the Right Hon. the Earl of Mansfield, and a number of the neighbouring gentry and farmers. Mr. Smith, of Deanston, and a great many agriculturists from Fife attended by special invitation. Lord James began by mixing two parts of pounded lime shells with three of sand and four of gravel," &c. "The process is extremely simple; any farm servants might, in rainy weather, make tiles upon a smooth barn floor. Lord James showed other methods of making his tiles, and one of these in the drain itself. This latter method has been attempted to be improved upon by Mr. Smith, of Deanston." \* \* \*

"We were quite delighted with the affability of Lord James Hay, his readiness to answer all the questions put to him, and his anxiety to get and give information about every thing connected with the business he had been engaged in. He also showed himself a most expert workman, and did the whole with his own hands, except what assistance he got from servants in mixing the materials. He handled the trowel and spade as if he had been bred to it from his infancy, and been accustomed to get his bread by the sweat of his brow. After all the out-door work was finished, the party partook of a most substantial luncheon prepared by Lady Ogilvy. Lord James Hay read a paper explaining the kinds of lime, sand, &c. best adapted for making his tile. He has generally used Lord

\* Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, vol. iii. p. 94.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 244.

† Ibid. vol. iii. p. 18.

Elgin's, which cost fourpence a bushel at Aberdeen, and makes one hundred and twenty tiles. Pounded lime answers better than slaked lime, as the tiles dry faster, but lime slaked the night before it is used will do well enough for ordinary purposes. Lime, sand, &c. which make the best mortar, will make the best tile. A set of moulds, &c. for making, can be had for about thirty shillings, and furnished by James Gould; application for the same to be made to Mr. David Finlay, overseer to Lord James Hay, Seton House, Aberdeen. After a few complimentary speeches, the healths of Lord James Hay, Sir John and Lady Ogilvy, the Earl of Mansfield, &c. were drunk, and the party separated, gratified with all they had seen and heard, and with the hospitality and kindness of Sir John Ogilvy."—*Farmer's Magazine*, May 1842, vol. v. 371.

This is a good specimen of science united with practice in high life. Lord James Hay's well-timed affability and vigorous handling of the trowel and spade, secure him implicit credit for some valuable discovery, the secret of which, however, is not disclosed. From the careful reference to Mr. David Findlay, we infer that the new invention is of a practical kind, affecting, as is usual in all such mechanical contrivances, to dispense with manual skill and scientific principle. But there is no reason, after all, why we should go back in science, because we may have advanced a step in machinery, or why, after expending thirty shillings on a set of moulds, we should inconsiderately peril an expensive and important experiment on the vague assurance of a Lord James, that the lime, sand, &c., which make the best mortar will make the best tile. When Smeaton was engaged in building the Eddystone lighthouse, he did not content himself with a dexterous handling of the trowel and spade, though he found the right use of these implements very important. He instituted comparative experiments as to the qualities of the lime and various other ingredients best adapted to masonry under water.

A correspondent at Stirling refers the readers of the *Farmer's Magazine* to the *Annual Register* of 1774 for "a translation and quotation from the works of M. Lorient, a Frenchman, which will fully repay their trouble. The concrete thus described has been tried and used by Mr. Murray (of Portman) with complete success, and it hardens much sooner than Lord James Hay's. Mine-dust from iron-furnaces, mixed with hot lime and sharp sand, form excellent concrete applicable to drains or tiles."\* This gentleman concludes his communication by

\* *Farmer's Magazine* for July 1842, vol. vi. p. 34.

acquainting the public, that “a specimen of the tile may be seen at Messrs. Drummond, seedsmen, Stirling, where the frames, moulds, and trowels may be obtained.”

The cement of Lorient, referred to by this correspondent, as much better than that of Lord James Hay, was described or invented about seventy years ago, ere modern chemistry had its being. It is hardly necessary to state, that scientific men have established many singular facts respecting the properties of lime as a building material since the year 1774. This subject has been investigated under three heads—common building mortar; hydraulic mortar, or water-cements; and concrete, or beton. It would be a fatal error to suppose that these differ in mechanical and not in chemical principles, though the latter are still in some degree obscure and unsettled. Besides Smeaton, already referred to, many men of talent, in this country and abroad, have united practice with science, and patience with industry, in their researches on a subject so important; they have shown that substitutes for the more expensive tarras and puzzolana may be found everywhere. M. Vicat, in particular, has obtained reputation and great authority by his devotion of many years to the study of hydraulic lime and mortar.

Writers on calcareous cements or mortars have agreed to arrange limestones in two divisions—fat limes, and meagre or lean limes, to which some add an intermediate or middling quality. The fat limes are those which, being free from foreign ingredients, afford, on being slaked, the largest quantity of hydrate of lime, and therefore go the farthest, when mixed with sand, for mortar. They are more easily wrought, and, for common purposes, are preferred by masons. Lean, or meagre limes, on the other hand, contain foreign ingredients of various kinds in varying proportions—silica, alumina, magnesia, iron, manganese. They are liable to be spoiled when burnt or calcined in too fierce a fire, but when properly *cooked*, form excellent mortars, and, under right management, are perhaps the most valuable limestones for every purpose.\* All these have the property of setting or hardening very soon; they constitute *hydraulic* limes, fit for use under water, and are the principal constituents of all water-cements, &c.

Some years ago M. Deny invented an improved method of

\* An exception is to be made of dolomites, or limestone, containing a *large* proportion of magnesia. But there is no good reason to believe that, even in agriculture the presence of a little magnesia deteriorates the lime.



compounding *hydraulic* mortars; this invention was referred to a commission of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, and gave rise to an interesting controversy. M. Deny's invention appears to be a particular method of slaking the lime, and of using it after being made into mortar,\* without much regarding the quality of the lime or the degree of heat to which it has been exposed in the process of burning it. M. Vicat admits the importance of such a discovery, if it could be realized, and says it would be cheaply purchased by a million of francs; but goes on to say, that, "unfortunately, experience has shown the inefficacy of the methods of slaking and working lime, celebrated more than sixty years ago by Lorient and Lafaye, of which the invention of M. Deny" (and probably that of Lord James Stacy) "is a mere imitation."† Vicat incidentally reprobates the use of fat limes in fortifications—other academicians differ from M. Vicat as to buildings exposed only to the open air, to cannon balls, and ordinary vicissitudes of weather; but recognize the importance, with respect to solidity, durability, and ultimate economy, of using the best water-cements and hydraulic mortars in all cases of masonry exposed to streams of water.‡

The result of the controversy was flattering to M. Vicat. Within a very short time the use of fat lime was entirely discontinued in the masonry of the fortifications of Paris. An honorable proof, as he observes, that his views were adopted by the engineers engaged in superintending the public works of France.§

M. Vicat has at length ascertained, by a continued series of experiments, that the virtue of *hydraulic* mortars resides in the calcined clay they contain. The *pouzzolane par excellence* he considers to be clay perfectly pure, calcined in powder for a few minutes to a red (heat), rather than brown, so as to part with eight or nine-tenths of its combined water. Consequently, that pipe-clay and other white soft fine kinds which remain white after being burned, form the best puzzolanas, and that in exact proportion to the quantity of iron, manganese, carbonate of lime, and sand, they contain, is their perfection impaired when they are calcined. He defines perfect puzzolana to be nothing more than a silicate of alumina, rendered almost anhydrous by a regulated degree of heat, and brought to a state in which the reciprocal affinities of its two constituents, silica and alumina, are reduced to the lowest degree possible.||

\* Comptes Rendus, tom. xii. 1841, p. 171.

† Ib. p. 350.

‡ Ib. p. 374.

§ Ib. p. 962.

|| Ib. 1852, tom. xiv. p. 956.



These observations throw some light on the agricultural and architectural uses of lime, and promise results of equal value in ameliorating the most refractory of soils, the heavy clays of the United Kingdom. Upon these obdurate materials, after the subsoiling of Sir James Graham, and the thorough draining of Sir Robert Peel, we hope that, under the auspices of her Majesty's next advisers, the indignant farmer will bestow a thorough roasting, so that they shall look more red than brown.

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ART. IV.—*Biographia Britannica Literaria; or, Biography of Literary Characters of Great Britain and Ireland. Anglo-Saxon Period.* By THOS. WRIGHT, M.A. Lond. 1842.

**T**HERE is perhaps no period more interesting to the antiquarian, and still more to the Christian, than the early portion of the middle ages. It was a time when the ruins of old institutions were thickly strewn amidst a young society: a time when the Church, asserting its promised immortality, had viewed, in calm security, the strife of men and wreck of empires. The same causes, however, that render it so deeply interesting, render it, to many, obscure, and almost unintelligible. It is generally admitted that the historian must divest himself of the ideas peculiar to his own age; and for a time, at least, assume and sympathize with those of the age which he undertakes to describe. This, it must be acknowledged, is a difficult task; and never more so than at present. We have been long settled in comparative tranquillity; we cannot conceive the effects of such a complete uprooting of society as took place on the invasion of the northern races; nor of the total change that must have resulted in the minds of men, both from the novelty of their situation, and from the wonderful nature of the truths which they learned to embrace. The French Revolution has, indeed, taught us many a lesson, of which the past age was ignorant; yet, disastrous as that event was, it did but ruin some cumbersome outworks, while the foundations and the main edifice were scarcely shaken. Much of what was unsuitable to the present day was swept down; and much too, it is to be feared, that was beneficial; much that might have controuled, with wholesome restraint, the wild passions of men. The same dynasty, however, swayed France after, as had swayed it before, that event; the same religion was there,

the same race, and, in many respects, the same institutions. Its effects cannot, for one moment be contrasted with that unparalleled series of invasions, by which the Almighty visited the crimes of Rome; by which that empire, which He had reared for the more rapid construction of His Church, was to be rudely shaken down as a worthless encumbrance.

For eight hundred years, the inhabitants of Rome had not been disturbed by the storm of foreign invasion. Its mutterings had, indeed, been heard, but only from afar. For a time they ceased, then again they threatened; till the storm that had been gathering for ages, burst with uncontrollable violence. One after another, the defences of the Roman frontier were borne down; here and there might be seen a Theodosius, a Stilicho, or an Aetius, still struggling, still waving the victorious eagle amid the rush of nations; but all was in vain. Great generals seemed raised up for no other purpose than to shew that human aid was unavailing,—than to shew that it was not so much the barbarians as the Almighty that waged war against Rome.

When the destroying angel was satisfied, and the flood of nations had subsided, what modern pen can describe the conquerors, those fierce men, with ideas of individual freedom as wild and boundless as their native forests, with tongues that scorned to conceal what the mind had dared to think; men that delighted in the “clash of shields,” in “the joy of the fight;” generous to their friends, relentless to their foes; stern, and often frightful, pictures of fallen humanity. How can we appreciate the feelings of this strange race, when they found themselves in a world which to them was totally new; when they, that had wandered singly in the marsh and forest, were accumulated in masses, and obliged to make their first essays in legislation and government. How enter into their sentiments, when they heard men of strange garb and venerable aspect, telling of other wars still to be waged, of other conquests still to be achieved; of a lost inheritance to be won; of immortal glory, of an eternal world; when, in the earnestness and simplicity of their untutored natures, they listened to the inspiring news, conferred together, weighed the arguments of the heavenly messengers, examined the grounds of the faith which was proposed, and, avowing the truth, directed all their energies to the fulfilment of its obligations. Acknowledging the Church to be the spouse of Christ, they felt it their duty to adorn her as “a spouse prepared for her husband.” Poor and rich vied in beautifying and serving her

sanctuaries. Proud warriors sacrificed their fiery natures; cut off the flowing locks that were the pride of the Saxon and Frank, and buried themselves in the obscurity of the cloister. Those that were brought up in all the delicacy and splendour that wealth and rank could bestow, daily distributed alms and washed the feet of Christ's poor; or, like Offa and his queen, and a countless multitude of princes and thanes, in their eagerness to obtain the blessings pronounced upon the poor, threw aside their rich attire, and mingling with the crowd in distant climes, earned their bread by the labour of their hands. Faith was the mainspring of all their actions; faith unveiled to their ardent gaze even the invisible world. They saw before them, as so many vital realities, the spiritual warfare between the flesh and the spirit, and between man and "the spirits of wickedness;" the protecting presence of angels; and the peculiar providence with which God watches over his Church, and glorifies it by ceaseless miracles; nay, they went still farther,—they beheld the dread array of judgment, as if visible to the eyes of the flesh; the fearful pit of condemnation, and the ecstatic joys of the blessed. We need but glance at the works which they have bequeathed to us, to be convinced that they truly "lived by faith." Is it any wonder that conduct such as this should be "a stumbling block to the Jews and folly to the gentiles?" Is it any wonder that the present age of worldly and unchristian tendencies cannot understand the lives of such men, or can discover in them nothing but madness, hypocrisy, and superstition?

If these remarks apply to the general history of those times, still more do they apply to their early biography. In history, we cannot enter so closely into details; we mingle with the crowds that attend on princes, we witness the public conduct of the great; we accompany armies; we are present at the great meetings of the people; we listen to the decisions of the judges; we notice manners, examine monuments of literature and art; in a word, we survey the whole exterior of society with perhaps an occasional glimpse into its domestic circles. In biography, on the contrary, especially in literary biography, we hold familiar discourse with the most illustrious characters; we engage in their transactions of business; withdraw into the retirement of their studies, and partake in their hours of recreation.

If then the proper appreciation of Anglo-Saxon history be difficult to all in these remote and peaceable times, if it be

doubly so for one who knows not the faith of "the olden time," we may form some idea of the task which the author of the work before us has had the courage to undertake. Greatly must he be raised above prejudice, inflexible must be his integrity and powerful his judgment, if he would avoid errors of the greatest consequence; but to delineate those generations, to call them forth as if still living and acting, is impossible in one whose heart beats not to those affections, whose understanding bows not to that belief, which were the consolation and glory of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. These reflections are not preconceived; they have flowed from the careful perusal of Mr. Wright's *Biography*, and of many works of a similar character.

The work before us is issued by the Royal Society of Literature. It is the first of a series, in which are to be comprised the lives of all the writers of the British islands. The present volume embraces the whole of the Anglo-Saxon period. It is arranged in chronological order, but, by means of a copious index, professes to combine the advantages of a dictionary. In its general tone it is moderate and candid. Yet, as the reader advances into the midst of the work, his pleasing anticipations are sometimes disappointed; he is startled with bold and groundless assertions; and stumbles on passages that sadly tell of the blindness of prejudice.

It commences with an introductory essay on Anglo-Saxon literature. With the outline of this part of the work, portions of the biography will be interwoven, so as to leave unencumbered the notice of certain grave misstatements which, under the disguise of a courtly exterior, are no other than the repeated fables of more bigoted times.

Among the Anglo-Saxons, as in the early times of almost every nation, the "scop," or minstrel, was the only element of refinement and the only recorder of events. It was his province to commit to memory, and transmit to posterity, the traditions of the "elder time;" to chaunt the praises of living, and the exploits of departed, heroes; to enkindle the souls of the brave and to brand with infamy the coward and the vanquished foe. Whether as a retainer of some chief, or as a wanderer from house to house, the minstrel always expected and received, respect and hospitality. When Christianity was introduced, a wider, though a more difficult, field was opened to the efforts of genius. The deeds of Odin and his companions were supplanted by those of Jewish and Christian heroes; "A song of Scripture lore was more attentively listened

to, than the traditionary exploits" of their native chieftains. (p. 17.) The boundless regions of eternity, with all its fearful realities, were boldly depicted. The "Harrowing of Hell," or Christ's descent into Limbo; the lofty themes that long after were sung by a Dante; the Creation, the Judgment; all that is vitally interesting to humanity, were now the subjects of the poet's strains. They were treated with the same bold tone, "the same abundance of epithet and metaphor, the same richness of colouring" (p. 25) as the lays of more ancient times. The following specimens, though literal prose translations, may furnish some idea of their style. They are selected from the famous poem which describes the adventures of Beowulf, and which is the only complete specimen that has reached us.

"There was noise of the harp,  
The clear song of the poet.  
One said that knew  
the origin of men  
from a remote period to relate;  
he said that the Almighty  
wrought the earth,  
the bright-faced plain  
which water encompasseth;  
exulting in victory he set up

the sun and the moon  
luminaries to light  
the inhabitants of the land;  
and adorned  
the districts of the earth  
with boughs and leaves:  
life also he created  
for all kinds  
that go about alive."—p. 5.

Beowulf's approach to the Danish capital is thus described:—

"The street was variegated with stones  
the path directed  
the men together.  
The war-mail shone  
hard hand-locked;

the bright ring iron  
sang in their trappings,  
when they forward to the hall,  
in their terrible armour  
proceeded on their way."—p. 9.

As the Anglo-Saxon poetry was traditionary, and was not generally committed to writing till the ninth century, the authors of most of the works now extant, are unknown. To Cædmon, who died about 680, and whose poetic effusions are highly extolled by St. Bede, the greater part of the vernacular poetry now existing is generally attributed. Two specimens of his style may be sufficient: in one he describes the march of the Israelites and of the army of Pharaoh; the other treats of the Fall of the Angels, and deserves the attention of Milton's admirers.

## I.

"Then the mind of his men  
became despondent,  
after they saw  
from the South ways  
the host of Pharaoh  
coming forth,

moving over theholt,  
the band glittering.  
They prepared their arms,  
the war advanced,  
bucklers gleamed,  
trumpets sung,

standards rattled,  
they trod the nation's frontier.  
Around them screamed  
the fowls of war,  
greedy of battle,  
dewy feathered,  
over the bodies of the host,

the dark chooser of the slain (the raven),  
the wolves sung  
their horrid even-song  
in hopes of food,  
the reckless beasts  
threatening death to the valiant."

p. 26.

"Boiled within him  
his thought about his heart,  
hot was without him  
his dire punishment.  
Then spake he words:

\* \* \*  
\* \* \*

That is to me of sorrows the greatest,  
that Adam,  
who was wrought of earth,  
shall possess  
my strong seat;  
that it shall be to him a delight  
and we endure this torment,  
misery in this hell.  
Oh! had I power of my hands,  
might one season  
be without,  
be one Winter's space,

## II.

then with this host I—  
But around me lie  
iron bonds,  
presseth this cord of chain;  
I am powerless!  
me have so hard  
the clasps of Hell  
so firmly grasped!  
There is a vast fire  
above and underneath,  
never did I see  
a loathlier landskip;  
\* \* \*

About me lie  
huge gratings  
of hard iron,  
forged with heat,  
with which me God  
hath fastened by the neck."

pp. 199-200.

It has been fashionable to depreciate the mental powers of the Anglo-Saxons. We ought not, however, to judge from the reproaches of their enemies, the Normans; nor from the scoffs of degenerate Saxons that wished to propitiate their conquerors; but from the poetry and other surviving works of the conquered race, from a comparison of those works with the productions of continental writers, and from the consideration of the peculiar disadvantages of the age. Does the literature of contemporary nations, whether Norman or Frank, Burgundian or Goth, surpass that of the Anglo-Saxon? Did not the fame of a Bede and an Alcuin resound throughout Europe, above that of every contemporary? Did not the greatest of the Carlovingians have recourse to the libraries of English monasteries for the means of regenerating the literature of his empire? This is the only fair method of comparison. After ages possessed advantages unknown to the Anglo-Saxons; and yet in poetry, at least, the superiority of the latter is incontestible. A writer, whose judgment is as correct as it is unbiassed, thus compares their respective merits: "The turgid metaphors, the abrupt transitions, and the rapid movements so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon muse, though conceived in bad taste,

shew at least indications of native genius; but the narratives of the Gallo-Norman poets are tame, prosaic, and interminable; and their authors seem to have known no beauty but the jingle of rhyme, and to have aimed at no excellence but that of spinning out their stories to the greatest possible length.”\*

Nor were they deficient in solid learning. “The theological writings of Bede, Boniface, and Alcuin, which consist chiefly of commentaries on the Scriptures, and of controversial tracts on questions then agitated, exhibit immense powers of mind, disciplined by the most profound study, and characterised by much independence of thought.”—(p. 48.)

The prevalent idea of the utter darkness of the early portion of the Middle Ages dies away as we peruse its productions. Nor let it be said that the great mass of the population was uneducated. In great measure such must always be the case. Let us but look at our own times, and we have enough to blush at. Societies for promoting useful knowledge; boards of education; ample funds; everything, in short, has been devised to chase away the acknowledged ignorance of the last century; and what has been the result? Who does not know the frightful ignorance that has lately been unveiled in many parts of this country? An ignorance not only of science, not only of the very rudiments of knowledge, but of all religion, of a future state, of the very existence of God! If, after all this, we choose to call ours an enlightened age, let us not envy the humbler pretensions of those that at least possessed the only knowledge that can cheer the sorrows of death, and disarm the terrors of judgment.

In those remote ages, this land was covered with monasteries: and every monastery was the seat, not only of piety, but of knowledge. About forty years after the death of St. Augustine, Pope Vitallian sent over Theodore of Tarsus as archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by Adrian the African as his adviser and assistant.†

Their great school at Canterbury and that which was founded at York by St. Wilfred, became the parent seminaries by which knowledge was widely diffused, and fresh nurseries of learning established. St. Aldhelm, who lived at the end of the seventh century, and was styled by Alfred the prince of Anglo-Saxon poets, established a school in his

\* Ling. vol. ii. p. 155, 4th Ed.

† St. Bede, lib. iv. c. 1.



abbey of Malmesbury, which outrivalled even that of Canterbury. The school at York was greatly enlarged by Archbishop Egbert. "At the beginning of the eighth century, Egbert possessed a number of scholars who would have been the just pride of the most enlightened age; and not only teachers, but books also were sent over to the Franks. The science which they planted there continued to flourish long after it had faded at home."—(p. 32.)

Egbert was himself the teacher, professing at once Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. It appears that Homer was read in the original language, until, in the thirteenth century, the Aristotelian philosophy was introduced. That many of the best Latin authors were studied there can be no doubt. If some of the poets were thrown aside, it was owing to the horror that was excited by their loose and irreligious ideas. The school of Egbert was the resort of so many noble youths. (p. 349.) Among them was the famous Alcuin. Born in the very year of St. Bede's death (A.D. 735), he was not unworthy of taking the place of that learned monk as a leader in the path of knowledge. On his return from one of his visits to Rome, he passed through Parma, then the residence of Charlemagne. The fame of the student had preceded him. He was honourably received by the emperor, and pressed to take up his abode in France. "The position of Alcuin at the court of Charlemagne during his first residence in France, has been compared and contrasted with that of Voltaire and other learned foreigners who were patronized by Frederic the Great."—(page 351.) With respect to the circumstance of visiting a foreign court, the comparison is just; but who does not feel indignant at the insult thus thrown on the memory of Alcuin and his noble patron. Look at the low vulgarity, the mean vices, the pitiful selfishness of Frederic's court; examine the objects for which that circle of the learned is formed around his throne; the desire of gaining a reputation, of forwarding private interests, of confirming the tyranny of the Prussian despot, and even of uprooting Christianity. Turn then to the court of the mighty Frank,—hear his discourses of literature, and of the solid interests, not of himself, but of his subjects; see the Emperor of the West attending the school of Alcuin as a docile pupil, that his people may acquire a taste for letters; or see him in earnest consultation for the best means of providing religious instruction for his pagan subjects; and then judge of the fitness of the comparison. While Alcuin was in France, the

foot of the Dane had been planted on his native land; and that torch was kindled which was to consume the stores of Anglo-Saxon learning. The pursuit of knowledge was not, however, abandoned at the first alarm. Ladies still carried on their correspondence "in Latin, with as much ease as the ladies of the present day write in French."—(p. 32.) The student still scrutinized the works of nature, or pursued the sciences which a later age arranged under the terms "Trivium and Quadrivium." The monk was still chaunting the matin song, or chronicling present events, or transcribing the works of the learned of other days. It was not till the Danes had traversed the country from sea to sea, till monastery and town had sunk in universal conflagration, that the voice of literature was completely silenced. No sooner had the storm of battle passed, than that voice was again heard, feeble, indeed, but still sufficient to reanimate its votaries. But where were now those votaries; where now the treasures of literary fame? Of all the monks of the famous abbey of Croyland, Turketul found but three survivors; of that noble edifice itself, scarcely one half-ruined chapel remained. And thus it was from shore to shore; all was ruin and desolation. The libraries had not escaped. In Alfred's preface to his translation of St. Gregory's Pastoral, "I thought," says the king himself, in mournful language, "how I saw before it was all spoiled and burnt, how the churches throughout England stood filled with treasures and books".—(p. 391.)

It is astonishing that, after such a visitation, learning of any kind could have survived. And yet, "that the ninth century was illiterate must be altogether a mistaken notion; for, in it was written the largest portion of the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts which are left of the older and contemporary Latin writers. But the vernacular literature which had formerly been known only as one that was sung and preserved in the memory, and, perhaps, seldom written, seems to have been now gaining ground, and to have been making hasty advances towards establishing as strong a claim to the title of book learning, as the Latin literature to which that term had been previously given. Such, in fact, was the position which it had gained in the tenth century, when, therefore, we may suppose that literature had become much more generally diffused."—(pp. 50 and 51.)

During the continuance of the first Danish invasion, only one learned name stands forth from the general darkness.

St. Swithin, on account of his learning, became the instructor of Ethelwulf the heir-apparent of Wessex. The exploded tale of Ethelwulf's having received deacon's orders, and having obtained from the pope a dispensation to marry, is here repeated. It is not mentioned by contemporary authors. The earliest authorities are William of Malmesbury and Henry of Huntingdon. The fact of their having lived three centuries after the event which they describe, is sufficient to throw doubt upon their testimony. But this is not all: Mr. Wright acknowledges that Huntingdon is wrong (note to p. 378) in supposing Ethelwulf to have been a bishop. But how does he make him a deacon? He himself quotes Malmesbury as styling him subdeacon. Even this, however, as Lingard has clearly shewn, is a manifest error. Malmesbury says the dispensation was obtained from Leo III; that pope had been dead more than thirty years. The cause assigned for the dispensation was, that Ethelwulf was the only direct representative; but Athelstan, his brother or son, was still living, and was still ruling the vassal kingdom of Kent. The mistake is too palpable to require further comment.

Before noticing more important errors, we shall briefly review the arguments by which he is led to a most unaccountable theory, on the work *De Excidio Britanniae*. This work is generally attributed to Gildas, a British monk of the sixth century. Mr. Wright objects to the fact of such a person having ever existed. Unfortunately for his arguments, they rest too much on the dates of the fifth and sixth centuries, when the confusion of the times, and the want of historians, threw not only dates, but important events, into almost hopeless obscurity. Nay, the very dates quoted by our biographer are from Welsh chronicles, themselves most dubious authorities. Usher, Bale, and others, had cleared up much of the difficulty by supposing that there were two persons of the name of Gildas. This, Mr. Wright thinks a very dangerous mode of solving historical difficulties. But, why? is it more dangerous to suppose the account of Gildas to be partly incorrect, and partly admitting of a solution, than to set it down as wrong from beginning to end, and to sweep away at once the very name of the author, though it be admitted "that there is no independent authority now existing that will enable us to test the historical truth of this fact" (p. 128). Supposing "we have no information relating to its writer that merits the slightest degree of credit" (p. 128), is this

sufficient to make us disbelieve his very existence? Is it not easy for a secluded monk, when writing of another Gildas, to have thought that he was the same person as the "historian"? Is the authority of St. Bede, who mentions this author by name (lib. i. c. 22), to be completely rejected, because we cannot see clearly through the mist of 1300 years?

Notwithstanding the discoveries made since the time of Fisher, it must be greatly in favour of the authenticity of the work, that that great chronologer asserted, as Mr. Wright himself allows, "that the details of this legend are consistent with chronology." But it is answered, many of the facts are at variance "with all our notions of the character of the age in which Gildas is said to have lived" (p. 124). But what if "our notions" be incorrect? "In proof" of his position, two facts are adduced; one, that Gildas is said to have gone to Rome, and to have carried thither a famous bell as a present to the pope; and the other, that his friend Cadoc is said to have made seven journeys to Rome and three to Jerusalem. It is not the number of these journeys to which it is objected, but the very fact of their being made. But why could they not have been made? Our author answers, because of the difficulty of the way; and because "it being not more than half a century before the mission of St. Augustine, it may be doubted whether it were known in Rome with any degree of certainty that the British Church continued to exist" (p. 125). Allowing all this, what is it but a difficulty? and can a difficulty be constituted into a proof, and a proof, too, which is to subvert received historical testimony? But how the ignorance or knowledge at Rome of what was passing in Britain could shut Gildas up in his native mountains, is rather difficult to say. With respect to the real obstacles on the way, they were far from insuperable. Wales and Cornwall still belonged to the Britons; and if not from either of these countries, at least from Ireland, to which, according to the accounts of his biographers, Gildas had already been, there was easy access to the ports of Gaul. In the latter country, the Franks had peaceably settled among the Romanized natives; the mass of the people was Catholic; and communication with Rome was frequent. The objections then being inconclusive, are we to doubt of the authority of the work from the mere fact of its having been impugned? It is easy to raise objections; but if those objections chiefly rest upon points of chronology, and upon the difficulty of collecting a clear account of the author, they at once fall to the

ground, when applied to an age of general confusion and inevitable obscurity. St. Bede lived probably less than a century after St. Gildas, and, as we have seen, has recorded the tradition which his age possessed. All that remains, then, is to see how far we can reconcile the apparent contradictions contained in that tradition. A means of effecting such a reconciliation has been invented by Usher and Bale; and as no better theory has been offered, and no solid objection urged against their system, we must be content with what we possess, until it is pronounced spurious on clear and unexceptionable evidence. After having controverted and endeavoured to destroy the authority of the work, the biographer reveals his object by the gratuitous assertion that it was "forged" by some "Anglo-Saxon or foreign priest," during the discussion, or "hostilities," as Mr. Wright is pleased to term them, between the British and Anglo-Saxon Church! He actually seems to insinuate that Venerable Bede was guilty of the forgery. At all events, he declares it was first mentioned by Bede, "who gives so many details of the disputes between the two Churches, and who on one occasion cites it in a very remarkable manner as a testimony against the British clergy" (p. 128). Strange, how much the pursuit of a favourite theory will warp a person's judgment! this "remarkable" circumstance is, that, to the other crimes, not, however, of the clergy, but of the whole nation, was added that of refusing to preach to the Anglo-Saxon idolaters. How this passage could have elicited such a supposition and such a condemnation, it is impossible to say. In attacking the authority of Gildas's work, Mr. Wright is certainly plausible; but in the present theory he has not even the shadow of an argument.

In the life of St. Wilfrid we are startled by errors of a graver and more decided character. He was born of noble parents in Bernicia, A.D. 634. In the isle of Lindisfarne, "Wilfred applied himself diligently to the study of the Scriptures, and of the books of the Church; but he was instructed in the Scottish doctrines and observances, and when he understood the difference between the two Churches, he became anxious to know better the foundation on which each party rested its peculiar tenets, and was seized with the desire of visiting Rome." (p. 168) On his return, a great conference was held at Whitby, and it was decided that the kingdom of Northumbria should observe Easter at the same time as the Church of Rome.

When archbishop of York, St. Wilfrid incurred the enmity of Ermenburga, queen of Egfrid of Northumbria. Deservedly reproved by the saint for her violent conduct,\* or, according to Eddius,† jealous of his power and influence, she insinuated her own feelings into the mind of her husband; and thus by artful management and valuable presents, induced Theodore of Canterbury to take advantage of the temporary absence of St. Wilfrid, and to exclude him from his see. Finding remonstrance vain, St. Wilfrid took the advice of his fellow-bishops and appealed to Rome.‡ This dispute, adds our author, "reveals to us the remarkable fact, that at its first introduction into our land, the papal influence produced the same collisions between the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdictions which were the cause of so many evils in after times" (p. 175). This is one of those sweeping assertions which our author lavishes without proof, and, in charity we may hope, without reflection. From a casual glance at this quotation, a person might suppose that by the introduction of papal influence, he, of course, alluded to the coming of St. Augustine; but no such thing: "papal influence" was not introduced till the days of St. Wilfrid; nay, after all the zeal of the saint, he left England, no longer indeed "anti-Catholic" (p. 161), but certainly only "half papal" (p. 184). Really it excites a smile to hear so cool and quiet an announcement; but, when we reflect on the numbers that are led astray by such rash assertions, our indignation breaks forth, and, though we spare the author, at least we are bound to expose the work.

About seventy years had elapsed since the preaching of St. Augustine. Let us see, from the bare facts, what was the true state of things during this period.

St. Gregory, as is well known, sent and commissioned the archbishop of Arles to consecrate St. Augustine.§ He ap-

\* Lingard, vol. 1.

+ Cap 24, Gale's Edit.

‡ Eddius Vitæ Wilf. Gale's Edit.

§ "Interea vir Domini Augustinus venit Arelas, et ab archiepiscopo ejusdem civitatis Etherico, juxta quod jussa sancti patris Gregorii acceperat, archiepiscopus genti Anglorum ordinatus est."—St. Bede, lib. i. c. 27. Col. 1688. Pagi, in his annotations on Baronius (An. 596, p. 607, vol. x.), has proved that except in the name of the bishop of Arles, a mistake easily accounted for, the statement of St. Bede is perfectly accurate. Pagi (at p. 619) confirms the fact that St. Augustin was ordained by command of St. Gregory, from an epistle of that pope to Eulogius, the bishop of Alexandria. In that epistle he mentions the consecration of St. Augustin as being performed, by the German or Frankish bishops, "by my authority." "Data a me licentia."—See the epistle in Works of St. Gregory, Ep. lib. viii. Indict. i. vol. 2, p. 917. Bened. ed. Par. 1705.

pointed the number of bishops, and regulated all the ecclesiastical affairs of the island. When he sent him the pallium, he reserved to himself the right of giving it to the future archbishop of Canterbury and to the bishops of London and York. Did St. Augustine think St. Gregory was usurping his authority? Just the contrary. Not only no complaints, not only complete submission, but he actually consults St. Gregory on the minutest affairs. As soon as he had returned from Arles, where he had been consecrated, he sent a priest and a monk to inform St. Gregory of that event, and of the success of the gospel among the English, and at the same time, to consult him about ecclesiastical matters. St. Gregory, in his replies to the questions, speaks as one having authority. His words are humble but imperative,—“we concede,” “let it be so,” “we will,” &c.\* How did Lawrence, the successor of St. Augustine in the archiepiscopal see, and his fellow-bishops, Mellitus and Justus, act? Precisely as St. Augustine did. Mellitus, the first bishop of London, went in person to consult pope Boniface IV on the affairs of his Church. In this visit Mellitus laid before the pope the request of king Ethelbert for permission to appoint a monastery, dedicated by the blessed St. Augustine, to be the habitation of regular monks. Boniface, in reply, wrote to the king, signifying that by his apostolical authority he granted the requisite permission.†

On the death of Mellitus, Justus of Rochester succeeded him in the see of Canterbury. On this occasion he received from Boniface V (A.D. 617) the pallium,‡ to be used at the “celebration of the most holy mysteries,” and the power of consecrating bishops. On receiving this authority, he ordained Romanus as his successor in the see of Rochester.§ The pope here exercises the right of controlling ecclesiastical matters in the jurisdictions of other bishops, and even speaks of himself as the source of power and jurisdiction. And on this Justus acts, acknowledging such power far more truly by his actions than by words. In the epistle to king Edwin, soon after his conversion, the pope tells him that on account of his (Edwin’s) faith, he had complied with his request

\* St. Bede, lib. i. c. 27. † See the ep. in Labbe, vol. 5, p. 1619, anno 610.

‡ “Pallium fraternitate tuæ diveximus : quod videlicet tantum in sacrosanctis mysteriis celebrandis licentiam utendi impetravimus : concedentes etiam tibi ordinationes episcoporum, exigente opportunitate, Domini præveniente misericordia celebrare.”—Bede, lib. ii. c. 8.



about his priests; and informs him that he had sent two palliums, one for Honorius, archbishop of Canterbury and successor of Justus, the other for the archbishop of York; in order that if one died, the other, "by this our authority," may appoint his successor.\* The epistle continues,—“We have sent the pallium for celebrating the same ordinations, in order that by the authority of our precept, you may be able to make such an ordination as may be pleasing to God.”† Romanus, bishop of Rochester, sent to pope Honorius, by Justus the archbishop of Canterbury, is wrecked and drowned in the Italian sea. “By the invitation of Honorius and Eadwald, the king Paulinus, who had been driven from the north by the invasion of Penda and Cædwalla, undertook the care of his vacant see of Rochester.‡ St. Paulinus died A.D. 644.§

Birinus, assenting to the advice of pope Honorius to assist in the conversion of Britain, is consecrated by the bishop of Genoa, “at the command of the same pope.”|| He converts Wessex, and establishes his see at Dorchester in Oxfordshire, whence it was afterwards translated to Lincoln.¶ In the year 664, a great pestilence carried off Deusdedit, archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of Lindisfarne, and Erconbert, the king of Kent. Oswego, the reigning Bretwalda, seized the opportunity for securing uniformity in the observance of Easter. He consulted the new king of Kent, and sent Wighart, who had been chosen to fill the vacant see, to Rome, to be consecrated by the pope, and to receive the benefit of his advice.\*\* Wighart died in Italy of the plague, which in his own country he had escaped. Vitalian, who then filled the chair of St. Peter, selected and consecrated Theodore of Tarsus. With the new archbishop he sent Adrian the African to assist him by his advice, and to see that he made no innovations in faith, the usual fault of his countrymen.‡

\* Lib. ii. c. 17.

† “Quæ rursus pro ecclesiarumstrarum privilegiis congruere posse conspiciamus, non desistimus impartire. . . Et jam juxta vestram petitionem, quam filiorum nostrorum regum vobis, presenti præceptione, vice beati Petri, Apostolorum principis, auctoritatem tribuimus, ut quando unum ex vobis divina ad se jusserit gratia vocari, is qui superstes fuerit, alterum in loco defuncti debeat episcopum ordinare. Pro qua etiam re singula, vestræ dilectioni, pallia pro eadem ordinatione celebranda direximus, ut per nostræ præceptionis auctoritatem possitis Deo placitam ordinationem efficere.”—B. lib. ii. c. 18.

‡ Cap. xx. lib. ii.

§ St. Bede, lib. iii. c. 14.

|| Lib. iii. c. 7.

¶ Ibid.

\*\* St. Bede, lib. iv. c. 1.

‡ “Et ut ei doctrinæ cooperatores existens diligenter attenderet, ne quid ille contrarium veritate fidei Græcorum more in ecclesiam cui præset introduceret.”—B. lib. iv. c. 1.

Thus, then, of all the successors of St. Augustine, during seventy years that immediately followed his death, with the exception of Deusdedit, of whom history records scarcely a single event, every one of them is expressly mentioned as holding communion with Rome, and receiving the pallium as a sign of jurisdiction, without which they are unable to consecrate their suffragans. Mellitus goes in person to consult the pope; another bishop is wrecked when acting as his archbishop's legate to Rome; and a person elected for the see of Canterbury is sent to Rome for ordination. Does all this seem to favour the sweeping assertions of our author? It was hardly possible that facts more clearly indicative of the existing doctrine could take place, as long as the Anglo-Saxon Church enjoyed internal peace. In a state of contest, however, when the minds of the different parties are somewhat excited and thrown off their guard; when, reckless of consequences, they cling only to the point in dispute, we might expect a stronger manifestation both of practice and doctrine. Such a contest was unknown until the time of archbishop Theodore. What was then done? an appeal was immediately made to Rome. Is this appeal slighted as being of no authority? On the contrary, the emissaries of Theodore, and of the celebrated abbess, Hilda, the two chief opponents of St. Wilfrid, plead at the foot of St. Peter's throne.\* Sentence is pronounced against them. Do they now at last proclaim that the pope is guilty of arrogance and usurpation? Not at all. Even Egfrid and Ermenburga merely say that the letters have been surreptitiously obtained † Does it seem then that the object of St. Wilfrid "was the reduction of his country to entire dependance in ecclesiastical matters on the court of Rome"? (p. 181) or is it not clear that he left ecclesiastical matters as he found them,—as St. Augustine established and his successors transmitted them.

The trials of St. Wilfred were terminated by the Council at the river Nidd, and harmony between all parties was completely restored. Such an event at the close of the most active and interesting period of the saint's life, is, certainly, one of importance, one which might be expected to be characteristic of the manners of the times, and perhaps decisive with respect to its doctrines. It is not a little strange that our author should dismiss it with so brief a notice. As it

\* Eddius, c. 52. See also Epis. of John VII to Ethelred, king of Mercia, and Alfred of Deira. Ap. Labbe, an. 705. + Eddius, Vit. Wilf. c. 33, &c.

contains not a little in opposition to his theory of the introduction of papal influence, it almost provokes a suspicion that it was not omitted without design.

Eddius, the friend of St. Wilfred, and the companion of his exile, was, doubtless, an eye-witness of the council, and a partaker in the doings of his patron. Let us hear his account of the proceedings. The council was held on the east bank of the river Nidd, and was attended by Beretwald, the archbishop of Canterbury, who, like his predecessor Theodore, had been the opponent of St. Wilfred; by Osred, king of Northumbria, his thanes, bishops, and abbots; and by Ælfleda, the daughter of Aldfrid. When Beretwald had read the pope's letters, Berechtfrid, who, in rank, was second only to the king, begged that what the "apostolic authority" had said, should be interpreted. Beretwald complied by relating the substance of the pope's wishes: "For the apostolic power, which was given first to Peter, the apostle and prince of apostles, for binding and loosing, has, by its *authority, decreed*, that, in my presence, unworthy as I am, and in that of all the assembly, the bishops of this province should, for the salvation of their souls, be sincerely reconciled to blessed Wilfred." The apostolic see gives them the choice of restoring Wilfred, or of going to Rome to be judged with greater deliberation. If any one, which God forbid, should refuse to accede to either of these conditions, "*let him know, that whether king or laic, he is excommunicated from the body and blood of Christ;*" and if a bishop or priest, that he is degraded from the ecclesiastical dignity." When Beretwald had finished, the bishops asked how any one could change what Theodore, "an archbishop, sent from the apostolic see," and Ecfrit, the king, had resolved upon, and what nearly all the bishops of England had decided. Ælfleda, the abbess, replied, "I mention, with truth in Christ, the will of king Aldfrid in that sickness of which he died. He vowed to God and St. Peter, saying, 'If I live, I will fulfil all the judgments of the apostolic see concerning Wilfred, which I have hitherto refused to obey. If I die, tell my successor in the *Lord's name, for the health of my soul, to fulfil the apostolic decision about Wilfred.*'" Berechtfrid answered, that it was the wish of the king and his thanes "*to obey in all things, the commands of the apostolic see,* and the injunction of king Aldfrid; for so they had vowed when blockaded in the city of Bebbanburgh. After a little consultation, the bishops and all present, agreed to receive St. Wilfred; and with mutual gratulations, communicated in the breaking of bread.

Such is the abridgment of Eddius's account. The pope decides "by his *authority*" as successor to the "*prince* of the apostles." The bishops who had so strenuously opposed St. Wilfrid, and who, in the opinion of Mr. Wright, are the guardians of the *older* belief of the Anglo-Saxons, make no demur to all this assumption of power. When they make a faltering remonstrance, and quote the authority of Theodore, how do they endeavour to give weight to his authority? By adding that he was an archbishop "sent for from the holy see." Enough has, however, been said on this point. It must be granted, that it is not quite so clear, as some are willing to imagine, that St. Wilfrid and his opponents varied in their ideas of the pope's authority.

Two errors of minor consequence may here be noticed. Mr. Wright asserts, that after the council at the river Nidd, St. Wilfrid "was not restored to his bishopric." (p. 183.) A little further on, he tells us that the saint, having made his will, "began his last progress through his diocese." Thus he is represented as not being restored, and yet as exercising episcopal jurisdiction. The truth is, St. Bede\* and Eadmer† expressly mention his restoration; the same fact is implied by the whole tenour of Eddius's narration; and William of Malmesbury‡ mentions his "reinvestiture," and adds, that he held his see at Hexham, while St. John of Beverley removed from Hexham to York. It is certain then either that an agreement was made by which St. Wilfrid and St. John were to share the ancient diocese of York; or that St. John simply held his see as a suffragan bishop. In one case Mr. Wright is incorrect, and, in the other, to say the least, is very obscure.

In the life of St. Egwin, the first English autobiographer, we are told that that saint expressly mentions that "Wilfrid of York" (p. 227) was present at the consecration of the Abbey of Evesham. It is true that Wilfrid was there, but nothing is said about Wilfrid "*of York*," and in the Bollandists§ it is shewn, by a quotation from the Evesham chronicles, that it was either Wilfrid the younger, or Wilfrid bishop of Worcester. The date of the consecration, therefore, which Mr. Wright adapts to that of St. Wilfrid's death,

\* "In presulatum sit suæ receptus ecclesiæ."—Bede, lib. v. c. 20.

† "Tandem cunctis faventibus B. Wilfridus in sedem suæ ecclesiæ receptus est."—Ed. Ap. Bolland. Apr. 24.

‡ De Gest. Pont. Angl. lib. iii. Ap. Savilem. pp. 268-9.

§ Note to p. 710, Jan. vol. i.

is likewise incorrect. Instead of 709, it ought, in conformity with St. Egwin's own account, to have been placed in the year 714.

In his life of St. Odo, our author abandons contemporary writers, when they do not harmonize with his views, for others of modern date and a more speculative character. Starting with a false supposition, contrary, as he himself acknowledges, to all the early writers, that the infamous Alfgiva was Edwy's queen, he labours to awaken sympathy in her favour, and to direct the same feeling against St. Odo, as the author of her wrongs. If his well-managed tale were true, we should do right to sympathize with Alfgiva, and to condemn the arrogance and cruelty of the prelate. If, however, much of what he says is untrue, and the rest doubtful, we are bound to exculpate the archbishop, and to regard with just indignation and contempt those modern worthies that abandon contemporary authorities for the fancies of prejudice, and that mingle falsehood and truth, to blind the judgment, and to engraft on the minds of others their own erroneous notions. Towards the close of St. Odo's biography, we find in the note an acknowledgment that all the writers of the age in question are against Mr. Wright's theory. How then does he escape from such a predicament? Does he shew that they have already committed themselves, that they have forfeited all right and title to our belief? He contents himself with the assertion that Lappenburg has succeeded in undermining their authority, and kindly refers an incredulous reader to the original German. Now, a modern biographer ought either to copy the ancient and contemporary biographers, enriching, correcting, or enlarging, as he pleases; or if he coolly and decidedly dissents from them all, he certainly ought not to be trusted, unless he produces his reasons, unless he satisfactorily proves that, in his dissent, he is right and conscientious. So fondly clinging to modern authors, it is a pity that Mr. Wright should have omitted all notice of one of the soundest and most impartial: in the pages of Lingard, he might have found sufficient to have corrected his judgment, or to have informed his understanding. In his account of the contemporaries of St. Odo, we meet with numerous faults of a similar description. Observe his method of compiling the life of St. Dunstan. Bridfurth, an eye-witness of much of what he describes, is the "most valuable" biographer of the saint. (note, p. 346.) Yet the sober narrative of Bridfurth is continually forsaken for the legends of Osbern. The latter lived almost two centuries after the former, and most of his tales

were unknown to Bridfurth; they must, therefore, be rejected as the exaggerations of a later age. It seems as if there was still a lingering desire to throw ridicule upon the character of one whose history has been interlarded with so many absurd inventions. "The truth is," says an author who cannot be suspected of partiality, "that nobody would ever have thought of disregarding the canons of criticism,—of passing over writers nearly contemporary to follow those much posterior, had not the latter offered some foundation, however frail, for an attack on this calumniated archbishop."\*

In his biography of this saint, Mr. Wright has recourse to another theory, though not of his own invention. "He wishes to shew that the saint was, all his life, under the delusion of being visibly persecuted by evil spirits." What are his reasons for this supposition? Because St. Dunstan was sickly in his childhood, and, in a delirium, escaped from his bed, scaled the roof of a church, and descended without injury; because Glastonbury, near which he was born, was famous for its legends; and because, in the prime of life, he was again delirious from the influence of fever. The tale of scaling the church roof is not mentioned by Bridfurth as a fact, but as a report; but what if true? have not similar feats been often accomplished by those that walk in their sleep? The framework which Mr. Wright proceeds to raise, is as frail as the foundation. Some of the courtiers procure St. Dunstan's banishment from court, and waylaying him on his departure, throw him into a stagnant pool. When feebly crawling out of the mire he is attacked by dogs. Mr. Wright adds, that St. Dunstan declared his belief that the dogs were no other than the demons that persecuted him. His authorities are Bridfurth and Osbern. The former, however, says nothing of the kind; he merely states that the dogs, at the sound of his voice recognized, and fawned upon, him.† The latter simply remarks that St. Dunstan understood that this conduct of the courtiers was the beginning of the contest, of which the miraculous harp had forewarned him.

To pursue our author through all the mazes into which his love of theory has seduced him, would be but loss of time. One point however on which his suppositions mainly depend, may be briefly noticed. A fever, into which anxiety had

\* Dr. Lardner's *Mid. Ages*, vol. iii, p. 238.

† Ap. Bolland, May, vol. iv. p. 348.



thrown St. Dunstan, becomes, in *his* account, an outbreak of his old and *latent* disease. Mr. Wright wishes to make us believe that the saint was subject to some peculiar disposition of body which affected his mind; and which, if true, might afford some ground for his theory. But we hear nothing of such a state of body; nothing of any lingering disease, or of any peculiarity of his physical conformation. Neither Bridfurth nor Osbern mention that his second illness had any connexion with the first. The former expressly states the cause. St. Elphege, the uncle of St. Dunstan, having endeavoured in vain to induce him to forsake the world, prayed that God would inflict upon him his correcting judgments. A sudden illness accordingly reduced him to the point of death, &c.\*

Our author cannot quit the times of St. Dunstan without another display of equally groundless assertions. St. Oswald "shared with St. Dunstan and St. Ethelwold the honour of laying the foundation of monachism in England."—(p. 462.) "St. Ethelwold had no sooner arrived at the episcopacy, than he began the great revolution in the Anglo-Saxon Church which he had long contemplated. The Anglo-Saxon monasteries had been previously occupied, and the Church administered by secular priests, who appear to have resembled in many respects the clergy of the Church of England at the present day. Their discipline and rule of life was by no means severe, and they were at liberty to marry and have families."—(p. 437.) As these passages refer to the same subject, we have collated them from the lives of SS. Oswald and Ethelwold. If they are to be taken in their obvious sense, they abound with misstatements as notorious, as the boldness with which they are pronounced is astonishing. The foundation of monachism laid in the days of St. Oswald, in the latter part of the tenth century! What can be the meaning of such an expression we are at a loss to conjecture. Has Mr. Wright forgotten that the first bishops of England, St. Augustine and St. Aidan, were monks, retained numerous monks about their persons, and established many monasteries in their dioceses? Has he forgotten the numerous monasteries, in the schools of which the young nobles were educated? Has he forgotten the mission of Charlemagne to the monastic libraries? Has he forgotten St. Bennett Biscop, St. Bede, St. Aldhelm, and so many other ornaments of their country, who were both monks and propagators of

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\* Ap. Bolland, May, vol. iv. p. 349.



"Monachism"? Is his assertion, then, without a meaning? Certainly, that "monachism" was a novelty, an institution whose foundation was just laid, is either totally devoid of meaning, or totally untrue. What, then, becomes of his "great revolution in the Anglo-Saxon Church"? If, by the previous occupation of monasteries by secular priests, he means an occupation commencing from the time of the Danish invasions, he is perhaps correct. Few, however, were the monasteries that remained: the dispersion or destruction of the monks was complete. That the discipline of the clergy, who survived the same calamity, was "by no means severe," is a mournful truth. Brought up amidst a struggle for existence itself, they had but little of that preparation which became their holy calling. Devoid of learning and discipline, exposed, without restraint, to the rudest trials of that age of turbulence and war, what wonder that the canons of the Church were forgotten, that duties were carelessly performed, that bad led to worse, and that the laic and the ecclesiastic were too often alike in the scandal of their lives. Such conduct, under such circumstances, was likely to result; and such, too, is the reality: such the dark picture delineated by the writers of the age. Who, with a spark of charity in his heart, can deny that a reformation was needed; that a new infusion of ecclesiastical spirit was necessary; that the fervour that had been kindled by the words of a St. Augustine, a St. Paulinus, a St. Wilfrid, must be renewed, and yet could be renewed only by the exertions of the clergy? That clergy being so scanty in number, so ignorant, so fallen, let not the three great bishops, SS. Dunstan, Ethelwold, and Oswald, be so harshly treated, so cruelly calumniated, for their zeal and perseverance in so noble a cause. The number of the clergy ejected for their obstinacy in their evil courses, or in their refusal of celibacy as enjoined by the ancient canons, was far from being so great as Mr. Wright seems to suppose. Nearly all the clergy of St. Oswald's diocese listened to his remonstrance, reformed their lives, and received the monastic habit.\*

That the Anglo-Saxon clergy were "at liberty to marry" is almost beneath notice; the most superficial enquirer into history, must be aware that the celibacy of the higher orders of the clergy was the discipline of the whole western Church long before the tenth century. This custom is mentioned, as

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\* Ling. vol. i. p. 228, 4th ed.

a matter of course, in one of St. Gregory's epistles to St. Augustin.\* Any one that wishes for abundance of quotations on the same point, will find them extracted from a variety of writings, homilies, and canons, in Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Antiquities*.†

The closing theory in which our biographer indulges, is one concerning the belief in the blessed Eucharist. What a pity that these "strong declarations" cannot be quoted from any writer earlier than the tenth century; and what a pity, too, that such "strong declarations" should be completely conformable to Catholic doctrine. We all know that Christ's body is no longer the same as when he suffered on the cross; is no longer subject to pain and death; but is now "immortal and impassible;" is, in a word, a spiritual body. Is it, then, no longer a real, substantial body? But if, as every Christian must acknowledge, it is a real, though a spiritual, body, no Catholic can have any difficulty in asserting that the body of Christ in the holy Eucharist is a spiritual body, or, present in a spiritual manner. A judge of controversy ought, at least, to be acquainted with the doctrine which he presumes to try, and hesitates not to condemn. We can hardly glance through the pages of any of the earlier Anglo-Saxons without witnessing their strong faith in this great mystery. That "the Eucharist is the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ;" that "when we celebrate the mass, we again immolate to the Father the sacred body and the precious blood of the lamb, with which we have been redeemed from our sins" (St. Bede); that altars are consecrated in order that "a secret virtue may turn the creatures chosen for sacrifice into the body and blood of the Redeemer" (Egb.), are expressions continually occurring, and as strongly expressed as any Catholic could desire.‡

The errors and misstatements to which we have called attention, are by no means the only ones that could be brought to light. Enough, however, has been said to shew the character of the work, and to make us fear for the succeeding volumes. Some idea of our author's style may have been gleaned from the extracts already quoted. On the whole, it is very fair; but there is an occasional want of vigour and precision.

After a careful scrutiny into the work before us; a work

\* St. Bede, lib. i. c. 27.

+ Vol. i. p. 103.

‡ See Ling. Ang. Sax. Antiq. vol. i. p. 340, &c.

ushered in by a shew of great names and high patronage,—a work conducted, it must be owned, with ability, and containing much information; the painful conviction remains, that, much as has been done to raise the character of our historical literature, well earned as is the reputation of several of our authors, we are still below our continental neighbours, still far below the position which England ought to assume; and, what is yet worse, we are likely to remain so, until we have the courage to look truth in the face; until we labour in earnest to dispel the cloud of prejudice and scepticism that darkens and pollutes the whole of our intellectual atmosphere.

We understand, however, that our great Catholic historian, whom we have so freely quoted in this article, is now employing that vigorous mind, which years of application and deep research have not been able to impair, in revising his Anglo-Saxon History, for a new edition. We shall hail with interest and certainty of gratification as well as instruction, this new, though we trust not concluding, result of his long and immortal labours. May many years, we sincerely pray, be yet added to his career of usefulness in his country and in the Church, and may he long enjoy, with the serene and cheerful mind which has always endeared him to his friends, the recollections of a life, unassuming and retired, but filled, to the brim, with the active and blameless discharge of his varied offices and duties.

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ART. V.—*The British Critic and Quarterly Theological Review*. Number LXVII. July MDCCCXLIII. Article the First: "The Synagogue and the Church."

**A**MONG the many signs, which on all sides appear so full of hope for those who love the Catholic Church, there is, perhaps, not one of a more cheering character, than that afforded by several recent publications. We do not now allude so much to any treatises that have issued from our own body, professedly written by individuals in communion with Catholic Christendom, but rather to the works of persons who are members of a communion, which for three hundred years has been opposed to the system of the Church Catholic—that which the Church of this country had for so many previous ages upheld.

Undoubtedly ever since the period of the unhappy schism

which divided the English nation from Catholic communion, from time to time men have risen up in the establishment, even amongst its ablest prelates, whose writings prove that, amid much of Protestant prejudice, they had drunk deep at the well of Catholic antiquity; and some illustrious individuals were led from time to time to mourn over their schism, and to sigh for the happy day when God in his mercy would put an end to it. But such individuals were completely isolated from the general feeling that prevailed in the public mind at large: they were like the solitary star that glimmers in the brief interval of the quick passing storms of a wintry night: no sooner had they shot their timid rays, than all trace of them was obscured by a tempest of chaotic darkness. So it was in the time of Charles I. No sooner was any breathing after Catholic unity perceived, than it was overwhelmed by the savage howl of puritanical and democratic violence. Neither the learning of Laud, nor the majesty of Charles, afforded any shelter from the storm: a fierce and unbridled development of the Protestant spirit swept over the land, and bore away all its ancient traces. So it was a little later, when the heir apparent to the crown of St. Edward was brought back to the profession of the faith of his forefathers: at that wonderful moment the eyes of all Catholic Christendom were once more turned on England. Devout hearts beat high with hope and joy at the heavenly prospect which beamed upon them. England, the island of saints, was once more, in the eager anticipations of the faithful, a member of the great Catholic confederacy,—that holy society framed for the salvation of men, and for the temporal well-being of the nations, by Christ and his apostles! And yet how soon was the bright gleam clouded over, and succeeded by a darkness worse than any that had preceded it! King James was dethroned, and so were the hopes of catholics; a Dutch Calvinist was called to occupy his place; the Catholic element, weak as it was, again ejected from the Established Church: the bishops and clergy who represented it, deprived of their sees and benefices. Even so, things might not have fared so badly, had the Nonjurors joined the existing Catholic body, or, as *they* doubtless called it, the *Roman* Catholic body. But this they did not; what their reasons might be, it is difficult for us to comprehend: agreeing upon almost every essential point with the Catholic Church, why they should not join communion, is, to say the least of it, and to speak with the utmost charity, a mysterious circumstance. Yet so it was:

the Nonjurors as a body did not join the Catholic Church, and the consequence was, as a body, they died away, leaving hardly a trace behind them, excepting a few devotional or dogmatic treatises, excellent in their way, but not valued by the main part of that communion to which, if to any visible one, they adhered.

When one considers these abortive attempts on the part of the Anglican Church, in times past, to recatholicize herself, a catholic mind is necessarily thrown into that melancholy but just train of thought, which the learned author of *The Broad Stone of Honour* so beautifully expressed in the third book of that admirable work:—

“They who in an unhappy moment fell from the bark of St. Peter, were drawn after her for a season by the natural course of the waters, but that attraction could not last long; she had passed on in her course to eternity, and had left them to the mercy of the wild sea of doubt; small consolation that they could still discern her, dimly seen in the distant horizon, or falsely reflected on the waters, that were already darkly shadowed by the approach of the night of death!”

Melancholy, but too true a sentence! When men once put themselves out of the right sphere, it is perhaps easy to comprehend and admire the beauty of its harmony; for what system does not gain in some respect by being viewed from without as it were? but it is difficult so to appreciate as to embrace; there is a barrier which deters from such contact, which does not impede the mere glance of the eye: oh! that barrier nothing but the special grace of God can surmount.

But our object is not so much to muse over the past, or to waste our feelings in fruitless sorrowings over the failure of those who preceded us; it is rather to examine and closely to scan what is going on at present: to contemplate whatever cheering signs may appear around us; so to gather new motives for hope, new arguments for increased exertion, while haply we may be led to strike out new paths towards the attainment of that blessed object, for the possession of which all hearts seem now to be craving, though few minds are exactly agreed as to what it really is.

We will not speak of politics, of the disturbed relations of the various kingdoms of which the British empire consists, of her enormous debt, of her declining commerce, of the depressed state of agriculture, of the misery of her working classes, and of the consequent discontent which is daily gaining ground amongst them, to a degree that cannot fail to

alarm even the most superficial observer. Nor shall we cast our eyes upon the political crimes of our statesmen, though these too are fearfully great and many in number, and, as constituting the national sins of our country, may bring down upon us all God's heaviest judgments. No, our task is rather to encourage than to damp; and by cheering, to incite our fellow-countrymen to proceed onwards boldly in a great and holy course, which seems now specially opened for us by Providence, and of which we firmly believe, that by following it out consistently, we may in some measure atone for past transgressions, and save England from the doom which her enemies or her false children so cruelly imprecate upon her.

Now, such being our object, we know not how better to attain it, than by turning the attention of our Catholic readers to some of the principal publications emanating from members of the Church of England, of a decidedly Catholic tendency. But in doing so, we must be allowed to make a few remarks, which appear to us necessary, not only by way of meeting the objections of Protestants to some of the statements we are about to advance, but also, and in no less a degree, by way of correcting what we firmly believe to be the grievous misunderstanding of the present question, in many of its bearings, on the part of many excellent individuals of our own Catholic body.

In endeavouring to do this, let it be observed, as a necessary preliminary to our argument, that the circumstances, under which the present state of things exists, are altogether different from those of any previous period of our history subsequently to the pretended Reformation. We have already remarked that yearnings after Catholicism are no new features in the writings of Anglican divines, and on this very ground we have elsewhere endeavoured to establish the absurdity of stamping with the name of Pusey, all who, at the present day, sympathize with that learned man in his desire to revive the ancient doctrines of the primitive Church. For, assuredly, he who fancies that this respected theologian is the first of his own communion to advocate such a principle, displays a degree of ignorance of what has been passing in England during the last two hundred and fifty years, perfectly inconsistent with the meanest pretensions of a public writer. But though Dr. Pusey is not the author of certain views and principles, he certainly has much of the merit of reviving them; and under circumstances far more favourable for their development than at any previous period since the great

schism. When Archbishop Laud, in the troublesome reign of Charles I, laid the foundation of what we may call the semi-Catholic school in the English Church, it is impossible to conceive a moment less favourable for the advocacy of such an object. The whole predominating tone of the public mind was not only Protestant, but Puritanical to the most fanatical extent, and this feeling was united with a very strong political tendency, which viewed democracy in government as the proper development of *Protestant* ideas as such. A fierce system of penal enactments had ground the Catholic body to the earth, so that there was no one city or town in England in which the public exhibition of the ancient Catholic worship could be witnessed; and even in the private dwellings of individual Catholics that worship could only be celebrated at the risk of incurring the penalty of death. What, therefore, was there then to give the slightest check to the Protestant tendencies of the public mind? On the other hand, any reaction in favour of Catholic principles amongst a few members of the Established Church could only appear in the eyes of the multitude as a guilty connivance with what the state proscribed, and, as they thought, justly proscribed. The result, therefore, which crowned the Puritan cause with such a guilty success, is not surprising. And yet who shall say that Laud did not cast a seed, which has been germinating more or less ever since? Again, when James II embraced the Catholic religion, it is true that the Puritan faction had been in great measure suppressed, and that a Catholic reaction had set in more vigorously than in Laud's time amongst the Anglican bishops and clergy; and there had been some distinguished conversions amongst several of the more eminent Anglican laity; witness such men as Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, the Lord High Treasurer of England; Sir Kenelm Digby, a man as eminent for his learning as for his noble descent; Dryden, the poet laureate; not to mention many other individuals. Charles II himself, on his death-bed, had returned to the communion of the Catholic Church. And the fame of the conversion of the Duchess of York, James's own wife, had been spread through the realm. All these facts were unquestionably favourable symptoms, and when the whole was crowned by the succession to the throne of a Catholic prince, in the person of James, every Catholic heart beat high with hope. But yet all this took place under the unfavourable circumstances that Catholicism was still proscribed by law, and the celebration of its worship forbidden



under the severest penalties. Now, we may safely argue that any condition of the public mind, which could demand and approve of such a state of things, was one, which made it next to impossible to bring Catholicism in a favourable point of view before it. James II, by the indirect way in which he tried to gain even a *toleration* for Catholicism, proves how strongly he felt this extreme difficulty. It is true, that James's proceeding was not only an *indirect* one, but (as we should say) one irreconcilable quite as much with sound Catholic principles, as it was with the then existing forms of the English Constitution. Still, however indefensible, and, therefore on sound principles, impolitic, it might be, there can be no doubt that it proved James to be keenly alive to the fact, that public opinion was prepared to offer the sternest resistance to any *direct* proposal of Catholicism. Be this as it may in point of theory, the melancholy fact of James's fall proves that his conduct was impolitic and ill-advised. We are inclined to believe, that if that monarch had acted on stern Catholic principles, if he had not sought toleration even for Catholicism at the expense of conceding it to the motley crew of heresies, which he improperly included in his famous proclamation,—if he had been content for a while to bear the working of a penal system against his own, which was God's, creed, rather than give liberty to a hundred deplorable errors for the sake of securing it for truth,—if he had encouraged the semi-Catholic party amongst the Anglican clergy,—if, by their aid, he had set on foot measures for reuniting all in the one church, he might, by degrees, have restored Catholicism, and England would have recovered her glorious position as a pure Catholic monarchy. James did not do this, and James fell. No wonder that such a failure was followed by such a flood of Protestantism, as overwhelmed England during the succeeding century.

But now a new era dawns upon us. From the year 1780, the penal statutes affecting the Catholic religion have been gradually repealed. It is not our intention here to enter into any survey of the political causes which have led to this result, or to the various means and measures by which it has been effected; it is sufficient for our present purpose to state the fact. This great fact may be said to have been consummated by the Act of Emancipation, which took place in the year 1829; for though that act of parliament left some penal enactments still unrepealed, and added some others, it is but just to say, that the good sense of the country at large is

too much for the former, and its good feeling for the latter. On the whole, therefore, we are correct in stating that at the present moment the exercise of the Catholic religion in England is free and unfettered; more than that, that it is protected by the law of the realm. What has been the result of this state of things? There is at this moment hardly a single town in the kingdom in which the Catholic worship is not publicly exercised: in many we have large and beautiful churches; witness such towns as Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Nottingham, Derby, and the metropolis, in all of which are Catholic churches of great magnitude and magnificence, in which the Catholic worship is celebrated with the solemnity even of the continent: whilst in our smaller towns we have churches or chapels, which equally bring our worship, though in a humbler form, before the eyes of our fellow-countrymen, and enable them to appreciate its sacred doctrines. Nor is the public exhibition of Catholic rites found now, as on former occasions, to produce a Protestant reaction to any extent: on the contrary, the Protestant feeling of the country becomes weaker every day; and as for those who would wish to restrain the progress of our divine religion by fresh penal enactments, their number is happily confined to that miserable crew of maniacs who are tolerated about the precincts of Exeter Hall,—tolerated, because every one pities or despises them.

We might enlarge upon this statement, and we might justly speak of the Catholic colleges and convents, which, we rejoice to say, now *abound* in England; we might speak of the kind estimation in which their inmates are generally regarded by all classes of the community; we might glory in the fact that their reputation is drawing towards them not only members of our own Church, but many able and pious individuals who join us from Protestant communions. We might dwell upon the religious edification given by our various nunneries, or by communities of men, such as the magnificent establishments of the Jesuits at Stonyhurst, of the Benedictines, of the Cistercians at St. Bernard's Abbey in Leicestershire; of the Passionists at Aston in Staffordshire; or of the Brothers of Charity at Loughborough and Sileby. We might speak of the restoration of Catholic guilds and pious confraternities, in which multitudes of the laity are united together for the holy practice of more frequent prayer and a regular reception of the holy sacraments. In fine, we might dwell upon the large number of individuals

who are daily renouncing the negative system of Protestantism, in its various forms, to embrace the grand and positive truths of Catholicism. All these are facts, which we might justly enlarge upon, but it is sufficient for our present purpose to state them.

Our object in doing so is to point out to our readers the essential difference between the *present* state of the English mind in regard to Catholicism, and that which existed in the days of Charles I, or of James II,—the two great epochs, to which we have already alluded, as having manifested in the bosom of the Anglican Church a return to Catholic ideas and principles.

Now, bearing this in mind, let us turn our attention for a few moments to what is generally called "The Oxford Movement." This movement may be said to have begun in the year 1833. It originated in the publication, by some distinguished members of the university of Oxford, of a series of tracts on doctrinal subjects: these tracts were known under the designation of "*Tracts for the Times*." It was in that very year that the first tracts of this series were pointed out to our notice by an Anglican relation, and we no sooner read them than we declared our belief that a movement had commenced in the Anglican Church, which would not cease until it had restored her to the communion of Catholic Christendom. In saying this, we must, however, add our conviction, that the authors of this movement had not the slightest notion at the time that such a consummation was in any way probable: nay, even at the present moment, there are men to be found ready to advocate Catholic principles in the abstract, and yet not acute enough to see the inconsistency of fulminating in the same breath the bitterest denunciations against the Catholic Church, as she exists at the present day. This is a fact, and it doubtless impeaches the acuteness of some minds or the honesty of others, but it does not in any degree diminish the force of our argument; on the contrary, it places, in a still more remarkable point of view, the omnipotent force of Catholic truth, when men, naturally full of bitterness and hatred against Rome, (that is against any consistent manifestation of Catholicism at the present day), are compelled in spite of themselves to maintain and defend it in the abstract. On the other hand, amongst the upholders of the Oxford movement, there have been all along reasoners more consistent and more fair, who saw, like the late lamented Mr. Froude, that wholesale condemnations of the

Roman Catholic Church were, to say the least, inconsistent in the mouth of any upholders of Catholic principles. In saying this, it is but fair that we express our deep conviction of the gross want of acuteness manifested by many members of our own communion, who have been unable to appreciate the merits of the Oxford movement in a Catholic point of view, because, by the side of the most glorious admissions of the truth of Catholic principles, there still lingered in the writings of some of the Oxford men, a leaven of their original Protestant feeling. Such Catholics would do well to remember that the human mind (ordinarily speaking) is not brought at a single jump to the full possession of any theory; especially in cases where that theory was opposed to all the earliest impressions received in childhood. Now, in regard to the Anglican system, we may remark, what its ablest advocates continually lament, that it is a system rather negative than positive. We would not deny that it retains of positive Catholic truth, more than any other system of separatists from the Catholic Church, but we would assert that its positive teaching is so mixed up with its denials of the teaching on other points of the Catholic Church, from which it departed in the sixteenth century, as to account for the contradictions we so often see in the most Catholic treatises of its ablest men. It is a fact, that, however the private judgment of individual reason may be extolled, practically speaking, it has but little room for action in the great majority of minds. The children of a quaker receive their religious notions quite as much on trust as the children of a Catholic parent. The chief difference between them is, rather, that the Catholic receives his creed on trust, and would defend his doing so as a principle; whereas the Quaker does the same, and yet, if true to his own principles, would be obliged to condemn himself for so doing. Now, taking men as they are, how should we argue that their minds are to be brought to the embracing of truths which they do not at present possess? Rather by leading them, in the first instance, to the full and legitimate development of that portion which they already possess, by turning their minds to the *positive* part of their own system, so by degrees to prepare them for receiving those other portions, which they will then feel to be a necessary complement to that which they already have mastered.

Such, it seems to us, has been and is the course which, we will not say, the Oxford divines have pursued, but rather,

which Almighty God Himself has pursued in their regard. If we may venture to dive into His ways, so deeply mysterious, it seems to us that He has been all along mercifully guiding them to an increased knowledge of divine Catholic truth, by means of those positive portions of it they already possessed in their own system. Now, if this be so, it was to be expected that, in detailing to the world their gradual convictions, they would still here and there dwell upon those unhappy negations, the force of which can only be apprehended by those who have felt the influence of early prejudice instilled into them by the persons they tenderly loved and revered. The positive truth might be growing brighter and brighter in their minds every hour, and yet the negative portion of their system might still remain, not yet duly examined; every now and then admitted and alluded to, but rather as a matter of course than from any undue attachment to it; as a mere courtesy, perhaps, to a received mode of general thinking and speaking, without any investigation of its merits. We say that the rejection of the negative part would, in the natural course of things, come last of all: for, how could men see its worthlessness until their minds were fully possessed of the whole truth, of which it was the denial? Until that was the case, of course it would be offensively dwelt upon, more or less frequently, as occasion might prompt.

Mr. Newman, in his volume of *University Sermons* lately published, has admirably expressed our meaning in the foregoing observations.

"Even in the case of the heathen," says he,\* "the apostle was anxious to pay due respect to the truths which they already admitted, and to shew that the Gospel was rather the purification, explanation, development, and completion of those scattered verities of paganism, than their abrogation; 'whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship,' says the apostle, 'Him declare I unto you.' In other words, it was not his method to represent the faith, to which he exhorted his hearers, as a state of mind utterly alien from their existing knowledge, their convictions, and their moral character. He drew them on, not by unsettling them, but through their own system, as far as might be, by persuasives of a positive nature, and which, while fitter to attract by their innate truth and beauty, excluded, by their very presence, whatever in Paganism was inconsistent with them. What they already were, was to lead them on, as by a venture, to what they were not; what they knew, was to

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\* Newman's *University Sermons*, page 241, serm. xi.

lead them on, upon presumptions, to what they as yet knew not. Neither of Jew nor of Gentile did he demand faith in his message, on the bare antecedent ground that God was everywhere, and, therefore, if so be, might be with himself in particular, who spoke to them ; nor, again, did he appeal merely to his miraculous powers ; but he looked at men stedfastly, to see whether they had 'faith to be healed ;' he appealed to that whole body of opinion, affection, and desire, which made up in each man his moral self ; which, distinct from all guesses and random efforts, set him forward steadily in one direction ; which, if it was what it should be, would respond to the apostle's doctrine, as the strings of one instrument vibrate with another ; which, if it was not, would either not accept it, or not abide in it."

Of course, in arguing that such would be the natural progress of virtuous minds towards the attainment of perfect truth, we are far from overlooking the fact, that many others take up portions of truth rather to play with them than to profit by them, to amuse themselves for the moment, rather than from any deep-felt value of truth itself as such, still less from any real desire to save their souls. Such individuals will display in their writings the most revolting contradictions, evincing at the same time the coldest indifference to the effect which such a fact must produce on the mind of every candid observer. It is hard to say this of any individual in particular, and it might be rash judgment to do so ; but we must candidly confess that if we were to pronounce any judgment upon the writings of such individuals as Professor Sewell, or Mr. Palmer of Worcester College, we should be inclined to say, that it was impossible to account for the glaring contradictions in their published works, excepting on the supposition that they at one time adopt theories without really embracing them, and at another throw them aside, because it suits the purpose of the moment.

But it is not our object to canvass the merits of individual writers of the Oxford school, so much as to give our readers some idea of a few of their more recent publications ; and on the present occasion, we confine ourselves to the last number of the *British Critic* (No. LXVII, July 1843), though we take this opportunity of expressing the great edification we have derived from the perusal of Dr. Pusey's sermon on the holy Eucharist, which is at once a monument of the author's piety and profound learning ; and though it does not give any countenance expressly to the doctrine of transubstantiation, as defined by the council of Trent, yet it lays down



principles, which, if once admitted, no one can deny that *transubstantiation* is their only legitimate and logical development. We ought also to take the same occasion of expressing our gratitude to Mr. Newman for a work to which we have already alluded in this article,—his volume of *University Sermons*, lately published, which are indeed a most valuable and almost a Catholic production. We would especially recommend to the notice of our readers the last sermon in the volume, that "On the theory of religious developments." We cannot conceive an abler vindication of the whole Catholic system, than that contained in the discourse alluded to; nor one more replete with able arguments to overthrow every possible cavil of its opponents. We can imagine no objection which is not there anticipated, against which the humble follower of the Church is not there provided with invincible weapons. Mr. Newman has indeed in this volume rendered a high service to the Catholic Church; and in saying this, we would include in the same catalogue his admirable essay "in defence of ecclesiastical miracles."

No man can read these volumes, and not see that the triumph of Catholicism in England is only a question of time. It is not that the respected writers alluded to may not have used some un-Catholic expressions in the course of these treatises,—but that viewing them as a whole, and considering the general tone that pervades them, we have no doubt of the orthodox intentions (if we may use such an expression) of their authors; and regarding them as expressing, not so much the views of individual writers, as those of an immense school amongst the young divines of the Anglican Church (a school too which is daily attracting within its sphere all the best and purest minds of England), we say, regarding these publications in this point of view, we can feel no doubt that they indicate the certain and not very distant triumph of Catholicism in this country.

But to come to the last number of the *British Critic* (No. LXVII), we may say that for some time past we have read the *British Critic* with great interest; to which we may add, as Catholics, that our pleasure in perusing it has increased in each successive number; but the one now before us surpasses all its predecessors, not in the proportion observable between any former ones, but in such a degree as almost to defy any comparison whatever. It would be quite hopeless here to think of giving our readers an adequate idea of its many valuable articles; we earnestly invite them to peruse the volume



itself, promising them a most delightful treat. We shall confine ourselves to the first article,—one in which it is hard to say whether it is most to be admired for the beauty of its sentiment, or for the extraordinary depth of its reasoning; for the picturesqueness of its style, or for the impregnable arguments wherewith it hedges round the citadel of eternal truth.

And yet in saying this, and so far giving our unqualified admiration to the article alluded to, taken as a whole, we shall reserve to ourselves the privilege here and there of criticizing one or two assertions,—even of controverting one or two maxims of the writer. We feel the more bound to do so, because we feel drawn towards its author by no common bond of sympathy. If we needed an argument to justify us in such a course, it is surely supplied by the article itself (p. 4):

“To persons indeed who have been long trained and habituated in Catholic doctrine, the difficulty is as great to conceive how any one can read history or look at facts and remain Protestant, as the opposite difficulty is found in general amongst ourselves. Still we do not deny that after the heart of a religious person has been stirred in the right direction, his imagination may continue for a length of time haunted with its old Protestant spectres,—with its old restless and uneasy suspicions about imposture, priestcraft, and spiritual tyranny.”

This just and sensible observation suggests at once *our* apology for criticizing, and our author's for making, certain statements against which we feel it a sacred duty to protest. But in doing so, we would fain hope to do ample justice to the magnificent defence of Catholic principles so ably drawn out in this beautiful article. No one can read page 6, without being forcibly struck with the great candour of the writer; his admissions in regard to the “*authoritative teaching*” of the Anglican Church in Ireland, are as remarkable as they are just; and in reading them, we could not help feeling that it was high time for such men as Lord Adare and Mr. Sewell to set about introducing into the Anglo-Irish Church what they would call the leaven of Anglo-Catholic principles. Individuals who sympathize with those respected persons, sometimes express their wonder that *we* cannot recognize the claims of the Irish Established Church, or her identity with the ancient Church of St. Patrick and St. Columba. Surely, if the statement in regard to that Church (p. 6 of the *British Critic*) be a correct one, such individuals must be laughing in their sleeve when they so express themselves. The Church of St. Columba abandoning the word “priest,” discarding the

doctrine of a "propitiatory oblation" in the eucharist, denying "the relative sacredness of holy things and places." St. Columba frowns from heaven on such a suggestion; he calls upon the real inheritors of his doctrine to denounce it. Thank God, we are now joined in that denunciation by such eloquent authors as the individual who penned the article we are reviewing. Would to heaven such signs of repentance had been manifested by a member of the Irish-Anglican Church. Alas! these penitential avowals come only from our side of the channel; and while they are proclaimed by the *British Critic*, the authorities of the Established Church in Ireland are louder than ever in their avowals of Protestant heresy. An awful hour this for such guilty obstinacy in resisting the known truth! But God will not be mocked.

We never read a more masterly defence of the whole ritual system of the Christian Church, against the objections of hypocritical pretenders to spirituality, than the one contained in our article. It sifts them to the very core; it undermines all their specious foundations, breaks down their strongest outworks, unravels their sophistry, and utterly roots them out. No doubt, ably as the writer has done this, he might have done it still more triumphantly, had his position allowed him. For example, he might have dwelt more upon the grand fact of the exceeding spirituality manifested by the ascetic writers of the Catholic Church. Compare them for a moment with a similar class of writers in other communions,—it is like comparing the pictures of Raphael with the daubs of a sign-painter. Let the man who would call this statement in question, only consult such authors as St. Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury in the twelfth century; let him read his pathetic meditations on the passion of our Lord, and his other spiritual works. Let him open St. Bernard or St. Bonaventure; or, to come down a little later, the writings of Thomas à Kempis, of Gerson, of Thaulerius, of Blossius; or, since the council of Trent, of Rodriguez, St. Theresa, St. Francis of Sales, Father Louis of Granada, St. John of the Cross, St. Ignatius of Loyola in his famous *Spiritual Exercises*, Drexelius and Canisius, and a whole host of admirable authors produced by the Society of Jesus alone, to say nothing of still more modern instances, such as St. Alphonsus, or the illustrious Fenelon, Bourdaloue, and the great Bossuet; for it was not in controversy alone that that sublime man proved his claim to the magnificent title of "*the Eagle of Meaux.*" Certainly by the side of such authors as these, the charge

against Catholicism that it is unfavourable to the growth of spirituality looks ridiculous, to speak in the mildest terms. Now admitting that the Church of England need not be classed among Protestant bodies,—admitting that she holds a middle course between them and Catholicism (and more than this it would be foolish to admit),—we may fairly ask what writers has she produced since the schism to be put on a par with any single one of the authors we have named? It would be ungracious in us to disparage such writers as Dr. Jeremy Taylor, as the learned and devout Nelson, Dr. Ken, and several others of that school; we fully admit their excellence;—but are not their merits derived from the very fact of their keeping so close to Catholic authors? Certainly the learned writers of Oxford will not deny this; they are the first to boast of it. But if this be so, does it not furnish us with a triumphant argument,—not against the High Church writers, for between them and us there is not much to dispute about,—but against avowed Protestants, who are always boasting of their spirituality?

Again, speaking of this class, we are not disposed to deny that such a man as John Wesley was a man of devout mind. But what was Wesley's opinion of Catholic spirituality? Certainly no mean one, when he took pains to give his followers translations of some of our best books,—such, for example, as the *Imitation of Christ*, and St. Francis of Sales' *Introduction to a Devout Life*, not to mention others. But did Wesley leave any writings of his own, that will bear comparison with these translations? We have no wish to wound any man's feelings; but we must say the writings of Protestants always appear to us very dry,—anything but really spiritual.

But let us pass on from this subject, which is one to which the beautiful article in the *British Critic* we are now reviewing does ample justice,—though, as we said before, it might have given its readers a more extensive view of Catholic authors, both before and since the council of Trent. Let us come at once to a proposition advanced in this same article, which it is our wish energetically but affectionately to dispute. It is a proposition which has been put forward several times lately in the *British Critic*. It is one which has a plausible appearance in it of truth; but on that very account deserves the more to be decisively met. In allusion to this proposition, or rather to this theory, Mr. Newman says, in a note to

his sermon "On Love, the safeguard of Faith against Superstition :""

"Some admirable articles have appeared in the late numbers of the *British Critic* on the divinely appointed mode of seeking truth, where persons are in doubt and difficulty; viz. No. LX, art. 2; LXII, art. 1; LXIII, art. 2; LXIV, art. 3; LXV, art. 7. As they appear to be but the first sketches of a deep and important theory which has possession of the writer's mind, it is to be hoped that they will one day appear in a more systematic form."

Now to this theory, as laid down by Mr. Newman in the body of his sermon to which this note is appended, we do not offer any objection; but in the articles of the *British Critic* to which he alludes, no less than in the one which we are now reviewing, it appears to us to have been pushed to an unwarrantable length. Let us state the theory in the words of our author. Let the reader turn to page 50 of the *British Critic*, No. LXVII:

"It may be objected to this representation," says our author, "that the case is perfectly conceivable of God granting the power to impart sacramental grace to some body which is beyond the formal limits of His kingdom. It may be argued, that as regards *doctrine* indeed, that cannot be true outside the Church's pale, which is false inside; but that as regards *grace*, it is no diminution of the great gifts stored up within her; should the very same, even in all their fulness, be vouchsafed, though not originally promised, to some other community without her. In such a case (so the objection would run) the account given above leaves no motive which could be addressed to members of such a body, in urging them to join the great Christian community. We cannot answer this by denying the hypothesis; it is, we think, perfectly conceivable that God should so act, and that for some purpose (inseparable or not, as the case may be) His mercy, even in all its fulness, should overflow the precise bounds He has formally appointed. But we answer by denying (and surely every religious mind will unite with us in denying) that in such a case, it *would* be a duty, or other than a sin, for individuals cognizant of the fact to leave the body so singularly honoured and endowed. Whatever might be God's purpose in such a provisional dispensation, it would be very plain to one looking out for indications of His will, that He *had* a purpose, and that the continuance of individuals in their original position might be a necessary condition to its fulfilment."

Now this paragraph appears to us to state in precise terms

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\* See Newman's University Sermons, p. 242.

what we deem the objectionable part of the theory advanced in the several articles of the *British Critic*, to which Mr. Newman's note quoted above alludes.

We will at once state our conviction, that the proposition affirmed in this paragraph is heretical and ultra-protestant in its tendency; more than this, that if it could be shown to be true, it would completely overthrow the whole Catholic system. It is painful to be forced to make this avowal, all the more so, when we reflect on the fact, that the article we are reviewing is everywhere else so perfectly Catholic, as far as we can judge at least, and when it is clear that the *intention* of the writer is altogether sound and Catholic. But it is, on this very ground, more imperative on our parts to protest against any statement which has crept into so beautiful a treatise, militating against the eternal truth of sound Catholic principles.

Now, what is our author's hypothesis? It is this: that though Almighty God has appointed a particular *covenant* for the attainment of salvation by man, which *covenant* he assumes, and we assume, to be, that men shall be members of his visible Catholic Church, yet this covenant does not tie the hands of Almighty God, but that if He so will, He can save his creatures by some other way under very extraordinary circumstances. So far in our author's hypothesis, he will probably find Catholic theologians agreeing with him, at least when it is stated *what those extraordinary circumstances are, under which it is reasonable to suppose that God would so act.*

Now, what are such circumstances? With one consent, Catholic theologians answer, *when a man is in a state of invincible ignorance.* The justice of this answer will be allowed on all hands. For if God has made a covenant at all, it is inconceivable to suppose that any thing less than invincible ignorance of its existence, could excuse any man from not submitting himself to it.

But invincible ignorance might so excuse him: granted: but does it follow, that because he be so excused from positive guilt in not having submitted himself to the covenant of God, he is therefore saved? it does not necessarily follow. A man may not be *guilty* of the heresy he outwardly conforms to, but he may be guilty of other sins sufficient to condemn him at God's bar. It is perhaps *probable* that God would leave no man ignorant of His covenant, who did not by other sins render himself unworthy (in a certain sense) of

the grace of knowing it. And if he be so unworthy, it may be an act of mercy as well as of justice in God not to give him the grace of this knowledge, which the Divine mind may foresee that he would only abuse to his greater condemnation.

However, though it be not *probable* that any man will be saved out of the visible pale of the Church, theologians have maintained it to be *possible*. If so, of course an individual so saved must have received the grace of God, for without God's grace no man can be saved. But of course no one could receive God's grace, unless he was in a disposition to embrace what God required of him, *if only he knew it*. Any grace he might receive independent of that knowledge could only be a grace, either preparatory to other graces, or to supply their place, supposing that knowledge and its legitimate consequences morally impossible in his particular case.

*Baptism in desire* is precisely a case in point. This, indeed, presupposes a *knowledge* of the sacrament of baptism. But its validity for salvation is only in the case in which a man *cannot* receive the outward rite. We will suppose a case. A man is in that state of mind, in which, if he were to die, he would, as theologians say, have received *baptism in desire*. But supposing after a man had been in this state of mind, in which he had indeed received the *inward grace*, though not the *outward sacrament* of baptism, supposing (let us say) he had an opportunity before dying to receive the external rite, *and neglected to do so*, would he be saved? Certainly not. Why so? Not because he did not receive God's grace in the first instance, but because he sinned mortally afterwards in not obeying God's law in receiving the outward rite, when it was in his power to do so.

Now, assuredly this is the reasoning of Catholic theology, and it is the reasoning of common sense, and let it be distinctly borne in mind as we proceed.

What then is our author's statement in the *British Critic*? It is, that out of the visible pale of the Church, a man and many men may have received sacramental grace (and in all its plenitude), the same grace which is ordinarily confined to the channel of the Church's sacraments. Be it so: but what does this prove? Our author answers, that such an individual ought to remain where he is. Listen to his own words:—"we answer by denying (and surely every religious mind will unite with us in denying) that in such a case, it *would* be a duty, or other than a sin, for individuals cognizant of the fact" (that is, cognizant of having received grace from



God out of the visible pale of His Church) "to leave the body so singularly honoured and endowed."

Now mark our answer: the more certain it be that a man has received God's grace out of the visible pale of the Church, the more certain is it, that it is his duty to enter into that pale, so soon as ever it becomes visible to him. If he does not do so, *he sins mortally*; whatever graces he might have before received are now forthwith forfeited. He received them before because he was *ignorant*, and, *therefore*, not disobedient; he forfeits them now, because he knows his duty and fulfils it not. So far from its being a sin to quit a body which, to use our author's words, had been "*so singularly honoured*," as that God had communicated His grace to some members of it (of course only in the case of invincible ignorance of the right body appointed by God for us all to belong to), it is a loose and incorrect mode of speaking to say that such a communication of divine grace by Almighty God, under such circumstances, implies any honour whatever to the erroneous body or corporation to which such an individual might belong. It may be an honour to the individual; it is none to the body of which he is a member. If he has received the honour at all, it is in consideration of his own individual circumstances, not out of any regard for the corporation to which he belongs. For what regard can truth have to error? It is in spite of the body to which he belongs, not in honour of it.

It is in vain to quote the case of St. Meletius of Antioch. It is in vain to say he lived and died out of the *visible* communion of the holy see. Was he so far out of it, as to be in *schism*? that is the question. There may be an *estrangement* sometimes between Churches, without any positive schism.\*

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\* It is here allowed, *for the sake of argument*, that the facts connected with St. Meletius are as our Oxford friends have stated them, which, however, is not the case. According to them, St. Meletius lived and died out of communion with Rome, and yet was summoned to the Council of Constantinople instead of Paulinus, who was the bishop in connection with the chair of St. Peter, and was virtually canonized after his death. The fact being, that St. Meletius did *not* die out of communion with Rome, but was actually acknowledged by Paulinus at the time that he was summoned to the Council of Constantinople. This, the author of the article alluded to might have seen from the very page of Butler's Lives of the Saints, referred to by him; indeed, from the very next sentence to that which he has quoted. Fleury (Hist. xvii, 45) gives only half the story, which may be found at length in Baronius (ad Ann. 378.) Tillemont (Mémoires Ecclésiastiques, tom. viii. p. 371), and Ceillier (Auteurs Ecclésiastiques, tom. vi. p. 452. The ancient authorities are Socrates (Hist. Eccles. lib. v. cap. 5) and Sozomen (lib. vii. cap. 3); also St. Ambrose (class 1,



This we hold to have been the case in regard to St. Meletius. As truth must be *promulgated*, in order to be binding upon men, so also must error; schism must be not only schism, but known and condemned as such; and that knowledge promulgated, for men to be guilty of the sin which cleaves to it.

It is not involuntary schism our author excuses; we may do that: but he maintains the duty of remaining in schism, known as such and condemned as such, if a man has received grace in schism. Against this we protest, and will, with God's favour, protest even to our dying hour: and in so doing, we do but echo the voice of the whole Catholic Church.

Do not talk to us of *saints* being in communion with an anti-pope. Did they know him to be an anti-pope? did they believe him to be such? Prove this, and you have disproved them to be saints—you have disproved your own theory.

But what is all this specious reasoning to prove? Of course, the duty of Anglicans, who believe their own Church to be guilty of schism, to remain in her communion. To this we reply at once, if they do not believe her to be in schism, there is an end of our dispute; but if they do so believe her, let them not justify a continuance in her communion on such a plea. The Catholic Church recognizes not the plea on earth; can we suppose that Christ, her Lord and her Spouse, will recognize it in heaven?

Perhaps some one will here rise up of a somewhat different

ep. 13) and the two Italian councils whose letters are given in Cod. Theodos. Ed. Lipsie, 1745. (Append. p. xvi. xxi.)

It is true that St. Meletius was, for some time, much against his will, out of immediate communion with Rome, where he was supposed to be an Arian (vid. St. Basil, ep. 266); but his case differs as widely as possible from that of the present Anglican hierarchy, or of their predecessors at the time when the separation took place. He never gave orders to pull down the altars of the Most High, or abused the pope, or married virgins consecrated to God, or preached against celibacy, as an abominable device, or talked of the stinking puddles of men's traditions, or blasphemed the relics of the saints, or allowed his clergy to preach against baptismal regeneration, or, like the present Archbishop of Canterbury, requested them to publish visitation sermons against the apostolical succession and the eucharistic sacrifice. Had he done any one of these things, or of the thousand other things which have been done without censure, by the Anglican hierarchy ever since the Reformation, he never would have been St. Meletius, nor would St. Chrysostom or St. Basil have interested themselves in his cause.

A temporary cessation of intercourse between one church and the holy see, in consequence of misunderstanding, or some other cause on the part of the latter, without any sin in the former, is quite conceivable on the Catholic hypothesis; the case of the Maronites, according to Assemani and Le Quien, is in point. In these days, however, of railroads, steamboats, and overland mails, there is but little danger of such a contingency.

school of high church principles from that represented by the writers of the *British Critic*, and, taking another line of argument, will perhaps sneer at *our* confidence in speaking at all of the Anglican Church as being in schism; he will ask *what authority* has pronounced her to be in schism? he will perhaps retort the charge, at least upon the English Catholic body, and their vicars apostolic, if he does not advance it against the whole Latin Church since the days of Trent.

In answer to such an one, we will simply say,—*we* were not saying anything about the schism of the Anglican Church; our present object was a different one; we were only arguing upon what appeared to be the hypothesis of the *British Critic*, that the writer held it to be the duty of members of any schismatical body to remain in it, *if* they had ever received God's grace in that communion. As for the Anglican Church however, she has been declared to be *in schism* by the only authority actually existing on earth capable of making such a declaration.

In the sixteenth century, the Anglican Church abandoned her ancient usages, and (*apparently at least*) renounced her ancient faith on several points, universally held by Christendom to be articles of faith. In consequence, the pope of Rome, and all the other churches in the Latin rite, cut her off from their communion. Who else was there upon earth at that time to give a sentence on her strange acts? If this authority was not a competent one, at least there was no other. It is in vain to say the English bishops were not present at Trent. Whose fault was that? their very absence proves them to be schismatics. *All* Catholic bishops were invited to go thither: if they were Catholic bishops, why did they not answer the call? Because they were refractory, because they afflicted Christendom by their wilful and illegal changes, did that deprive the rest of the bishops of their undoubted right to assemble in a general council? or will it be said that the English Church has not been condemned, at least, by the Greek bishops, and other oriental Churches, and that, therefore, her condemnation is not of œcumenical authority? Here again we join issue. She has been condemned by the Greek Church: for has not the Greek Church refused her communion these three hundred years? or does not the Greek Church uphold the very doctrines against which she protests? Dare she subscribe, as a Church, to all the general councils to which the Greek Church subscribes? If not, how could the Greek Church admit her to communion, if even she were so disposed? It is true, we have heard some reports of

a certain Oxford deacon having persuaded certain Russian bishops to admit him to their communion; but we are not so absurd as to believe that the Russian Church is likely so far to stultify herself, as to commit herself to the heretical statements of the Thirty-nine Articles, by holding out the right hand of fellowship to a Church which is sworn to uphold them.

But we will not further pursue this subject; we have exposed, as we felt it a duty to do, the erroneous maxim maintained in the *British Critic*, but we trust that, in so doing, we have said nothing calculated to wound the feelings either of the author, who propounded it, or of his many excellent readers, who have, perchance, approved of it. God knows we have but one desire, and that is, that all men may be brought to the knowledge of His truth, that His kingdom may come in all hearts, that His Church may be established in unity and peace from one end of the earth to the other; that all schisms and discord may cease, and that all who profess and call themselves Christians, may hold the faith in unity of mind and righteousness of life. This is our daily prayer; for this do we ardently sigh; and, desiring this, we would not reproach the Anglican Church with her past backslidings, we would fain hope that she will listen to the cry of that better portion of her children, who pine for the bread of pure Catholic doctrine, who love to dwell in the hallowed memories of the past, who, when they gaze at the glorious churches raised by the zeal of their Catholic forefathers, sigh over the degeneracy of their faithless descendants. May the English Church listen to this cry of her own children, breaking forth as it does from a thousand generous hearts! May she respond to the holy impulse; may she restore herself to the grace of God; may she thus rejoice the whole Church, both in heaven and on earth; may she save herself, and the millions of whom she would then become the true and legitimate mother!

Above all, let the English Church remember that lesson of our Lord, so solemnly given in His sermon on the holy mount: "If, therefore, thou offer thy gift at the altar, and there thou remember that thy brother hath anything against thee, leave there thy offering before the altar, and GO FIRST TO BE RECONCILED WITH THY BROTHER, and then come and offer thy gift." (St. Matthew, v. 23-4.)

Blessed words! Let it be the glory of the sadly fallen English Church to ratify them at His feet, whose last prayer was for the unity of His disciples!

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ART. VI.—*Rome as it was under Paganism, and as it became under the Popes.* 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1843.

"IT was at Rome, on the 15th of October 1764," says Gibbon, "as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind."\* And never was there a scene better fitted to inspire the thought! At his feet lay the Roman Forum,—the microcosm of the ancient world,—now a silent desert, scarcely retaining sufficient traces of its former glory to stimulate the curiosity of the antiquarian; its columns fallen, its temples and basilicas overthrown, its marble porticos utterly destroyed. Beyond, lay the Palace of the Cæsars, a mass of shapeless walls; the Golden House, which once stretched from the Palatine to the far extremity of the Esquiline, literally blotted from the map of Rome. The arches of Titus, and Severus, and Constantine, unmeaning monuments, with nothing but ruin to commemorate;—the colossal fragments of the baths of Caracalla, gloomy and spectre-like, in the distance;—the Coliseum, more melancholy in its preservation than the rest in their decay;—all spoke to him, far more eloquently than human language, of the greatness which was, but had passed away;—of the decline, the fall, the utter ruin of that mighty empire to which they owed their origin,—at once the type and the offspring of its power!

But the lesson to be read in this scene of desolation does not end here. It is not alone that "the former things have passed away;"—a new order of things has been substituted in their stead. It is not alone that the temples have fallen, or been overthrown;—another worship has taken the place of theirs, and a new law has triumphed over that of which they were the guardians. Even from the spot where the future historian sat, he might see the evidences of this revolution. The temple of the founder of Rome has long been yielded up to an obscure and undistinguished stranger;†—Santa Francesca Romana occupies the site of the temple of Venus and Rome;‡—a Christian sisterhood has its humble home where the vestals once guarded the consecrated fire;—"bare-footed friars sing vespers in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus;"—

\* Miscellaneous Works, vol. i. p. 129.

† The temple of Romulus is now the church of S. Teodoro.

‡ Not the church itself, but the enclosure.

the pontifex of the Capitol has made place for the pontifex of the Vatican;—the Rome of the Popes has arisen beside the ruin of the Rome of the Cæsars! How has this come to pass? To what mysterious agency is it to be traced? Was it the result of accident, or of natural causes, or of political events originated and controlled by human agents? Must it, on the contrary, be referred to an unseen but overruling Providence, whose hidden hand gave the impulse to every event in the long series whereby this mighty revolution was brought about? It is impossible to look down from the tower of the modern Capitol, without feeling enquiries like these crowd thick upon the mind. The fall of the city is inseparably connected with the fate of the empire; and a history of the ruin of her temporal dominion is necessarily mutilated and imperfect, unless it take in the mysterious fortunes through which she has been installed in the possession of spiritual pre-eminence infinitely more extensive, and destined to outlive revolutions under which even the iron reign of her former power would have fallen.

That the historian of the *Decline and Fall* has caught up in part the spirit of the scene on which he gazed,—that he has well illustrated what, to use a German phrase, we may call the *naturalism* of the history, the unanimous sentence of the literary world has long since irrevocably pronounced. But the character of his work, as regards the religious side of the enquiry, is unhappily too notorious. The accuracy and skill with which he has depicted the various phases through which imperial Rome, in the very excess of her overgrown power, tottered, reeled, and eventually fell, have but rendered his unfairness in other particulars more painfully evident; and while they have won for the work the praise of erudition and research almost unexampled in modern times, have stamped upon its author the unhappy character of one who fearfully perverted the gifts of genius, and abused the lights of industry and learning;—who, though his quotations are accurate in the main, did not scruple, in his colouring of facts and characters, to have recourse to low literary fraud and trickery unworthy an historian,—who prostituted, to the worst purposes of a bad faction, talents which might have added lustre to truth itself; and

“Though born for the universe, narrowed his mind,  
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.”

It cannot be denied, notwithstanding that the undoubted learning of this extraordinary man, and the graces of his

brilliant, though unnatural and affected, style, have made the subject exclusively his own. Unhappily, too, the manner in which he has treated it, and the persevering ingenuity with which he has interwoven his irreligious opinions with the whole framework of the narrative, have given it quite as much of the polemical, as of the historical character; and the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* has come to be regarded as the field on which the great battle of Christianity is to be decided. It is true that numberless refutations and replies have been written, many of them recommended by names of no ordinary pretension. The publication of the first volume called out a host of antagonists. He himself alludes to them frequently, both in his correspondence and in his curious autobiography, published by his friend Lord Sheffield.\* But, although it is impossible to suppress a smile at the vanity and egotism of the author,† yet it cannot be doubted, that the event has, in a great measure, justified his anticipations. The refutations of Davies, Chelsum, and their followers are long forgotten; the best of them all, that of Spedalieri, has never been translated into English, and is entirely unknown in these countries; while the work itself is still read with the same avidity as on its first appearance. The most that can be said of all that has been written against it in the way of criticism, is, that it has awakened a vague suspicion and distrust of its accuracy and good faith; that it has shaken and disturbed the confidence of the reader, and created a general impression of the necessity of suspending the judgment, unless where an unexceptionable array of authority is produced. But the task is far from being completed. It must be undertaken in a spirit widely different from that of the early censors of the *Decline and Fall*; and requires a mind long familiar with ecclesiastical antiquity, and imbued with those reverential feelings which long converse with such studies does not fail to inspire. We cannot doubt that it is reserved for a Catholic,‡ and a Catholic alone, to retrace, step by step, the path of this daring, but insidious, writer; to

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\* Miscellaneous Works, vol. i. 153-6, 159, &c.

† For example, speaking of his Italian censors, he says, with indescribable *sang froid*, "The critical essay at the end of the third volume was furnished by the Abbate Nicolo Spedalieri, whose zeal has gradually swelled to a more solid confutation in two 4to. volumes. *Shall I be excused for not having read them?*"—p. 139.

‡ We may observe this spirit to a remarkable degree in Mr. Newman's excellent "Essay on the Miracles of the Early Ages."§ But this rather tends to confirm our observation. Mr. N. however short he falls of the mark, "aims at being Catholic in heart and spirit."



search out the dark and tortuous windings through which he has conducted the reader, and let in the full light of historic truth upon the partial or distorted pictures which he occasionally exhibits; stripping his facts of their specious colouring, exposing his sophistry in its unvarnished falsehood, and divesting his personages of the plausible, but unreal, character, in which he frequently disguises them.

The very remarkable work now before us will supply many of the materials for such an undertaking, though the author has not directly proposed it to himself. It might, perhaps, be imagined, from the title, that it is merely a comparative view of the condition of Rome under Paganism, and that of Rome under the Papal sway. This, however, would be a mistake. The work is mainly historical in its character, and, instead of a description of Rome during either epoch, "seems rather to have aimed at giving a vivid idea of the revolution by which the Rome of the Cæsars was reduced to ruin, and in which the Rome of the Popes had its beginning."

And yet it is not by any means intended as a consecutive history of this revolution. It may perhaps be better described as a collection of historical scenes, selected from this memorable period, sometimes strictly preserving the reality of history, sometimes drawing upon imagination for fuller development or more striking effect; sometimes following the natural chronological order; sometimes thrown into a form which resembles that of the historical drama. The author has shaken himself freely from the trammels of "the unities." His characters are strictly historical, but they are treated with somewhat of the liberty of the drama. Imaginary personages are excluded, but imaginary scenes and combinations are freely introduced to heighten the interest and effect of the narrative. For example, it may not fall within the legitimate probabilities of history to suppose a meeting between St. Peter and Seneca, or a discussion on the immortality of the soul between the apostle and a knot of patrician philosophers (book i. vi.-x.); but a scene like this affords an excellent occasion for the development of the condition of Roman philosophy at this period; and it matters little whether Belisarius and St. Benedict really met amid the ruins of the fallen city; for it would be impossible to devise a scene better suited to the solemn subject of their conference, upon which it serves as a practical commentary.—(Book v. c. x.)

At the same time, the reader is not to expect an historical romance, with a regularly developed plot from the beginning to the end. The narrative extends over more than seven



centuries from the reign of Claudius to the coronation of Charlemagne. If it can be said to have a plot at all, the author tells us it is "simply that of history developed amply and accurately in the more important scenes, with some slight imaginative embellishments;" and that the dramatic interest of this plot "is to be looked for in the deadly conflict between Paganism and Christianity, of which the seven-hilled city was the principal arena; its denouement, in the overthrow of the one and the triumph of the other." For those who, in tracing out the characteristics of such a work, will insist upon its having a hero, it "may be said to have one in St. Peter. He is as vividly present, speaking still historically, in the last as in the first act, as influential in the resurrection of the empire of the West, in the baptism of modern Europe, when Charlemagne was proclaimed emperor before his shrine, as he is represented to have been when he entered the palace of Lateranus, or raised the son of the patrician from the dead: is as sensibly recognized in the interview of Leo and Attila, in the correspondence of Pope Stephen and King Pepin, as he is supposed to have been when he crossed the Roman Forum with the senator Pudens, or stood on the Tarpeian town, admiring the imperial city, and disputing with Seneca, Lucan, Petus Thræsea, and the other leading men of the times, concerning its future destinies."

The materials of the work are so evidently the fruit of long and patient research, and display so much varied and extensive reading, that the reader will be surprised to learn that public report ascribes it to a young Irish clergyman, actively engaged in the duties of a most laborious mission, in the discharge of which he is distinguished by his assiduity and zeal. With the original sources of the history, both sacred and profane, as well as with the modern historians who have treated this or any analogous topic, the author appears thoroughly conversant, and on all he draws largely for the illustration of his subject. Indeed, to use the apt and graceful illustration of the preface, "the general appearance of the work, from being so much made up of fragments, reminds one not a little of the *opus tumultuarium* of Belisarius, who seized upon whatever came next to hand, whether column, statue, entablature, or altar, in his hurry to repair the walls which he had to defend against the impending assault of the barbarians." The materials of this literary *opus tumultuarium*, however, are selected with great care; and in most cases, "there are not only references, sufficiently copious even for matters of trivial import, and for details; but, generally speaking, the

foot-notes will be found to contain *in extenso* the more important authorities."

This irregular plan affords an opportunity for the introduction of much useful and curious learning, which could not find a place in a regular history. There are few subjects connected with the public or private life of the Romans, their religious observances, their domestic usages, public pageants, banquets, festivals, games, which he has not contrived to illustrate; and though some of his "restorations of Rome" may perhaps appear a little overwrought, there are others which, for accuracy, eloquence, and vividness of conception, are not unworthy a place among the happiest pages of the younger Anacharsis.

At times, however, from the apparent capriciousness of the arrangement, and the profusion of the embellishments, we almost lose sight of the historical character; and the value of the materials for the purposes of history makes us regret that the author has not adopted the historical form, or, at least, made his present plan the basis of a more orderly narrative. For, however it may be calculated to attract and interest the reader, there can be little doubt that a simple history, supported by learning such as that which the author displays in his present work, would produce a stronger and more definite, as well as more lasting impression. In these days of historical romance writing, we are so accustomed to see history made completely subservient to the caprices of fiction, that it is hard to expect that the public will take the trouble of distinguishing between the real and the imaginary, or examining what is romance and what is history; and we fear the author has hardly done himself justice in exposing his excellent materials to such a danger, even though he has obviated it to a great extent, by the copiousness and accuracy of his references to the authorities upon which his statements are founded.

Having premised so much, by way of general description, we shall proceed to offer an outline of the work itself, illustrating it by such extracts as our limits may permit. It is divided into six books, the common object of which, however various the matter of each, is to show, that the fall of the empire of Rome, not only in the event, but in all, even the minutest details of the history, formed a part of the grand design for the propagation and establishment of the gospel; that it was distinctly foreshadowed in the sacred oracles, both of the Old Testament and of the New; that it is possible to trace, throughout, clear and unmistakeable evidences of divine

interference; and that the myriads of agents employed in this most terrible of all revolutions, were, each and all (unconscious though they were), agents, free, but yet foreknown, of Him whose word all things fulfil,—the free agent no less than “the fire, ice, snow, and the spirit of tempests.”

We cannot introduce it more happily, than by transcribing the opening paragraphs.

“On the fifteenth of the calends of February, in the year from the building of the city DCCXCVI., Claudius Augustus, for the third, and Lucius Vitellius, for the second time, being consuls, there entered the gates of Rome two lowly wayfarers from Palestine.

“They might have passed for father and son, if one attended solely to their years; but, from the contour and deportment of the younger of them, in whom the gravity of manhood was still blended with the modest gracefulness of youth, it was easy to discern, that no tie of earthly kindred united him to the venerable man by whose side he walked with the reverential air of a disciple.

“Three score years and upwards seemed to have passed over the old man’s head. It was bald, or shorn upon the crown, and encircled by a fillet, or wreath of hair, like to that of his beard, which was not white or flowing, but crispy, and of a silvery gray. His brow was elevated, as if in lofty thought. His cheeks were furrowed with contrition. His whole aspect was pale, and of an expression that imparted a certain air of dignity to a person rather less than the middle size. His eye—vivid as the lightning of heaven—indicated an impetuous spirit, but its glance was tempered by humility. A reed, terminating in a cross, was his only staff; and even that he seemed to carry rather as an emblem of his mission, than to alleviate his pilgrimage, or sustain the infirmity of his years. About him there was an air of mystery that confounded the conjecture it excited. He looked like an ambassador, the agent of some mighty enterprise,—yet who more destitute of every thing that is wont to distinguish the representative of a terrestrial potentate? Unheralded, and unadorned by pomp,—jaded and travel-stained, he journeyed on with his meek companion—barefooted and in silence. If heeded, it was to be scoffed at, or eyed with contempt, by the proud and gorgeous multitudes thronging to the metropolis of all nations.”—vol. i. pp. 1-2.

In the elder of the two strangers, it is impossible not to recognize the prince of the apostles; the younger is his disciple, St. Mark. Through a gorgeous and highly-wrought scene, they wind their way to the imperial city. After a repulse at the palace of Plautius Lateranus, they obtain an entrance into that of the senator Pudens, which the death of a beloved son, on the very day of his assuming the *toga virilis*,

has suddenly converted into a house of mourning. The wild and unrestrained sorrow of the father, reminds us of the preface of the fifth book of Quintilian's *Institutes*, in which he deplores a similar bereavement; it is a true type of the sorrow of "them that have not hope." With great taste and judgment, the author has chosen the death-chamber of the son of Pudens, as the scene of a conversation (the substance of which is taken from Cicero's *Tusculan Questions*) on the nature of the life of man, and the hopes and fears which lie beyond the grave. The characters are all historical, and, indeed, all mournfully connected with the tragic history of the times; for, Seneca, Thrasea Petus, Caius Cassius, Rubellius, and the poet Lucan, all fell victims of that "reign of terror," which, robbing Rome of her best citizens, opened the way for the ultimate annihilation of the patrician order. For this conversation the reader is prepared, in the previous chapters, by an elaborate and interesting enquiry into the origin and progress of scepticism in Greece, and its introduction into the Roman philosophy, especially in the writings of Cicero, who "laughed at the opinions of the state when he was among the philosophers; at the doctrines of the philosophers, when he was cajoling an assembly; and at both, when withdrawn among his friends in a corner."\* The little knot of philosophic friends, assembled to console Pudens (chapters vi.-x.) under his bereavement, may be taken as a good specimen of the several schools of philosophy then fashionable in Rome.

Deep-seated and wide-spread, however, as was the scepticism of the times, still the voice of nature was not utterly extinguished.

"And yet it would seem as if the primeval dogmas of the soul's immortality and of an all-ruling Providence had remained firm and in full integrity beneath the ruins of the impostures which had been constructed on them. Humanity still clung to them by its instincts after the shipwreck of its faith. The bare idea that there was no heaven, no bright, blissful, interminable hereafter, had rendered hope insane; nor could she be induced, even by the blandishments of Epicurus, or by any brutal satiety of the passions, to relinquish her sublime and immemorial aspirations without regret. Oh, how sordid and odious 'the sty,' in which she was now taught by Philosophy to imbrute herself, compared with that pure and celestial region of immortality to which the inspired longings of her bosom had been so fondly and so long directed! Even in the delirium brought on by the excesses into which the panders and hierarchs of the passions had beguiled her, her tottering steps still

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\* Warburton's *Divine Legation*, book iii. sect. 3.

led her to the confines of that eternity from which no seduction or violence could divorce her heart. Hope, in her bereavement, still lingered among the sepulchres; and, in tomb and pyramid, built up temples to expectation. Casting down that form, still divinely beautiful in its abandonment, she strove to exhaust the anguish of her spirit by inscribing epitaphs and melancholy emblems upon marble and plates of brass. She went to the gate of the grave and listened—but no echo of tidings came from the dark shore beyond. Of all the voyagers there returned not one. Hope unbarred the gates, gazed full into the charnel house, and, recoiling with a wild shriek, broke away in frantic paroxysms of despair. And, even still, it was the burden of her incoherent canticles, in which she one time exulted, at another poured out her wailings, over her disappointment, that ‘No one returneth from the dead!’ Yet it was in the vehemence of her desperation that the venerable pilgrim discerned the overtures of her cure. It was the object of his own mission to preach to her, and give her the tangible guarantees, which neither Plato nor any of the philosophers or sages of Greece had been able to give, that, ‘One who had passed through the gate of death had returned to his brethren, with tidings the most ineffable and peremptory, that there awaited them beyond the grave, not an elysium such as the poets sung, or the mysteries represented, but such a heaven as neither eye hath seen, ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to picture.’—vol. i. pp. 32-3.

It is this hope which struggles through the language of the afflicted father (pp. 82-5), and which, while it forbids him to accept the consolation offered by his sceptical friends, prepares him for the mission of St. Peter. The apostle speaks, and is heard with astonishment mingled with incredulity. He prays, and the son of Pudens is called back from the dead!

With this startling scene the first book closes, and the first chapter of the second finds Peter seated on the tower of the Tarpeian, surrounded by the patrician friends of Pudens.

“Innumerable were the objects of wonder that had accosted the strangers that morning at almost every step of their progress from the palace of the senator in the street of Patricians, across the fashionable quarter of the Suburra; but all the rest seemed insignificant when they entered the Roman forum. To Rome what Rome was to the world, all the glories of the illustrious living and of the illustrious dead seemed congregated there. Public buildings of the most superb description enclosed it on three sides; on the fourth, the temples of Saturn (for the treasury), of Fortune, and of Jove the Thunderer standing on the clivus, or declivity of the capitol, seemed to preside over the deliberations of the Roman people, and to hail the conqueror as he approached through a succession of triumphal arches along the ‘via sacra;’ the temples, towers,

brazen portals, and embattled walls of the capitol formed the back ground of the picture.

"The mamertine, or state prison—the great public offices for the several departments of imperial administration—the basilicas, or courts of judicature—the halls of audience for embassies—the curiæ where the senate met—the nymphæa dedicated to Venus—the temples of the heroes, conquerors, and tutelary deities of Rome were all disposed in order round about it; and over its area were scattered, in august confusion, trophies of victories beyond number—the monuments of the patriotism, the valour, and pristine piety of many renowned generations.

"Slightly elevated above the plain of the forum, like the dais or tribune of a temple, was to be seen the *comitium*, or place of meeting of the populus, or great council of the burghers, in the earliest times of the republic; and at its extremity, facing the curia, or senate-house, stood the rostrum, now a stage or platform of marble, but in its origin a mere bank or mound of earth. It took its name from the trophy formed of the *rostra* or galley-beaks of the Carthaginian ships taken by Duilius, the first of the Romans who gained a victory by sea. Within the comitium was the black stone, which marked, according to one tradition, the grave of Faustulus, the foster-father of Romulus; according to another, that of Romulus himself. There was the statue of Attius Navius, the famous augur; and there, too, was the sacred fig-tree under whose shade the wolf had given suck to the two twins, Romulus and Remus—removed by the power of Attius Navius (so said the story), from its original place under the Palatine, that it might stand in the midst of the meetings of the Roman people. Here were the Sibyls, one of the oldest works of Roman art. Here also were the small figures of the Roman ambassadors who were slain at Fidenæ by the Veientian king, Tolumnius; and here, too, at the edge of the comitium, where it joined the forum, were the statues which the Romans, at the command of the Delphian oracle, had erected in honour of the wisest and bravest of the Greeks—the statues of Pythagoras and Alcibiades.

"In the open space of the forum itself might be seen an altar which marked the spot once occupied by the Curtian pool. Hard by grew the three sacred trees of the eldest known civilization—the fig, the vine, and the olive. Further towards the capitol were the equestrian statues of C. Mænius and L. Camillus, the conqueror of the Latins.

"Beside the testimonials of recent victories in Parthia and Britain, stood the rude trophies which attested in obsolete characters, and in a dialect intelligible only to the archæologist—the earliest successes in Sabinia and over Latin cities, long ago obliterated by suburban gardens—upon those few roods of space, there was to be found some emblem of dominion over every people from



the Euphrates to the Western Ocean—from the cataracts of the Nile and the Lybian deserts to the icy fastnesses of the north.—vol. i. pp. 97-9.

All this public splendour and magnificence, all the private luxury of the individual palaces,—Romes in miniature,—they point out to the simple stranger. They detail to him the successive stages by which a “den of robbers had graduated steadily into the political headship of all the most polished nations of antiquity.” With mingled wonder and complacency, they learn from the venerable stranger that all this had been foretold ages before, by the inspired oracles of the Jews. Not so, however, do they receive the remaining part of the prophecy, which foretells the destruction of the *Iron Empire*, and the substitution of another in its stead;—at variance with all existing notions, and involving the overthrow of all the institutions of the old empire, even those which had been traditionally regarded as inseparably connected with its very existence.

The objections by which he is eagerly and indignantly met, form an easy and graceful medium for the enumeration of the countless obstacles which opposed the success of the apostle’s mission.\* His only reply is the story of his own life, his vocation, his fall, his repentance, and his apostleship.

And now Paul is introduced; but only for a moment, in the narrative of the centurion who had accompanied him as prisoner to Rome, now his disciple and the sharer of the glorious ignominy of his death. As a prelude to the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul, the author condenses into a few appalling pages the horrors of Nero’s diabolical reign: the murder of Britannicus; of Agrippina; the heartless sacrifice of Octavia; the marriage of Poppæa; the fire; and the horrid revelries of the imperial gardens. The Christian leaders did not fall alone, and the horrors of the general persecution are rapidly but eloquently described. From the scenes of persecution and death, we are naturally carried to the catacombs, the unfailing retreat of the early Christians; and, in the authentic documents from which, ordinarily speaking, the narrative is literally translated, will be found abundant evidence of many a Catholic doctrine and practice.

Nothing could be more happy than the summary of the benefits which Christianity was destined to bring to the world.

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\* They are taken from Gibbon’s well known sixteenth chapter.



"It warred with nothing that was not a curse to humanity. It never inflicted anguish but to effect a cure. There was nothing bright, honourable, pure, or beneficent, with which it would not have coalesced; or rather, it had affinities to attract and harmonize around itself whatever was capable of being sanctified, or turned to good. Music, architecture, painting, sculpture, poetry, all the arts, in short, that help to humanize, to soothe, or elevate the anguished or lethargic spirit. It would have shamed the muses into self-respect, by leading them, from whence they drew only the inebriety of the passions, to purer fountains of inspiration. As to man, it would have elevated him, from being a serf of Satan, to fill the throne from which that once bright spirit fell. Even as a citizen, it would have ameliorated his condition, by establishing an imperishable reciprocity of truth, equity, and good offices between man and man, and by hallowing all the social ties; by inculcating obedience for conscience sake upon those who are subject, warning those who are high that there is One still higher; and, in season and out of season, by commending charity to all. Woman it would have exalted to an eminence so august as to render her influence the corrective of the brutality of which, heretofore, she had been the instigation and the slave. By hallowing the connubial state and maintaining its indissolubility, Christianity would have made the domestic circle a miniature of the church, a preparatory school for heaven; it would have taught mankind no longer to regard their own offspring as they did those of dogs or cattle, but to reverence, nay, to regard them with awe, as being clients of the angels. It had a solace for every affliction, an expiation for every trespass, it took even from death its sting; and had it met from the world the reception it merited, although it would not have led the banished race back again to Eden, for that was not its object; it would have done better still, by exalting mortals above the power of adversity. It would have 'renewed the face of the earth,' and prepared the redeemed race for a beatitude of which that of Paradise was but a shadow. But its Author came to his own, and his own received him not. He had annihilated himself to give glory to God, and they impeached and put him to death as a blasphemer; he went about the land doing good, and they said he had a devil. And it was the same with his church. That immaculate spouse, purchased with his own blood, was pursued from the first, as the infant Saviour was pursued by Herod. The murderers of man's innocence and felicity, the demons, with all the allied passions—pride, lust, selfishness—had an instinctive presentiment that Christianity was destined for their discomfiture. They were accordingly up in arms against it. They sought to stifle it in its cradle; and when disappointed, they ceased not to pursue and persecute it with the most rabid and unrelenting animosity, saying all manner of evil things against its professors—belying them."—vol. i. p. 219.

The second book ends with the detection and defeat of Piso's conspiracy,—a period at which Rome may be said to have reached her culminating point of glory. How awfully dramatic the contrast presented by the scene to which we are introduced in the following book; where Belisarius, forty days after the departure of the barbarian destroyers under Totila, rides forth at the head of his guards to survey the desolation they had left behind!

"A marble wilderness extended on every side, as far as the eye could reach, strewed with the ruins of Vitruvian villas, temples, and aqueducts; the waste water of the latter had filled all the valleys and overflowed the low grounds of the Campagna, converting into marshes and mantling pools, those regions which, ere while, had abounded with all the delights of the Hesperides. The thoroughfares of the nations were silent and lonely as the double line of tombs through which they passed. The towers and inscriptions over the gates had been torn down, and their bronze portals carried off in the plunder train of the barbarian. The rock-built walls of Rome lay low; and the tramp of their war horses was muffled by the grass, as Belisarius and his troops rode under a succession of dismantled arches, down towards the forum, along the 'sacred way.'"  
—vol. i. p. 263.

"At the second siege of Totila, there was so much cultivated land within the walls, that Diogenes the Greek governor, thought the corn he had sown would be sufficient to supply the garrison and citizens in a protracted defence. As to the suburban regions, once so beautiful and full of life and gaiety—from the shores of Ostia to the ridges of the Alban and Sabine hills—they were now a solitude, hideous, and sad to look upon, as a battle field of giants; where myriads of the slain have been left to rot and bleach under the torrid sun."—p. 270.

The long separation between the two scenes thus strikingly placed in juxtaposition, might seem to imply a corresponding gap in the historic survey of the fortunes of Rome. The interval, however, is filled up by an imaginary retrospect of Belisarius, as "casting himself in an attitude expressive of his grief upon a broken pillar of the temple of Fortune, his thoughts reverted from the scenes around him to that which Rome had presented in the zenith of her grandeur, and ran over in reveries, but little marked by order, the dark catalogue of disasters of which he beheld the consummation."

These reveries occupy the third, fourth, and fifth books; and, though fitful and irregular as day dreams are wont to be, are so pregnant with valuable and interesting matter, as to provoke a repetition of the regret that the author had not se-

lected a strictly historical plan, and thrown his thoughts into a more orderly mould. It would be vain to attempt an abridgment of this retrospective survey, which is already very much condensed. We can merely point attention to the principal contents of the remaining books.

The fourth book is in great part occupied with the history of the persecutions and the acts of some of the most remarkable among these early martyrs. How completely does the simple narrative continued from the fourth to the tenth chapter put to shame the "specious and ingenious extenuation of the cruelties against the Christians," of what even Sir James Macintosh calls the "*disgraceful* sixteenth chapter"! This narrative is chiefly translated from the Acts of the Martyrs, and is told (especially the story of Hippolytus, Adrian, and Paulina) with very great simplicity. Every device of cruelty was employed. The persecution of slander was added to that of blood; the false and blasphemous "*Acts of Pilate*" were industriously circulated, and inscribed on tablets of brass, to be posted in every public place throughout the empire. Confessions, purchased from the hireling defamers of the Christian name, were sent, together with these impious forgeries, to all schoolmasters and rhetoricians, to be committed to memory, and made the subject of daily declamation in the schools. So confident were they of success, that, like the Persians in Greece, they had already prepared the trophies of the victory; and Gruter has preserved two inscriptions, which record the complete triumph of Diocletian, both in the east and the west, and the utter extinction of the Christian name.\*

It is needless to detail the history of the defeat of this hope, and the triumph of Christianity. The tenth chapter briefly sums up, after Lactantius, the judgments of heaven upon the persecutors; and concludes with the decree of toleration which the scourges of God wrung from the miserable Galerius.

This triumph of the truth had sufficed to shew that the

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\* DIOCLETIANUS . JOVIUS . ET  
MAXIMINIANUS . HERCULEUS .  
CÆS . AUG .  
AMPLIFICATO . PER ORIEN-  
TEM . ET . OCCIDENTEM .  
IMP . ROM .  
ET  
NOMINE . CHRISTIANORUM .  
DELETO . QUI , REMP . EVERTEBANT .

Church stood not in need of earthly patronage; and the author well observes that Gibbon himself "supplies some of the most cogent proofs of this position: for, in his malicious attempt to disparage the motives of Constantine's conversion, his chief argument is this: that a statesman-like view of the condition of the empire, and of his own position in it, must have dictated to Constantine the sound policy of embracing the faith of Christ."

So far the conflict of the two adverse powers,—Rome (with which Paganism is essentially identified), and Christianity—has terminated in favour of the latter. At least, it has wrung from its deadly foe, the standing ground which had been so long withheld. But the designs of Providence were not yet accomplished.

"The fall of the empire, at this crisis, would have entailed irreparable injury on the Church.

"Persecuted for three centuries without being overcome or disheartened; gaining force from its own losses, and established with immovable firmness, by the very means which, if it had been a mere human institution, were the best calculated to subvert it; it is true, that Christianity had come out resplendent from every species of trial that could put its divinity to the test; but it is equally true, that it was not yet prepared to meet the anarchical transition-state, in which the destruction of the Roman world was to involve it. To complete the equipment of this ark, to be burdened not only with the treasures of redemption, with the pledges and hopes of immortality, but also with the principles by which the new social universe that was to spring up under its auspices was to be formed on the ruins of that old incorrigible one, so soon and completely to be swept away, an interval of tranquillity and freedom was requisite and indispensable.

"Not that the deposit of the faith required to be augmented; no, St. John, the last of the apostles, had left it complete; after his demise, not an apex or iota could be added to it, without violating its integrity. But to bar the success of forgeries in after ages, and to secure the currency of the great dogmas of Christianity, when the mere local monuments and reminiscences of its divine origin should have passed away; it was expedient that they should be stamped by the authority of the assembled churches; that the dispersed traditions should be collected while the echo of the apostolic preaching was, as it were, still audible, and the succession of witnesses, ordained, and instituted, and initiated by them, was still unbroken in so many provinces where it was soon to be interrupted. The canon of the sacred Scriptures was to be determined amidst an incredible mass of adulterated and apocryphal copies; their meaning, where litigated, to be defined; their genuine spirit to be

illustrated by the writings of the saints, formed in the hereditary schools of the apostles. The principles of church government, and of general discipline, but little needed, or called into operation during the rudimental epoch, when all was fervour and devotedness amongst pastors and people, the majority of whom had made the most trying sacrifices in embracing Christianity, were now to be thoroughly ascertained, and set in full activity. Whatever had hitherto been left loose, or exposed to doubt and discussion, was now to be made fast by definitions, and bound up and secured in creeds;—that nothing might perish in the tremendous concussions that were at hand, or be swept away during the dark and tempestuous time that was before the church.”—vol. ii. pp. 3-4.

And hence the mysterious providence, by which, even when she was already doomed to destruction, and when decay had begun to prey on her vitals, Rome was for a time employed as the handmaiden of that Church, which, till then, she had treated with far more than the indignities of a bonds slave. The last scene of Constantine's triumph is the planting of the Cross on the summit of the Capitol!

It is a vulgar error, however, to imagine, that, with the triumph of Constantine, the downfall of Paganism followed without a struggle.

“It is well nigh a century since the triumph of the Labarum, and still Rome wears the aspect of a pagan city. One hundred and fifty-two temples, and one hundred and eighty smaller shrines or chapels are still sacred to the heathen gods, and used for their public worship. Above all still towers the Capitol, with its fifty temples, bearing the titles of the *dii majores* and of the deities and heroes tutelary of Rome, and of the empire—the temples of Jove, of Juno, and Minerva; of Mars, Janus, and Romulus; of Cæsar, and of Victory.

“Nor was it alone the ancient legalized religion of Numa that was still upheld: Rome had become the rallying point—a city of refuge for every thing that was pagan in the whole empire: there was no form of superstition that had fallen into contempt or been banished from other quarters, that did not flourish there, and celebrate its rites with publicity. The prefect of the city, who wielded a sovereign authority in the absence of the emperors, was invariably a pagan. The nobility, with very few exceptions, were devoted to paganism to the last; and, for the rabble, who passed their lives in a round of brutal excitement and debauchery, its licentious and sanguinary festivals and shows had lost nothing of their fascination.

“Fifteen pontiffs exercised their supreme jurisdiction of all things consecrated to the service of the gods. Fifteen augurs observed the face of the heavens, and took the omens by which the state was to be governed, from the flight of birds. Fifteen sages guarded

the Sibylline books, and in junctures of public peril and perplexity gave utterance to the oracles which they contained. Six vestals devoted their virginity to foster the sacred fire of Vesta, and to keep eternal watch over the palladium and other mystic symbols—the pledges given to Rome by destiny, which it was fatal for any other mortal to behold. Seven epulos prepared the banquet given annually to the deities of Olympus—ordered the procession and the ceremonies of the festival. Three flamens were regarded with superlative veneration as the ministers of Jupiter, of Mars, and of Romulus, the gods who, in a special manner, watched over the fate of Rome and of the universe. The king of the sacrifices still represented the person of Numa and his successors, and as a portion of the ceremony, was put to flight like Tarquin. The Salians and the Lupercals still practised, with undiminished fervour, their solemnities of buffoonery and lewdness.”—vol. ii. p. 103-4.

For many a year did Rome cling to the old superstition, with which all her usages and institutions were associated. The edict of Milan gave nothing to Christianity, beyond the toleration which, in common with all other religions, it was permitted to enjoy. Ten years after the publication of this edict, while Constantine still threw his shield over the Church, an attempt was made at Rome to compel all, even Christians, to join in the public sacrifices. Even the emperor incurred the hatred of the people by refusing to sacrifice at the Capitol with his troops. And, indeed, the pagan historian Zosimus attributes the removal of the seat of empire to Byzantium, to the desire of freeing himself from the unpopularity which, at Rome, still attached to the profession of the Christian name.

The transfer of the seat of empire confirmed the pagan character of Rome, which became emphatically the pagan, as Byzantium was the Christian, capital of the empire. The accession of Julian, for a time, gave power to the party thus obstinately wedded to the old superstition, and, even after his overthrow, the senate still retained the same character. When Gratian refused to be invested with the sacerdotal robe of pontifex, the senate threatened to transfer their allegiance to his rival Maximus; at the inauguration of Tertullus as consul under Attalus, all the pagan ceremonial was rigidly observed; when Alaric hung over the doomed city, a public edict commanded that the offended gods should be appeased by sacrifice in the Capitol. Many of the festivals continued for a long time to be regularly kept up, and the most indecent of all, the Lupercalia, was not abolished till the end of the fifth century, under Pope Gelasius.



Meanwhile the fatal hour of Rome was drawing nigh. We shall not dwell upon the successive visitations of the barbaric ministers of Divine vengeance. They are described with awful minuteness and fidelity, and the author has interwoven with his narrative a running commentary on the prophecies which seem to have received their fulfilment therein. For this, we must refer to the third book. But there is one circumstance mentioned in the second volume, which we cannot pass by: it is during the second investment of Rome, when Alaric, his love of plunder only whetted by the enormous bribe by which they had sought to purchase his withdrawal, returned with fresh determination to the siege. Having obtained an entrance, in the silence of midnight, through the *Porta Salara*, (the gate through which almost every ill has entered Rome), they filled the city with indescribable horrors. Guided by the forty thousand slaves who had fled from their Roman masters to attach themselves to the ranks of Alaric, they were enabled to penetrate every retreat, however carefully concealed; and where they passed, devastation, dishonour, and death, stalked in their footsteps. But it would seem as if all these terrors were levelled solely against *pagan* Rome.

"But the Almighty, in punishing with chastisement so terrible the obstinate remains of paganism in Rome, caused his mercy to shine forth at the same time with his justice. It was proclaimed by the king of the Goths, that he warred not against St. Peter: he ordered the churches, and places consecrated to Christian purposes, to be respected; appointed the two great basilicas of the apostles as inviolable sanctuaries of refuge; and so strictly was this order observed, that the barbarians not only halted in the career of slaughter on arriving at these hallowed precincts, but many of them conducted thither such as had moved them to pity, that under the protection of the apostles, they might be saved from the rage of others, who might not be found equally compassionate."—vol. ii. p. 151.

The retrospect of Belisarius becomes more bloody, as it draws nearer to his own times. The campaign of the imperial army, which cost Italy fifteen millions of men,—his own triumphs, full of glory to himself, but of fatal consequence to the doomed city,—the still more fatal successes of Totila,—the selfish brutality of the governor Bessas, who traded upon the distresses of the wretched citizens,—and at last the treachery of the sentinels, who opened the gates to the enemy, and thus baffled Belisarius in his meditated plan of relief,—these completed the destruction of the city; and when the cardinal archdeacon interceded with Totila for the miserable



remnant of its inhabitants, there remained but five hundred Romans to be spared at his prayer!

It is amid this silence and utter desolation that the author introduces St. Benedict upon the scene,—an occasion well contrived to add interest to the discourse of the saint upon the mysterious constitution of the Papacy, and the influence which it was designed to exercise upon the destinies, not only of the Church, but of the world; however, we can only refer the reader to this interesting dissertation. It will be found at p. 207 of the second volume.

The scene shifts once more to a pilgrim hospice at Canterbury. The time is the year of our Lord 800. Round the hospitable hearth of this venerable hall a motley company is assembled:

“The serf and the earl, the mitred abbot and the monk, the anchorite and the steel-clad baron, were blended in harmonious intercourse, and grouped together, in their brilliant and fantastic costumes, without the slightest appearance of assumption on the one side, or of repulsive arrogance of the other: chapmen, clerks, and needy palmers, were mingled, as guests of the church, with lordly prelates, and even with æthlings, and crowned monarchs of the heptarchy. In short, young Christendom was represented in that convent hall. Missionaries returning from St. Gall, and Fulda, and Keisserswerd, from Corbie and Heidenheim, were met by others hastening to those outposts of Christianity: reinforcements drafted from the great dépôts of Lismore, and Lindisfarne, from Benchor, Iona, and Jarrow. Votaries, from beyond the Pyrenees and the Alps, commingled with those who had made the pilgrimage of the Holy Land, had visited the Jordan, and the mounts of Horeb and Ararat, and even seen the Pyramids.”—vol. ii. pp. 229-30.

But among them all, there is none attracts such a share of attention as Alcuin; and every other object of enquiry was forgotten, in the eagerness with which they all prepared themselves to listen to the letters which Eginard, the secretary of Charlemagne, had written to Alcuin, his venerated preceptor and friend, concerning the coronation of his royal master at Rome on the preceding Christmas-day. The letters contain the intelligence of the canonization of St. Switbert at Werda, and of the coronation of Charlemagne at Rome by the pope Leo III. The announcement of the latter event is received by the pilgrims with unrestrained joy:

“But one austere man—a monk of Iona—joined not in the hymn, but kept pondering, darkly, within himself, saying:—“How hath it come to pass, that, together with the ‘keys of the kingdom

of heaven,' the sceptre of the church, the sceptre of temporal sway also, over Rome, and over the famous realms that did send forth the conquerors of the nations, hath come into the hands of the fisherman; of him who entered the imperial city without scrip or staff? How have his successors come to be seized, and possessed, of those dominions; and is it meet, or for the good of the church, that they should sway them?"—vol. ii. p. 270.

To the solution of this interesting question, the remaining chapters of the volume are devoted. They are beyond all comparison the most valuable of the entire work. We must not mar the pleasure of reading by giving a regular analysis, and after one or two extracts we shall hasten to the close:—

"It was not on a sudden, or by means of violence, that the successors of a Jewish fisherman attained to the kingly power over the city of the Cæsars, and to that paramount influence in the political affairs of Europe, which they exercised during the middle ages. The germ of a dominion, which ultimately embraced so many vast and warlike monarchies in its shade, and reared its head for centuries above those of kings and emperors, would seem to have been planted as early as the 'mustard seed' itself. Hildebrand, or Boniface VIII, or John XXII, never claimed a jurisdiction in temporals more absolute or universal than was exercised *de facto* by the first pope; for 'as many as were possessed of lands or of houses sold them, and brought the prices of them, and laid them at the apostles' feet.' The infant church had 'all things in common,' and thus did it happen that the supreme control of the secular as well as of the ecclesiastical interests of the Christian commonwealth, at least while in its germ, came to be vested in St. Peter.

"Far from being weakened by time, this tendency of the primitive Christians became confirmed from day to day, mainly on account of the persecutions. Every thing conspired, during those seasons of tribulation, to detach them from earthly projects and enjoyments, and to prompt them to such investment of their treasures as is so emphatically and frequently recommended in the gospel. The influences acted with greater force and uniformity in Rome, than in any other quarter of the church. It is evident from the 'Acts of the Martyrs' that the wealth of the Roman Christians during the first three centuries was in a great measure, if not altogether, at the disposal of the popes; so that before ever they emerged from the catacombs they had the control of immense temporal resources. Their property was vastly augmented by the munificence of the Christian emperors, and by the princely converts who emulated their example. From the reign of Constantine, the estates of St. Peter are to be met with in the most fertile provinces, not only of Europe, but of Africa and Asia; besides those of Egypt and the East, some of which have been already specified,

there were in Italy alone the patrimonies of the Cottian Alps, of Tuscany, Sabinia, Bruttium, Calabria, Lucania, and Sicily.

"History bears testimony to the spirit in which these possessions were administered. As long as the persecutions lasted, they were expended in the maintenance of the poor, in the solemn interment of the martyrs, in the erection and embellishment of oratories in the crypts and catacombs, in sending out missionaries, in procuring consolation or liberty for the captive confessors, and in sending aid to the most distant provinces of Christ's kingdom in their distress."—vol. ii. pp. 271-2.

The constantly increasing misery of the city continued to call for the interposition of the same paternal care on the part of its bishops. When they themselves possessed not the power to protect the city by the strong arm, their influence frequently averted, at least for a time, the scourges which impended over the people. And when at length the fatal blow fell, and when Italy and Rome sunk in one common ruin, it would seem as if all the hopes of the people, in every emergency, mechanically turned to those whom long-continued acts of beneficence had taught to regard as far more than their spiritual fathers.

The pontificate of Gregory the Great contributed more than all to develop the relation existing between the bishop and his flock; and the Roman pontiffs who succeeded him acquired new claims to the gratitude of the people, by their continued efforts to repress the ambitious projects of the Lombards. The imbecile indifference of the emperors, coupled with the tyrannical exercise of that authority which they took no means to preserve, estranged more and more the affections of their Italian subjects. The outrages of the Iconoclast controversy, and the impious efforts of the Isaurian to drag from the people of Italy a religious practice which they had inherited from their fathers, completed the alienation of the West from the Byzantine throne. In vain did Gregory the Second interpose to check the indignant spirit of the Italians. The disaffection became wide and universal; and when the Isaurian, in his blind and infatuated hatred of the Pope, called in the assistance of the Lombards—the hereditary enemies of his throne in Italy—the measure of his crimes against Rome was filled up. Still it was Gregory who, by his prayers and his all but superhuman influence with the Lombard Luitprand, averted the scourge which the unnatural emperor had destined against his own city.

However, even this failed to teach the emperor wisdom. The new pretensions of the Lombards were regarded with the

same unaccountable coldness. The remonstrances, the entreaties for assistance, repeated over and over again by the pontiffs, were disregarded. Italy was abandoned to her fate with predetermined indifference:

"Yet, with all this, the rule of the Byzantine Cæsars was not cast off by the Italians; it became effete, and was permitted to drop from the hands of those who should have held it. The provinces, thus abandoned, were driven to take measures for their own defence. Unable, however, of themselves, to cope with the invaders, and despairing of any help from the East; what course remained but that which was taken, to call in the valiant chief, who was not more renowned for his prowess as a warrior, than for his devotion to the apostolic see? And it is quite as unworthy of the probity and candour of Muratori, as it is in keeping with his theories relative to the secular dominion of the popes, to pretend, that when Pepin made his celebrated 'donation,' he was generous at the expense of the Greek emperors; because he must have known, that according to the acknowledged principles of the '*jus gentium*,' the provinces won by Pepin from the Lombards were *his* by right of conquest. 'Beyond all controversy,' says Grotius, 'if we regard the law of nations, what is wrested by us from enemies, cannot be reclaimed by those who were in possession before those enemies, but who were ousted by the fortune of war.' Now this was precisely the case of the Greeks. We have seen how they permitted Italy to be ravaged and usurped by the Lombards, and how ineffectual were the repeated entreaties of the popes for aid to resist and dispossess the invaders. Beyond all question, Ravenna and the Pentapolis were lost to *them*, before ever Pepin set foot in Italy. These provinces, so far as they were concerned, were, to all intents and purposes, '*bona derelicta*.' Surely the Greeks had no claim upon the military services of the Frank king. When, therefore, that valiant warrior drove out the tyrannical invaders of those provinces, at the prayer of the aboriginal possessors, what pretensions had the Byzantines to step in and claim the spoil, or prevent the pontiffs from being formally invested, by the victor, with a sovereignty, the duties of which they had proved themselves so eminently qualified to discharge? Hence, never was title more valid or just, than that which gave to the successors of St. Peter, in the year of our Lord 755, the sovereignty of the exarchate and the Pentapolis, of Spoleto, some portions of Tuscany, and of the entire dukedom of Rome;—that fertile, populous, and beautifully diversified tract of peerless Italy, which constitutes the territory of the Roman pontiff of the present day."—vol. ii. pp. 300-2.

For the full development of this part of the subject, we must refer to 304 and the following pages. The rapid and condensed survey of the series of events which led to the final

establishment of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes in Italy, forms the most interesting portion of the volume.

We cannot take leave, without transcribing the concluding paragraphs:

"We have seen two dynasties enter into conflict within the walls of Rome. The one,—that of the Cæsars,—was standing, when the conflict commenced, upon the highest pinnacle of human grandeur, armed with all the forces of this world: the other,—that of a Jewish fisherman,—was seeking in vain to shelter itself in crypts and caverns among the relics of the dead; but, instead of being crushed and annihilated by the strokes dealt down upon its undefended head, during three centuries of the most direful persecution, this dynasty of the catacombs continues to graduate in power, serenely and uninterruptedly, until it is beheld enthroned in the palace of the Roman emperors,—feared, venerated, implicitly obeyed, and, in every respect, looked up to with child-like docility and affection, by the atrocious, brutalized, and indomitable barbarians, who had utterly subverted the empire of the Cæsars, and involved the ancient social world in a chaos, that appeared irremediable, until, under the auspices of the same dynasty, it started into Christendom.

"Than all this,—though the most pregnant and impressive FACT in history,—nothing more natural, more inevitable, can be imagined, provided the Divine promises and prophecies be interpreted, as they have been in these volumes, according to the dictates of common sense: but if viewed in any other light, it will be found impossible to save the Divine veracity, without denying FACTS, not only recorded in the annals and traditions of all civilized nations, but registered in MONUMENTS AND INSTITUTIONS that seem to be as imperishable as the earth itself."

It is indeed a wondrous destiny! Twice again, almost within our own memory, has the same spectacle been renewed. The anti-social republic of France enjoyed a momentary triumph over the sixth Pius. His saintly successor bowed for a space beneath the iron arm of the emperor. The enemies of Rome mocked at her fall, and laughed to scorn the now falsified pretensions of the Eternal City. Need we recall the issue of the contest? Even while we write, another antagonist of Rome,—one too who had enjoyed a temporary triumph—has reached our shores a fallen fugitive! Truly, it was well written by St. Chrysostom. "*Reges urbes everterunt, portus extruxerunt, et nominibus suis inscriptis, decesserunt; nec tamen eis quicquam profuit, sed silentio et oblivioni dati sunt. Piscator autem Petrus, qui nihil fecit eorum, quoniam virtutem est prosecutus et civitatem maxime regiam occupavit, etiam post mortem resplendet, sole clarius!*"

ART. VIII.—1. *A Memoir on Ireland, Native and Saxon.*

By Daniel O'Connell, M.P. Vol. I.

2. *The Spirit of the Nation.*

3. *The Irish Sketch-Book.* By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh (Thackeray). 2 vols.

IT is now nearly three thousand years since a certain nation had reached the summit of prosperity, under a long pacific reign. Its ships brought gold from Ophir, and spices from Arabia, and ivory from Tharsis. Coa furnished it with horses, and Egypt with chariots; the lofty cedars rolled down the steep sides of Libanus for its palaces, and Sidon sent its workmen to fashion them with skill. Cities were built in distant provinces, and abundant supplies of all the necessities and redundances of life streamed into the capital. Such periods of luxuriant prosperity, social and commercial, seldom last long. They are an artificial life,—a tension of the nerves of the body politic: collapse is sure to follow. In this instance it came with a change of government, at the accession of a new king. The heavy burthens which the people had borne without murmuring, under circumstances of such rare prosperity and national glory, were now intolerable, and they petitioned for relief. A man of strong mind, popular character, and high public position, headed the movement. Their remonstrances were taken into consideration; and two courses suggested themselves. One was to go kindly into their case, grant redress, and grant it cheerfully. "If thou wilt yield to this people to-day," said the aged counsellors to the sovereign, "and condescend to them, and grant their petition, and wilt speak gentle words to them, they will be thy subjects always." But unfortunately young men were in *those* days admitted to the council-board,—fiery spirits who scorned to be moved by the attitude which an entire petitioning people had assumed. We have not been told what reasoning they employed, to put aside this prudent and humane counsel. Perhaps they said that if one concession were made, it would soon be followed up by other requests; and that the people once yielded to, would never know where to stop;—so it was better to put an end to the thing at once, and make a firm stand. A strong refusal, followed up by coercive measures, was therefore their alternative. Unhappily it prevailed. The people were told, in no gentle terms, that so far from



any relief being contemplated, new severities were in store for them. What was the next step of which the people thought? *Separation*. They were of tribes which but for a time had been united to that more powerful one to which the royal house belonged :\* they never had felt strong common interests. Now, therefore, they with one accord proclaim : "What portion have we in David? Go home to thy dwellings, O Israel; now, David, look to thy own house."† And the separation did take place: Juda and Israel became two kingdoms.

We may look at these events merely with a view to their historical teaching, without reference to the awful certainty recorded for our instruction, that "the Lord *blinded*" the eyes of *that* government, in order to fulfil, through its mistake, a solemn and severe prophecy. Independently of thus learning that harsh repulse, under such circumstances, was a course neither wise nor godly, we may here see the natural workings of popular feelings, briefly but strongly, depicted. Three days sufficed to effect the entire revolution: from the presentation of the petition of grievances, to the sundering of the more afflicted provinces. Aye, and it was a bloodless revolution too. The king prepares his hundred and forty thousand warriors in vain. A stern voice of heaven bids him desist; and he must fain obey it. How much wiser would it have been, had he listened to the same voice, suggesting mercy in another form, through the principles of human wisdom!

Such is an epitome, a miniature picture, of the usual manner in which dependent parts of empires are severed. Instead of days, it may take years to ripen into open disaffection the silent discontent which slighted remonstrances sow. But the course is natural, and the fruit sure. England lost America, and Holland Belgium, by this process. These two cases exemplify the result of different causes,—the civil, and the religious: it is more dangerous where both exist, and where a people thinks its interests neglected, and finds its feelings galled under the double yoke. We are not justifying, still less are we advocating, the course which we have described. We *are* describing it, and nothing more. Whether the people of Israel were overburthened or not when they petitioned in a body for relief, any more than America was, we are not told. But that to speak to a people so petitioning in

\* 2 Reg. ii. 10

† 3 Reg. xii. 16.



harsh terms, and to shut the door in their faces with a threat of severer coercion, may be, and has been, the result of a judicial blindness, and may bring about the very dismemberment which it is intended to prevent,—we have most certainly recorded.

Let us now look at Ireland; and peradventure we can best bring the parallel to bear by a few questions, *à la Sewell*. Is Ireland in the condition in which such a country, well-governed, ought to be? Has she not many causes of complaint? And are not those causes, many of them at any rate, *ex confesso*, specific and real? Has she not called for attention to her grievances, and sued for relief? Has she not assumed a strong and imposing attitude? Does she not speak in the concentrated voice of millions, in making her petition? Has she not seriously begun to aim at the alternative of separation, in a milder form than in former instances, but therefore the more dangerous, from its winning many more timid minds? And has not the answer returned been of theharsh—*est*—that concession has been exhausted,—that her grievings must not even be enquired into,—and that new and galling enactments must be made. Has this been a wise, a prudent course? Is it likely to cure the evils of the country, and to cement that union which they that pursue it will not hear of having dissolved?

The answer to these questions is by no means difficult. It does not depend upon one's views concerning Repeal. Those who would love to see the two fair islands linked together in eternal sisterhood,—not walking side by side in sullen peacefulness, but hand within hand in hearty affection,—will deplore and deprecate the course pursued by one towards the other, as much as they who long for separation will loudly and indignantly denounce it. Ireland then complains, and complains unanimously; complains of long misrule, of unfair legislation, of party domination, civil and religious. Where are her proofs? Shut your ears, if you please, to her words; refuse to hear her remonstrances; look at least with your own eyes, and see. It is a country the natural advantages of which none can deny, with a variety of soil suited to every agricultural produce that the latitude allows, intersected with noble streams and lakes that facilitate inland communication, and indented with harbours of magnificent capacity and securest shelter. That once it enjoyed, as well as possessed, these gifts of Providence, no one can doubt. The mouldering, ivy-covered walls of churches and chapels in almost every

domain, and at short intervals over the country, are monuments as sure of a dense and flourishing population in the country, as the crowded headstones of a church-yard are of that of a town in modern England. The close-set castles, the residence of ancient nobility and gentry, upon every hill and in every valley, show the number of those classes that once dwelt where the wretched hovel now alone offers shelter to man. And then the more reproachful and almost frowning assurance given of former abundance and happiness by the nobler remains of glorious abbeys and convents, studding the country wastes of the now poorest districts, leaves no ground to doubt that these have been reduced to present misery by some cause not formerly existing. When we look over a vast plain or hilly tract, broken only by the loose-stone or earth fences, among which the cabins of the poor are scarcely distinguishable, either by their elevation or materials, with hardly a copse or tree to enliven the prospect; but when in the midst of this desolation, varied only by the black patches of intermingled bog, we see, as we are almost sure to do, a tall taper tower rising from a mass of dark ruin, like a beacon on a rock, in the sullen sea, it requires but little stretch of imagination to clothe the picture with its Catholic vesture, and transform its wintry look into a summer landscape. Who knows not that such noble institutions existed not ever, like poor-houses and gaols in modern Ireland, in the people's despite? Who knows not that they were sure to surround themselves with a happy peasantry, or rather settled themselves in the midst of them? Without these, their walls could not have been reared in their massive grandeur, nor their cloisters filled with cheerful contemplatives. Who sees not the ample demesnes spreading their noble avenues on every side, to shelter the well-filled granges and cheerful homes of a contented tenantry? Who sees not the hospitable gateway welcoming the destitute and harbouring the homeless, and the noiseless hand of charity dealing out succour from no niggard heart? Who, in fine, is not at once assured that where such a community existed, an impulse was given to agriculture by easy rents and paternal rule, which bestowed abundance on many, and sufficiency on all? Nowhere in the world have these sacred abodes of piety been, but this has been their necessary result; and we may safely conclude that in Ireland things were the same.

When, therefore, from such a picture we turn back to the reality; when the vision conjured up melts into air; and the

noble forest, the well-trimmed garden, and the shrub-clad glade subside into the swampy plain; when the abbey tower, instead of peeping over the masses of trees, stands thin and naked upon the roofless ruin; when the gladsome tenants, and their well-stocked farm yards, have dwindled into ragged and starving cottiers, with wretched potatoe-gardens; the question must suggest itself, *was* that, or *is* this the better state for the country to be in? And if the former, then surely the cry of "Ireland as she ought to be," is the word of truth,—the aspiration of hope,—the patriot's pledge; and not a factious wish, or a party pass-word.

Then trace the course of her noble rivers, and see them flowing in majestic silence, while their waters might, and ought to be, flurried in their course by the dash of wheels,\* or the crossing prows of busy craft. Go into her harbours, and see the ample riding-room for a fleet tenanted by a few fishing skiffs. Visit her sea-ports, once alive with traffic and its active life, now dropping slowly to pieces, like a vessel stranded on some tropical shore; with a pauper population, looking out with listless languor over the magnificent bay, without hope of seeing it furrowed by a single bark. Merely pass through her provincial towns, and compare them with the capitals of English shires, in which you are inclined to wonder who inhabit the rows of pretty houses in their outskirts, or the ampler residences of the neat squares or new terraces: and here you penetrate by a sad avenue of wretched hovels, only to reach a collection of shops without trade, and houses that often seem unowned.

Now all these sad appearances—nay, sad realities—must have a cause; and it is some one's place, surely, to discover it, and, if possible, to remove it. Is the land, naturally fertile, so poorly tilled, from want of hands to do the work? Are the mill-wheels stopped, because there is no corn produced for them to grind; or the mighty water-power, equal to ten thousand steam engines, and, being nature's gift, imperishable, inactive for want of industry or skill in its application to the exercise of mechanical ingenuity? Are the harbours empty, and the wharfs grass-grown, because the island's position is unfavourable to commerce, or because it can produce nothing

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\* "A few mills, by streams, here and there, but though the streams run still, the mill-wheels are idle for the chief part."—*Sketch-book*, vol. i. p. 42.

"Here and there was a tall mill by a stream-side, but for the most part empty, the gaunt windows mostly without glass, and its great wheels idle."—p. 65. Again, p. 162.

or make nothing worth exporting? or because there are no holders of property sufficiently rich to want the goods of other countries? Surely not one of these causes will explain the sad and sickening poverty, stagnation, misery, and hopelessness, which the country exhibits. Let us hear its description from the traveller whom we have chosen, *because* he is no friend to us, and shows no sympathy with our poor people's sufferings,—for he regards the decrepit and the destitute with an eye very different from that of St. Lawrence, and seems to find something either burlesque or loathsome in those manifestations of wretchedness, which will make the Catholic breast alternately heave with pity, and swell with indignation.

"So it is," writes Mr. Thackeray, "throughout the south and west of Ireland; the traveller is haunted by the face of the popular starvation. It is not the exception, it is the condition of the people. In this fairest and richest of countries, men are suffering and starving by millions. There are thousands of them at this minute stretched in the sunshine at their cabin doors with no work, scarcely any food, no hope seemingly. Strong countrymen are lying in bed 'for the hunger,' because a man lying on his back does not need so much food as a person afoot. Many of them have torn up the unripe potatoes from their little gardens, and to exist now, must look to winter, when they shall have to suffer starvation and cold too. The epicurean and traveller for pleasure had better travel anywhere than here; where there are miseries that one does not dare to think of; where one is always feeling how helpless pity is, and how hopeless relief, and is perpetually made ashamed of being happy." —p. 146.

What a frightful picture! "The richest and fairest of countries," and its inhabitants "starving by millions!" Nay, "starvation is the condition of the people!" Now, if this extract were from *Travels in Greece*,—if the writer told us that there the country is naturally as fair and its soil as rich as when every broken-down village of the present day was the capital of an independent state, its people as noble a race as when they sculptured the Parthenon, or defeated Xerxes; where is the reader that would not at once have accounted for the change, by the Moslem dominion, which had for centuries treated the natives as enemies, and sucked out the fat and marrow of the land, to uphold elsewhere a luxurious power, and support an obnoxious creed?

But, be this as it may, that "millions starving in the richest of countries" should be discontented, and that this discontent should take the shape of an enquiry, why they so starve, and what becomes of those riches? is surely no wonderful phe-

nomenon. Now, what must strike the people thus starving, and thus enquiring? The wealth of a country should be as its waters, which the genial heat raises, by insensible evaporation, into a higher sphere, only to descend thence in sensible and fertilizing showers. For, so the smaller contributions towards individual affluence,—the weekly pence from cottages and insignificant holdings, turn to silver in the tenant's purse; and many of these joined together, pass into gold in the landowner's coffer. But from this it should be flung back again generously over the land which has produced it: what has been gathered up in atoms, must fall in drops at least. If this law be violated, if the abundance of the land falls not back upon it, but enriches only other countries; if the owner of the soil is only as a sponge, that sucks up in one place to yield up in another; if, in other words, absentee landlords enjoy the profits of the toil of thousands, and enjoy them without benefit to them, we must expect the sufferers by this system to dislike and to denounce those who keep it up. Were occasional residence abroad, or the constant absence of some only, the evil to be complained of, it would not be a great one. But as in the starvation, so in every thing else, Ireland has to see the exceptions of other countries become her rule. Everywhere else the general rule is, that the proprietors of land live in the country where they hold it: in Ireland this is quite the contrary. Only for her especial use and benefit, has the English dictionary been enriched with the strange generic, "*absenteeism*." Persons may be *absent* from any other country; only *in* Ireland are there *absentees*; and these, forming a class, must have a substantive describing the essence or distinctives thereof—*absenteeism*. This is a state of existence unknown elsewhere, representing intimate connexion with a place, yet perpetual remoteness therefrom; ownership without occupancy; possession without enjoyment. You pass here and there through a neater village, in which you see new plantations, tidy gardens, green hedge-rows, and slated cottages; and you may reckon to a dead certainty that you will soon come to the wall of a well-kept domain, with a good hospitable gate; and if you enquire, you will find that the family live at home, and look to the wants and the improvement of their tenants. But you pass over vast tracts, where all seems going to rack and ruin, from the tumble-down hovels, that nestle together as if to support one another, on the road side, to the wretched tatters that do *not* cover the poor creatures dwelling in them; and as sure as fate, you will discover,

on enquiry, that the owner dwells abroad, and never comes to look after his people, whose faces he knows not, and whose cries of distress he hears not, save, perhaps, though an agent, whose heart has about as much tenderness left in it, as that of one of Pharaoh's embalmed task-masters. Is not this an evil? Is it not a crying one? Have not the sufferers by it a right to cry out, and complain most loudly? Is it any wonder that they should ask for some remedy, that they should be dissatisfied, if they are told there is none? that they should look out for one themselves? or that they should eagerly embrace, and ardently pursue, one which is proposed to them?

But, unfortunately, absenteeism is closely connected with another tremendous evil, which again has no parallel elsewhere; that frightful connection of the landlord with his tenantry, now too well known by the name of *extermination*. A horrible, unchristian, savage word forsooth! long unknown in European warfare, but too well understood in Irish peace. In the reign of Elizabeth, the "pacificators" of Ireland were certain military monsters who, having "brayed the people in a mortar, with sword, famine, and pestilence together," to use their own phrase, brought about the sort of peace and quiet which reigns throughout the great deserts of Africa. It was the pacification of *extermination*. The details of this frightful process have been so fully, yet so condensely given in Mr. O'Connell's work, that the Irish peasant will be too well able to connect the more modern process with the ancient, and be led to believe that the spirit which now is obliged to content itself with winter ejectments and the bloodless extermination of multitudes of the poor, is still a manifestation of the same anti-national feeling which prompted the more ancient cruelties. These periodical scenes of destruction have been too often described to call for more than a passing allusion. Every election is followed by them; the landlord, who fully knows his *rights*, but nothing of his *duties*, disappointed at finding his poor tenants refuse to vote in favour of the man who will do his utmost to perpetrate oppression, lets go at once the weight which he has taken care to keep ever hanging over their heads, and crushes them outright. They have had no leases; it suits absentee policy best to have none, and that in many ways: in none more than this. The estrangement between rich and poor—between the lord and the cultivator of the soil, and the consequent creation of distinct interests, which exists where the first class mingles not and sympathizes not with the second, leads to a claim as a service



being set up for that which, in a right state of things, would be voluntarily yielded. There never could be a dispute about a vote, between landlord and tenant, where both agreed in interest and feeling. Where the latter saw that the former had no political wish, the gratification of which would not increase his own happiness, that he would never support a candidate who had not at heart their common and indivisible good, he never would quarrel upon the subject, but would rejoice that he had a vote to present, as a token of his attachment, to his master. But where the poor man sees that his rich landlord upholds some person who will, on every occasion, oppose whatever can better his condition, or relieve his misery; who will ever speak of his religion as a superstition, and of his nation as aliens; when he knows that his vote in favour of such an enemy will be exacted as payment, in which his feelings are not to be even consulted; and that he will be driven to the polling-booth to give it in their despite; no wonder that this link, like every other social one in the country, should snap asunder, and that the right should be exercised without reference to his landlord's wishes. And what resource has the latter, having none in affection or kindly dependance, except coercion and fear? To these he has recourse; and too well are they employed. The poor tenant at will is let to know, that the occupation of his wretched holding, the rent of which is at the best oppressively high, depends upon a galling compliance with his unseen master's bidding, and the sacrifice of every natural, moral, and religious feeling to his pleasure. And if he have courage, as of late years many have had, to follow rather the better dictates of his country and conscience, he is too surely made the victim of an exterminating decree. A *clearing* takes place, as it is prettily called; the refractory cottiers are mercilessly ejected; whole families are turned out upon the wide world, women and children left to starve, while their former miserable, but happy, homes are levelled to the ground. But, instead of ourselves pretending to describe the scene, let us see the way in which it is put into the people's mouths, aye, and into their hearts, by the national songs which the Repeal Association are making popular throughout the world. This body is wise in its generation; and knows well the powerful influence which national minstrelsy will ever have upon the feelings of a nation. Never, perhaps, has a great popular cause been successfully carried on, without this powerful instrument being employed. The wild, and often



sublime, songs of the Klephts prepared those hardy mountaineers to strike at the Moslem dominion; the patriotic lays of Körner aroused and nourished the ardent love of "Fatherland" in Germany; and the Jacobite ballads, no doubt, helped not a little to keep up attachment to the cause of Prince Charlie. And now we have, in the *Spirit of the Nation*, a collection of "Irish melodies," already becoming popular, and not rendered less so, by the sagacious arrest of one or two ballad singers, for singing them to the million, in the streets of Dublin. Now, however, sung they are with impunity, and with that strength of lung which characterises the troubadours of the sister island. The songs are often of that vigorous and bold character which is sure to grasp the enthusiastic feelings of a nation under popular excitement. They are not drawing room verses, like Moore's, but good, rough, open-country songs, likely to echo well among crags; not to be accompanied on the harp of Tara's Hall, but to be widely played to by that of old Brian Borou, or some such bard. The following is headed *Extermination*. We omit the concluding stanzas, as referring more to things *under* the earth, than we like to quote.

"THE EXTERMINATION.

"Dominus pupillum et viduam suscipiet.'—Ps. 145.

I.

"When tyranny's pampered and purple-clad minions  
Drive forth the lone widow and orphan to die,  
Shall no angel of vengeance unfurl his red pinions,  
And, grasping sharp thunderbolts, rush from on high!

II.

"Pity! oh, pity!—A little while spare me;  
My baby is sick—I am feeble and poor;  
In the cold winter blast, from the hut if you tear me,  
My lord, we must die on the desolate moor.

III.

"'Tis vain—for the despot replies but with laughter,  
While rudely his serfs thrust her forth on the wold:  
Her cabin is blazing from threshold to rafter,  
And she crawls o'er the mountain, sick, weeping, and cold.

IV.

"Her thinly-clad child on the stormy hill shivers,  
The thunders are pealing dread anthems around—  
Loud roar in their anger the tempest lash'd rivers,  
And the loosen'd rocks down with the wild torrent bound.

## V.

"Vainly she tries in her bosom to cherish  
Her sick infant boy, mid the horrors around,  
Till faint and despairing, she sees her babe perish—  
Then lifeless she sinks on the snow-covered ground."

Now, these acts of oppression and cruelty,—for a milder name they must not have,—are even more intimately connected with legislative or political provisions than mere absenteeism; the evil strikes the mind as proceeding from a vicious state of the law, the remedy seems within the compass of its powers. The cry for some measures to regulate tenure expresses this feeling on the part of the people. On this subject we have already expressed our sentiments,\* and therefore need say no more. But we are aware that since then, it has been more clearly intimated in the House of Commons and elsewhere, that this is a matter which no legislative enactment can reach. Can this be true? Can no means be devised, whereby security in the free exercise of so important a privilege as the franchise can be ensured? Or, is there no power in law to check the cruel and oppressive exercise of rights on the part of the rich? Is coercion only for the poor? And is there no strength in the arm of public justice to stay that of private tyranny? no voice to proclaim with dignity, "The widow shall *not* be turned out to perish on the hill-side; the orphan shall *not* be driven to starve in the ditch, while the house that sheltered him is wantonly wrecked or burnt before his eyes? The reeking wickedness of oppression of the poor shall *not* rise to heaven from the smoking ruin of their huts, to draw down vengeance on a kingdom that permits these things." And, that too, while any of these poor creatures, galled to the quick, stung to the very heart's core, were he to commit the smallest act of retaliation, would be visited by relentless law; while that widow, were she but to take a fagot from her oppressor's grounds to warm her shivering little ones, or the orphan, did he snatch a potatoe from his field, to allay his hunger, would have the dungeon and the tread-mill ready to teach him how to respect the rights of others. Is it not too bad, that a man who comes into possession of an estate, will cherish the wild fowl that is upon it, and jealously protect its multiplication and growth, nay, will even consider the brakes in which the prowling fox harbours sacred, as, of old, the religious grove; and yet will value at nought the fellow-crea-

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tures whom the same God that made him has placed in the land, to be fed by its produce, and to enjoy on its surface their humble lot? How many will go again and again into their plantations, and hesitate before they consent to the hatchet's thinning their crowded growth, and yield but as to a necessity when they allow the straight aspiring sapling to be felled, who yet will coolly and unceremoniously order entire families to be plucked up, drive their tall and fair youth beyond the ocean, and their aged and little ones to beggary and starvation, merely to disencumber their property of supernumerary inhabitants, and to consolidate their small holdings into larger farms? We have no hesitation in saying, that were such a view of the rights of property practically taken in any other Christian country (slave-holding ones excepted), the legislature *would* step in, and devise a remedy, or take the first that offered, even though defective. We hold the right of property to be sacred, but holier far do we deem the rights of man. The question of tenure, and the right to interfere with it, and the mode of doing it, are, in truth, knotty points; but harder it is, by many degrees, to answer, before the tribunal of a righteous God, "the orphan's father, and the widow's judge," for reversing every commandment of love which He has given, for starving and stripping His poor, instead of feeding and clothing them, and turning them out of their homes instead of harbouring them.

But, if these evils are beyond the power of worldly legislation, they surely are not beyond the sphere of spiritual reprehension and correction. Were the country entirely Catholic, the power of the Church would step in, and her voice would soon be heard speaking the words of prohibition which we have just rehearsed. She was able to proclaim them of old to princes and emperors, heedless of their fretful wrath. But here is the bane of Ireland, to have within her two religious systems; the Church of the people, and the Establishment of the rich. There is the clergy of the poor, and the clergy of the rich: the one which suffers and sympathizes with the oppressed, the one which lives and feels with their lords. The one cries out indeed aloud, but is unheeded; the other would be listened to, but is dumb. And the latter possesses wealth, title, rank, consideration, weight, and influence, such as these things can give; and with them ease and comfort, absence of pastoral solicitude and care: while to the former's share, fall dependence, and often poverty, obloquy and misrepresentation, and all the labour and anxieties of a weighty

pastoral charge. Is it wonderful that the people should feel sore and indignant at this contrast, and think the very existence of a huge religious establishment, in part hostile to its interests, for the rest useless, an eyesore, and a perpetual source of irritation and pain? We do not mean to draw our readers into the statistics of the Catholic, and of the Protestant, bodies in Ireland. The subject has been often enough brought before public notice, and may be, perhaps, treated more formally by us at some future period. For the present, we are dealing more with public feelings than with calculations. This we believe to be incontrovertible; that repealers and anti-repealers have here no difference,—all Catholics meet upon common ground when they speak of the Irish Establishment as the grievance of grievances, the crowning evil, the direst bane of Ireland. While it lasts there will be no peace; it is hardly in human nature that there should.

The organization of ecclesiastical government in Ireland is perfectly anomalous, containing no parallel in any other country, or in any other age. An entire body of clergy, composed of archbishops, bishops, deans, and chapters, and parochial clergy, constituted and endowed upon the fictitious scale of having to govern a people consisting of nine millions, while their real charge does not amount to above half a million, is a monstrous violation of every just principle; it is as unnatural a thing as a chimera, or any dream of a diseased imagination. A hierarchy of one religion and a people of another; shepherds (as they consider themselves), without flocks; ecclesiastical rulers without subjects; preachers without an audience; teachers without scholars; such must the Church establishment appear to any impartial observer. To the Catholics, among whom they dwell, they are much worse. There are parishes,—many of them, in fact,—in Ireland, in which a single Protestant does not reside, beyond the clergyman's own family. Let us single out a case, a true, and not in any respect an imaginary, one. We have, then, a large rural district, in a perfectly Catholic county, poor and depressed to the last degree: in the parish, not a single child, in the memory of man, nor as far back as records can give evidence, has been baptized *into* the Protestant Church, or by its minister (perhaps his own children excepted); of the entire population, not one attends his service,—his very clerk is an unfortunate Catholic, who is seduced by the emolument to assist him, but compels him to arrange his church-hours so

that he may hear mass first ! This, again, is really true. In other words, instead of the Church here being "*pastori grege adhærens*," it is a shepherd without a single sheep. What would be the natural consequences to be expected from such a state ? That, his occupation being gone, the expense and trouble of keeping up an establishment for him would be dispensed with, and that his church would either be applied to some useful purpose, or else let to go to decay. But it is not so. His manse is kept trim and neat ; his equipage smoothly wheels his wife and daughters to the resorts of gaiety in the neighbourhood ; his church, silent, solitary, and chill though it may be, is put into the most perfect repair, and, perhaps, warmed and rendered comfortable, at the public expense.\* His eight hundred, or thousand a year, is secured to him from the pauper population, and the law pertinaciously considers him as their clergyman and parish priest. The whole is fiction to the mind of the Catholic from beginning to end: his spiritual jurisdiction is a fiction ; his parochial rights are a fiction ; his orders are a fiction ; his flock is a fiction ; very probably his very presence or residence is a fiction ; for while his *living* is in Galway, he may live at Cheltenham ;—but the income is no fiction ; that the law now sees duly and fully paid to him.

Can we imagine such a state of things to exist, without soreness amounting at last to irritation, and discontent swelling in the end to wrath ? Can the entire population of a parish help feeling it as a grievance, that the five policemen, perhaps, who happen to be at the nearest station, being Protestant, are to have a well-steeped church, a handsome parsonage, and a clergyman kept for them at their charge ; while they the thousands are left totally out of all consideration ? For the grievance is rendered far more intolerable by the contrast. While the establishment, thus kept up for the few, is so well appointed in all worldly concerns, the real work of a religious system is discharged by a very different body, and on very different terms. Thanks be to God, the characteristics of Christ's kingdom are not ease and abundance, splendour and worldly rank. Prescinding from all theological questions,

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\* There is a system, like many other things, not known out of Ireland, that of borrowing congregations. When commissioners come to inquire into the state of a church or congregation, the clergyman borrows from two or three neighbouring parishes, their family flocks, and makes a tolerable show for the day. Hence in returns made, the same heads figure, and are counted, in several congregations, and make up several fair totals.

and appealing to those same natural sentiments which our blessed Saviour was pleased to appeal to, when he solved the question, "Who is our neighbour?" supposing for a moment that the priest and the minister could set up an equal title on the score of orders, mission, and institution, and taking, like Solomon, feeling for the test of the parental instinct or *στροφή*, men and angels must at a glance decide to which belongs the claim, on the ground of discharging the duties, of the sacerdotal office. Is there famine in the country; and does the poor labourer pine, with his little family starving around him? The table of the manse smokes as cheerfully as ever, with its wholesome and abundant viands; the desolation of the neighbourhood is not reflected within its comfortable walls. But the distress of the people is felt, is pitied, is relieved, as far as poverty can relieve, nay, is shared to the full, by their priest; and his hopeful and consoling words help them to pine on in resignation, without a murmur. Which of the two is the shepherd, whose voice do the sheep hear? There is sickness in the hamlet,—the fever which destitution and affliction engender,—the low, consuming, yet burning, typhus. Within the cabin, there is the wailing of the little sufferers, and the moan of their helpless parents; the chariot-wheels of the rector roll by, they stop not at the door, its sounds of misery reach not so far. But within, sitting by the bed-side, or what holds its place, holding the hand of the fretful patient, or moistening his lips, sits the youthful curate, scarcely come from his college, yet acting the father's part; he bends over the wasted frame upon the couch of death, and catches the fitful moments of recurring consciousness, to throw in the word of hope, and administer the soothing balm of religious consolation. Which is the good shepherd that is ready to give his life for his sheep, and which the hireling who flieth, because he hath no care of them? And yet the law of the country will call the rich clergyman the master, the father, the pastor of those poor creatures, and have him well paid as such, and will take no note of the other, or, by implication, consider him as an interloper and an intruder! And must not the people feel this as an outrage upon their best principles, and an absurd and unnatural state of things?

We have been told lately, on occasion, we believe, of Mr. Ward's motion, that the charge of the clergy's support does not fall upon the bulk of the people, that is on the poor, but upon their landlords; and that, therefore, the former have no grievance to complain of in this respect. Into this fallacy,



we have been sorry to see even persons, whose Catholic tendencies we have respected and admired, allow themselves to be drawn. We wish not to go into the financial view of the matter; though on this, we are sure, much may be said: we are looking at grievances, and these may arise from moral causes as well as from pecuniary. While, therefore, we hold that ultimately it *is* the people who pay for the support of the clergy of an establishment which has no sympathies with them, nay, which has constantly acted towards them a hostile part, we must insist that the irritation caused to their feelings by the monstrous and preposterous existence of such a system, is and must be a heavy and oppressive evil. Say the proprietors are protestant, and choose to pay £500 *per annum* to the Rev. Mr. A., to induce him to live, with his amiable family, in their neighbourhood, because he will give them additional agreeable society; and we will not murmur. But give the same gentleman the same sum, on the ground that he is, and shall be considered by the people, whether they like it or no, their spiritual teacher, their ghostly father, their priest and pastor; give him all the legal rights and pre-eminence of such; thrust him forward in their faces as alone duly authorized to exercise religious functions in their behalf, and push aside their kind and venerable priest, who baptizes, and absolves, and communicates, and anoints them, who preaches to them and prays for them, as having no business among them: and we say that, apart from pounds, shillings, and pence, there is grievance and insult, and even oppression.

And let us add to this, many other considerations. While, besides the maintenance provided, the one has his church kept and repaired, for nobody's use, at the public charge, the entire population of the parish are struggling in vain to raise a roof over their heads, or rather over the altar of God: they perhaps see the walls which they have starved themselves to raise, standing in danger of ruin, from want of means to cover them:—nay, perhaps, in many years scarcely risen to the necessary height. Then comes the manner in which their clergy have to be provided for them. A paltry grant, dealt out with niggard hand, is yearly passed in favour of the college which has to educate them, a grant further embittered by the annual seasoning of it, with some of the vilest and most rancorous abuse of those whom it insults. It is, indeed, the tempering of vinegar with gall, is that periodical debate upon that miserable allowance; not to speak of the less regular assault of almost every traveller, from Sewell to



Thackeray, upon that sacred establishment. How differently will a just-minded man look round those venerable walls, within which, poor and mildewed though they may appear, are made sacrifices to God and His Church, such as the sumptuous halls of Trinity College never witness. The youth who enters in, drops at the door the ambitious aim, and the worldly hope; lowers at once the chances of his life to the reduced average of the priest's in Ireland; sets against his blooming cheek and robust frame the midnight journey and the tainted death-bed atmosphere; quenches at once the sparkling wit and brilliant talent, so common in his country, in the sober well of sacred learning; and choses, instead perhaps of the comfortable yeoman, the eloquent barrister, or the thriving merchant, to be the poor despised priest of a poor despised people. Severe is the discipline, austere the training, mortified the life, which form the necessary initiation to so hard a lot. The course of theological studies prescribed and followed there, is, without exception, the most extensive, accurate, and profound, in the British Empire; and the professors who deliver it would be qualified to fill the chairs of any continental university. The spiritual duties and exercise of religious offices are strict, frequent, and most devout. The entire community, in fact, presents the nearest possible approach (why should we not say, is equal?) to the great establishments of other Catholic countries for ecclesiastical education. Many an edifying record could the spiritual superiors of that house give, of spotless minds and blameless lives; of youths whose vigour and health have pined away before the lamp which glimmered on their crucifix and their book; of early hopes and bright promises that have ripened for heaven instead of earth, and souls that have gone forth in the fresh purity of an innocent youth, thither, where they could intercede for their poor country, instead of being sickened and fretted by her miseries. Happy, we say, their lot! blessed beyond that of their fellows! they have made their sacrifice in heart and will; it has been accepted: but they have been spared the anxieties and the trials through which it has ordinarily to be accomplished. But while all this is going forward, while an ascetic life of study, the union between learning and piety may there be contemplated—a combination as rare in our times as it was common in former ages—the supercilious visitor walks through the courts and galleries of the building, peers into a few rooms, snuffs up the scent of dinner, and goes out again to write notes, wherein May-

nooth is denounced to the world as a miserable and squalid establishment.\* Suppose even the exaggerated picture to be true (of which it is the very reverse), why taunt those who are the sufferers, with the poverty of their state? Why not rather admire the spirit which can, with such absence, as it appears, of worldly comfort, cherish the virtuous pursuit of learning, and reserve indignation for those who would rather stint still further the resources of the college? Mr. Thackeray, perhaps, did not know that the income is not equal to the essential charges laid upon it; that every gain which economy the most rigid, by self-denying rulers, can affect, goes to further the real purposes of the establishment—the furnishing of as many clergy as possible to the people; and that had choice to be made between mere outward show, and more numerous pupils, zeal, and a sense of duty, would infallibly plead in favour of the latter. But, at least, the pains which he took to enquire into the whole system of such comparatively paltry institutions as Templemoyle and Dundalk, might have been not unworthily bestowed upon making himself acquainted with something more at Maynooth, than the aspect of a dressing table, and the roasting of the mutton.

But to return from what may be considered a digression; we repeat, that so long as the people are of one religion and the national Church-Establishment—for *Church* it is not—of another, so long will there be disunion, dissention, discontent, and loud complaint. Even if the Establishment itself were inoffensive; if all Orange bitterness were fully drained out of it, from archbishop to parish clerk, and the utmost sweetness infused in its stead; if its clergymen walked the land the sleekest and meekest of men, and all association, past and present, with process servers and drivers were washed from people's memories; if they could be brought to exercise towards the poor every office of kindness, which superior education, ample means, and high social station can give power to discharge; yet all will be useless towards reconciling the great mass of the inhabitants of Ireland to their existence. Their priest will ever be the man who baptizes their children, and buries their dead, who marries, and absolves, and feeds them spiritually, who instructs and guides and corrects them. Whoever else usurps this sacred title in their behalf must be an object of mistrust, of dislike, nay, of utter aversion.

We have thus glanced rapidly and imperfectly at some of

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\* Sketch-book, vol. ii. p. 307.

the many grievances whereof Ireland complains. Many, however, we have left untouched. The list is not drawn from the *loci communes* of Repeal oratory; it is one which every Catholic in Ireland has by heart. It has been solemnly rehearsed at the close of the session this year, by a large portion of Irish representatives, in an appeal, subscribed by them, to the English nation; all who signed it being opposed, rather than favourable, to the Repeal agitation. Now, there can be no doubt, we think, that the wall of separation between the two parties has been growing gradually thinner and thinner,—nay, that gaps have been made in it, which are tempting many to cross over. For, in fact, what is the difference now remaining between the two? Why, merely this: while both admit completely, or nearly so, the existence of the same grievances and just causes of complaint; while both agree that a remedy, a speedy, a complete, a final remedy, must be found and applied, for them; they disagree only regarding what this shall be. The one looks straight towards the extreme term of possible legislation, the surrender of all power to legislate for Ireland, by that legislature which is supposed to be hostile to it: a surrender, of course, coercive, though constitutionally obtained: in other words, Repeal of the legislative union between the two islands. The other party will not believe that such extreme measures can be necessary; they have more reliance on the justice of a British parliament, on the good feelings of the English people. They think and say, that relief may be obtained for every separate grievance, and that application made for it, earnestly, unanimously, and perseveringly, will not be rejected. They still persist in hoping; and urge others to hope. But if these hopes are at once dashed, if this reliance is directly undeceived, by declarations that concession is at an end, that there is not even a ground for enquiry into these imaginary grievances (as they are called), is not every thing done which can be desired by the advocates of Repeal, to prove how frail and slender is the separation between the two parties, or rather, as we have said, to make sad breaches therein, and loop-holes through which the shafts of O'Connell's burning eloquence can be directed against his opponents in his own country, or, at least, through which they can all confer together on a more friendly footing? Is not the hope of redress which one party has held out, we know not whether as the antidote or the antagonist to Repeal, thus taken out of their mouths? and are they not exposed to a charge almost of inconsistency, if they do not change sides?

Would it not have been wiser, to act as the aged counselors of Juda's king would have advised him, to speak kind and conciliatory words to the complaining people, to give their grievances all patient and considerate attention, and study earnestly to redress them? Instead of this, the only measure thought of, proposed, or carried, by those charged with the destinies of the country, has been one of a galling, coercive, and most unpopular character. And every step taken within the country itself has been of a similar complexion. The dismissal of so many gentlemen from the commission of the peace, has served to add motives of a local and personal nature, to the more public ones, of discontent, and made many enemies out of those who, till then, had been indifferent. The movement of forces, military and naval, upon points where there was no idea of the slightest disturbance (as on Waterford), has betrayed at once want of accurate information, and an uncertain policy, which has irritated, without healing, the general dissatisfaction. A wanton insult to the amiable and venerable Archbishop of Dublin, at the castle, has made it too plain to all, in what estimation the highest dignitaries of the national religion are held, by the present rulers of Ireland.

Was not all this, and much more, the very reverse of conciliation? Was it not likely to fan the flame already kindled, and prick and goad on to higher excitement, and to hastier steps, the irritation already existing? And yet we are persuaded that no danger of any outbreak need be apprehended; we are convinced that, in spite of newspaper alarms, Ireland is in a state of perfect tranquillity. And to whom are we indebted for this security? Not to the faithful remnant of the expurgated magistracy, not to the troops that have been poured into the country, and have been hailed with cheers on their landing, but to that clergy, which has been so much contemned, and so evil spoken of. Their having joined "the movement," gives us a better guarantee for the repression of outrage, and the maintenance of peace and order, than either the wisdom or the power of our government. A single prelate of our Church is a surer bulwark of protection to society at this moment than a commander in chief; and we have more reliance on a small band of priests than on a staff of general officers. They will sway the multitude whom they bring together by that gentle rule which they hold over them through their ministry, to refrain from violence, and to obey the law. We do not speak here upon a question of principle; we are only dealing with a fact. The rulers of Ireland have to answer for it; but certain it is, that whatever we might

theoretically wish or approve, the safeguard of tranquillity is with those who are the most severely blamed for having joined the associated multitudes. Mr. Thackeray seems to have been greatly amused by a window in his hotel, which was not, as is usual in England,

“Ponderibus librata suis,”

but supported by an artificial prop: which, had it fallen, might have decapitated or crushed the looker through. He might have seen many similar examples in the social and political condition of the country, where the natural counterpoises and regulators of things have been either removed or never brought into use; and other forces are compelled to act, which get but small thanks for an interference, that saves, perhaps, the very scoffer from destruction. This is but another of the many anomalies of which we have already given examples.

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ART. VIII.—*Notes on the Ministry of Cardinal B. Pacca, Secretary of State to His Holiness Pope Pius VII, from the 18th June 1808, to the dethronement of the Pope by Buonaparte on the 6th July 1809; also, an account of the Cardinal's Journey with the Pope to Grenoble; his imprisonment in the fortress of San Carlos at Fenestrelles, from the 6th August 1809 to 5th February 1813; his Journey to Fontainebleau and Paris, and final return to Rome on the 24th May 1814. Translated from the Italian of Cardinal Pacca. Dublin: 1843.*

WE have long desired an English translation of these interesting Memoirs. It is not merely as an accession to our too scanty stock of works connected with the ecclesiastical history of the present century. Familiar as we all are with the Catholic literature of the continent, an English translation can hardly be considered in this respect a very important acquisition. To most of our clerical readers, and, indeed, to all who cultivate Catholic literature at all, the work was already known by the excellent French translation published several years ago. But the subject is one with which we should wish to see all, without exception, made familiar: and we have every hope that the present volume, or, perhaps, a cheap reprint of it, will find its way even into the humblest literary circles in the country.

Perhaps there is not a people in Europe for whom it is better adapted than our own. The Irish have ever, in the worst times, cherished an affectionate devotion to the holy see, which far outsteps the measured limits of dutiful obedience. Their attachment has always been more a feeling than a duty,—the child of the heart rather than of the understanding. It is a development, under another type, of the same spirit which they display in their devotedness to their national clergy;—divested of the familiarity which intercourse begets, of course, and chastened and subdued by the superior dignity of the object. With their characteristic imaginativeness and warmth, they seem to have fully realized the idea of the "*Vices Christi Gerens*;" to have forgotten the abstraction of the Pontiff from the man; and, identifying the person with the office, to have kept constantly before their eyes the sacred and preternatural character with which each individual pontiff is invested. How full of interest for such a people a volume like the present, which relates the sacrilegious dethronement and captivity of one of the holiest and most amiable pontiffs that ever filled the chair of Peter! It is not alone the momentous character of the struggle which it records; it is not its importance to religion and to society, nor the almost romantic character of the events which it crowds into a few years. It has a far more touching and tender interest for them, in the personal details regarding the father of the faithful himself,—his trials and his sorrows, the indignities to which he was subjected, and the mild but unyielding firmness with which he endured them. Hence, though but a few days have elapsed since the publication, there is scarcely a Catholic journal in the country in which it has not been noticed; and thus it has been brought home, not only to the very humblest classes of readers, but, from the peculiar circulation of these journals, to numbers who are not readers at all. It would gladden the heart of the venerable author, could he have witnessed, as we have done, the thrill of indignant sympathy which ran through a simple village circle, as they listened, on a Sunday afternoon, to his own recital of the escalade of the Quirinal and the arrest of the Pope, read aloud from one of the weekly newspapers. It might remind him of the feeling which the actual occurrence created in the spectators, and which he himself well illustrates in Dante's magnificent lines:

"Veggio in Alagna entrar lo fior d'aliso,  
E vel vicario suo Cristo esser catto,  
Veggiolo un' altra volta esser deriso!"



It is hardly necessary to inform our readers that the veteran author of these most interesting "Memoirs" is still, though in his eighty-seventh year, a distinguished member of the sacred college of cardinals. He has already entered on the forty-third year of his cardinalate, and it is a playful boast of his, that five of his present colleagues have been born since he received the hat. To few has been granted a career so long, so eventful, and so honourable;—few names with which more stirring recollections are associated. His reminiscences include the entire history of the last memorable century. Born in one of the most glorious epochs of the Church,—the pontificate of the immortal Lambertini,—he lived to see her stricken to the earth powerless, and without hope from earthly succour. He is a living witness of every scene in this wondrous revolution. He was old enough to lament the first blow at her power in the suppression of the Jesuit order. His first struggle as a public man was against the ungenerous policy adopted by Austria and Naples towards the Holy See. But the storm for a time swept over her.

"He saw her glories, star by star, expire;"

the throne of Peter levelled to the dust; its aged occupant dragged into an ignominious exile; its venerable councillors driven to seek a precarious home through the cities of Europe; irreligion enthroned in the holy place; impiety seated aloft in every chair of learning; holiness trampled contemptuously under foot; the very name of Christianity blotted from the page of modern history! But, thanks to heaven, he was spared to see the picture once more reversed. From the depths of her humiliation, he saw the Church rise once again, in the strength of that divine vitality which no earthly power can extinguish! Nor was he a silent and inactive spectator of these wondrous events. Invested, while still young, with the prelacy at Rome, he was at once introduced into the routine of public business, and distinguished himself so much by his talents and his zeal, that, in 1786, he was intrusted at the comparatively early age of thirty, with one of the most delicate and difficult missions in the Church at the time—the important nunciature of Cologne. From this anxious, though honourable, post, he was transferred to the nunciature of Lisbon; and, at Pius the Seventh's first nomination of cardinals, he was raised to the purple, as an acknowledgment of the important services which he had rendered to religion. During the early years of this pontificate, he filled several of the chief offices of the Roman court; but the most unqui-



vocal proof of the high estimation in which he was held, was his being selected as secretary of state in perhaps the most difficult crisis which the fortunes of Rome ever saw,—the period which forms the subject of these memoirs, from the occupation of the city by the French army in 1808, till the return of the Pope from captivity in 1814.

The declining years of the venerable cardinal, since the storm has passed away, have been devoted to the calmer duties incidental to his high station. Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, dean of the sacred college, prefect of the Datary, and member of most of the congregations, he has ever been distinguished in all as a model of exactness and of every ecclesiastical virtue. And yet, amid his manifold occupations, he has found time for literary labours of no ordinary magnitude. The "Memoirs" which form the subject of the present notice were published in 1828; and besides being translated into German and French, passed through four editions in Italy within three years from their publication. This interesting work was followed by a history of the nunciature of Cologne, and a similar volume upon that of Lisbon; and in 1833, his eminence published what may be deemed a supplement to the present "Memoirs," a narrative of Pius the Seventh's withdrawal from Rome to Genoa, at the approach of Murat's army upon Rome. Even still, in his eighty-seventh year, he has not relinquished his veteran pen. We have at this moment before us a new introduction to the memoirs (still unpublished) above a hundred pages in length, and containing a history of the affairs of Rome from 1805 till the commencement of his own ministry; and this very year he read, at the opening of the *Academy of the Catholic Religion*, a long and most interesting dissertation on the present state of Catholicity, which has since occupied the attention of the leading journals throughout Europe.

The memoirs, however, though not published till 1828, were written many years before. They are, in fact, substantially the notes made at the time; scarcely, if at all, modified before publication, except in so far as subsequent events threw light upon the facts which they relate. Few works have ever been composed under greater disadvantages;—the author being in prison, under the severest surveillance, and strictly forbidden the use of writing materials.

"From the first moment that I had put my foot within the fortress, the commandant had intimated to me the order of the government, by which I was strictly forbidden to write to any one, or to sign

even my name to bills of exchange, or any other writings. In fact, the day after my arrival, the gaoler, making the visit of my room, took from my valet Michael, paper, penknife, and pens, telling him that if he wished to write the list of his expenses, or anything else, it was to be done in his room and presence. To remedy this, I procured from Count Baccilli, afterwards a prelate, writing materials, and concealed them carefully in my room. I could not, however, place myself at the table by day, as the commandant often came unexpectedly into the room, as did also the fort-major, and more frequently the gaoler and the soldier destined to serve me. I took the plan of rising before sun-rise, and, in those tranquil hours of perfect silence, unfolded these apologetical sheets, which I always kept about my person, until I could consign them to my nephew, who was brought at that time about twice in the month by the commandant to visit me, and give me news of our family. My nephew kept them hidden in his prison, and he had the cleverness to carry them away with him when he left Fenestrelles to go to Milan."—pp. 11-12.

The narrative commences with the arrest of Cardinal Gabrielli on the 16th June, 1808, and the appointment of the author to succeed him as pro-secretary of state on the 18th of the same month. It closes with the return of the papal court to Rome, May 24, 1814. The intervening history, however, is not given in full detail. Being a personal narrative of the author, it particularizes but little beyond what fell under his own observation; and when it is remembered that, for a great portion of the interval, he was a state-prisoner in the fortress of Fenestrelle, it will be easily understood that as a regular history of the period, it is necessarily incomplete. Fortunately, however, the portions in which it goes fully into detail—as the abduction of the pope, and the revocation of the articles of Fontainebleau—are those with regard to which no one else could furnish authentic information; and the part which is purely personal—as the account of the author's imprisonment—is not only in itself extremely interesting, but abounds with anecdotes of men and things during this memorable period, which throw very great light on the general history of the time.

Seldom did a secretary of state receive the portfolio under more trying circumstances. On February 2nd, 1808, the French treacherously occupied Rome. At that time Cardinal Casoni held the office. During the four months which followed the occupation of the city, it passed through no less than three different hands. The infirmities of Casoni unfitted him to retain office in so difficult a crisis. Cardinal

Doria, who succeeded, soon after received orders from the French government to resign, and was compelled to quit Rome and retire to his native city, Genoa. His successor, Cardinal Gabrielli, had a still shorter tenure. He was unceremoniously arrested in his own apartments; all his papers were seized and placed under the French seal, and he himself was compelled to resign without delay. It was at this critical moment Pius VII called on Cardinal Pacca, of whose firmness and determination he had already had abundant proof.

The new secretary did not disappoint the expectations of his sovereign, though his course could only be defensive and unresisting. His official publications composed during this troubled period, do him, in our eyes, fully as much credit as his most popular works, written with all the advantages of uninterrupted literary leisure. They are perfect models of diplomatic composition, uniting energy with tact, and displaying alike the dignity of the prelate, and the determination of the patriotic minister of an insulted sovereign.\*

Occasionally, however, affairs became more serious than a simple warfare of the pen. The French governor having not only permitted, but directly encouraged, the enrolment of a body of disaffected men under the title of a civic guard, the cardinal secretary, after repeated, but unavailing remonstrances, found it necessary, at length, to publish a notification expressive of the pope's warm reprobation of this unlawful proceeding. This measure gave mortal offence to the governor, and his vengeance was, of course, directed against the secretary. A few weeks afterwards, two officers of the imperial army entered his apartments and communicated to him the orders of the general, that he should leave Rome on the following day, apprizing him that he would find at the Porta San Giovanni, a body of horse to escort him to his native city, Benevento. The scene is a characteristic one.

"I answered him quietly, that in Rome I received commands from no one but the pope, and that, if his holiness forbade my leaving Rome, I certainly should not do it. I concluded that he would have gone to his holiness's apartments, to take his orders. Muzio, however, told me that General Miollis had given orders not to allow me to quit that room, except when leaving the Quirinal, consequently he could not permit me to go to the pope's apartment.

\* These interesting documents will be found in the collection printed by authority at Rome, in 1814; or, as this is now extremely rare, in the fourth volume of a work entitled "*Documenti Autentici relativi alle contestazioni fra la S. Sede ed il Governo Francese*," without date, but printed at Pesaro in 1833.

I answered, that without an express command of the pope, I should not quit my post, and that not being able to have a personal audience of the holy father, I should write a note to ask him to let me know what his sovereign intentions were. Muzio did not oppose me, and went away, and in the presence of the captain who remained, I wrote with my own hand an account of all that happened, to the pope; and had it presented by a clerk in the secretary of state's office. I then talked of indifferent subjects with the captain, when a few minutes after I heard the door open with great force, and his holiness announced. I ran immediately to meet him, and found him in such a state, that he did not recognise me, though I was dressed in the cardinal's purple cassock, and he cried out in a loud voice, 'Who is it? who is it?' 'I am the cardinal,' I answered, and kissed his hand. The pope repeated, 'Where is the officer?' I pointed him out to him; he was near him, in a respectful posture. Then the pope, turning to the officer, enjoined him to tell the general that he was tired of suffering so many outrages and insults from one calling himself a Catholic; that though he well understood to what all these repeated acts of violence would lead; that they wished to take away from him all his ministers, one by one, so as to prevent his exercising his apostolical ministry, and the rights of his temporal sovereignty; that he commanded me not to obey the pretended orders of the general, to follow him to his apartments, and to remain his companion in prison; that if they attempted to put the meditated project of separating me from him into execution, the general should order all the doors to be forcibly opened, and the armed force to penetrate as far as his apartment, and then all the consequences of this unheard of excess would be imputed to the general."—pp. 34-6.

The determination thus displayed by the Pope, saved the secretary from further molestation; but it produced no change in the aggressive policy of the French government. On the 17th of May 1809, an imperial decree was published, declaring the papal territory henceforth united to the kingdom of Italy; and on the 10th of the following month, the French standard was hoisted on the castle of S. Angelo. This undisguised and long foreseen aggression, drew forth the celebrated bull of excommunication, which had been prepared in anticipation. It was posted on the afternoon of the same day. We do not mean, however, to dwell upon this, and we allude to the fact only for the purpose of correcting a mistake of Artaud, who asserts that it was not done till the following night.\*

After a step so decisive nothing more remained to be done, and they awaited in silence the outburst of the emperor's

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\* Vol. ii. p. 208.

vengeance. It was not long delayed. We shall give in the cardinal's own words the history of the treacherous and unmanly consummation of all the indignities heaped upon the unresisting pontiff. There is an unaffected simplicity in his tone, and an absence of everything approaching to affectation, or straining after effect, which is extremely pleasing in one who was himself a sharer in all the indignities which he relates.

"From what came to my knowledge at the time, several piquets of cavalry occupied the streets leading from different parts of Rome to the Quirinal; troops were also posted at some points to keep up the communication with the interior, and towards seven o'clock a body of infantry came by forced marches, observing the strictest silence, from the neighbouring quarters, and surrounded the palace at some distance on every side. Then the police, at day-break, the gendarmes, supported by the military and some rebellious subjects, well known by their hostility to the pontifical government, escalated the palace. After a day full of anxiety and labour, having watched the whole night, till near half-past six o'clock, and seeing the first dawn, without hearing any noise either on the Quirinal or the neighbouring streets, I had retired to my apartment to take some hours of rest, fancying the danger of the night was passed. I had scarcely laid myself down, when I heard my servant come in to inform me that the French were already in the palace. I rose in haste, and ran to the window, from whence I saw several armed people, running with lighted torches in the garden, looking for the doors of the palace, and others getting down by ladders from a wall against which they were placed, into the court-yard, called the yard of the bakery. At the same time, another troop scaled the wall by the help of ladders, and got into the windows of the rooms of some of the Pope's servants, looking out into the streets leading into the Porta Pia, and ran to open the gate on the square, in order to give a large body of men admission to the court-yard. I immediately sent my nephew, John Tiberius Pacca, to awake the holy father, as had already been agreed upon, in case of any extraordinary event occurring during the night; and shortly after ran up myself in my dressing gown. The Pope rose with perfect composure, and dressed in the dress of a prelate, with the stole, came into the audience chamber. The Cardinal Despuig and I, some of the prelates inhabiting the palace, as well as officers and clerks of the secretary of state's office, were assembled there. Meanwhile, those who were knocking down all the doors of the apartments with hatchets, came at length to the one where we were with the Pope, who ordered the door to be opened, to avoid greater disorder, and any unpleasant disaster. The Pope came from his seat to the table, nearly in the centre of the room; we two cardinals were at his side, one on the right, and the other on the left, and the prelates,

the secretaries, and clerks, made room for us. On the door being opened, General Radet, who was the director and executor of the operations, entered the room, followed by some French officers, chiefly of the gendarmes, and by two or three Roman rebels, who had conducted and directed the French in the escalade of the palace. Radet placed himself in front of the holy father, and the others stood around them. For some minutes there was perfect silence, we looked with astonishment at one another, without saying a word, and without moving from the position in which we stood. At length General Radet, pale, with a trembling voice, and labouring to find words, said to the Pope, 'that he had a painful and distressing task, but having taken an oath of fidelity and obedience to the emperor, he could not do less than execute it; that he must, therefore, on his part, intimate to him his wish that he should renounce the temporal sovereignty of Rome and the state, and that in the event of his not acceding to this, he had orders to bring him before General Miollis, who would point out the place of his destination.' The Pope, without discomposing himself, with a firm voice, and in a tone full of dignity, answered in nearly the following terms—'That if he thought himself bound to execute such orders given to him by the emperor, in virtue of his oath of fidelity and obedience to him, let him reflect on what manner we were obliged to sustain the rights of the Holy See, to which we were bound by so many oaths; we cannot give up nor renounce what does not belong to us; the temporal dominion belongs to the Church of Rome; and we are only the administrators of it. The Emperor may divide it into pieces,\* but he shall never obtain the cession of it from us. After all we had done for him, we did not expect this treatment.' General Radet answered—'Holy Father, I know that the emperor owes you many obligations.' 'More than you know,' he replied, in rather a sharp tone; and then continued, 'are we to go alone?' The general answered—'Your Holiness may bring with you your minister, Cardinal Pacca.' I was standing at the time at the Pope's side, and asked—'What orders does the holy father give; am I to have the honour of accompanying his holiness?' Having answered me in the affirmative, I asked permission to go into the next room, where, attended by two officers of the gendarmes, who pretended to be looking at the room, I dressed myself in the dress of the cardinal, with the rochet, expecting to accompany his holiness to the palace Doria, where General Miollis lodged. While I was dressing, the Pope with his own hand wrote a list of the persons he wished to accompany him, and had some conversation with General Radet; and I was told, amongst other things, that whilst the Pope was settling some things in the room, Radet said to him, 'Your holiness need not fear; nothing

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\* This is a mistake. The original, "*L'imperadore potrà farci a pezzetti*," means, "The emperor may cut us to pieces."



shall be touched.' The Pope answered, 'He who does not value his life, cares much less for his goods.'—pp. 76-9.

Long as this extract has been, we cannot help subjoining the following almost ludicrous circumstance, if indeed any circumstance in such a scene could be regarded in this light:—

"A short time after, the Pope asked me if I had brought any money with me, and I answered him—'Your holiness has seen that I was arrested in your apartment, and was not permitted to return to my own rooms.' We then took out our purses, and, notwithstanding the affliction and grief in which we were justly plunged by our being thus torn away from Rome and its worthy population, we could not repress our laughter, having found in the Pope's one small piece, called a papetto, and three grossi in mine; so that the sovereign of Rome and his prime minister began their journey in a truly apostolical style. The Pope was in a cassock and stole, and I myself with my rochet and cassock, without even a shirt to change, nor money, except only thirty-five bajocchi. The Pope, joking, showed the papetto to General Radet, saying to him, 'Of all my principality, see what I now possess.'"—pp. 80-1.

Very different the feeling with which the following extracts will be read. Cardinal Pacca, though eventually separated from the Pope, was permitted, as we have seen, to accompany him during the first days of his painful journey:—

"The holy father consented with the greatest resignation, and we continued our journey, shut up, as it were, in our carriage, almost without air, in the most burning hours of the day, under the hottest sun of Italy, in the month of July. Towards mid-day, the Pope expressed a desire to take some food, and General Radet caused a halt to be made at the post-house, in an almost desert spot on the mountain of Viterbo. There, in a close room, the Pope, seated on an old broken chair, the only one in the house, at a table covered with a soiled napkin, eat an egg and a slice of ham. He immediately after continued his journey, become most painful from the excessive heat. Towards evening the Pope was thirsty, and being in a part of the country where a house was not to be found to ask for a drink, the serjeant of the guard got some dirty water which was running across the road, and gave it to the holy father, who was satisfied with it. \* \* \*

"After nineteen hours of a most painful journey, to the great inconvenience of the Pope, who often on the road expressed his sufferings to me (I was ignorant at the time of the malady he suffered under, which must have been increased by his travelling post at such a rate), we arrived towards three o'clock at night, Italian time, that is an hour before midnight, on the mountain of Radico-



fani, and alighted at a wretched inn there. Not having clothes to change, we were obliged to keep on those we wore, which were wet with perspiration, and which the cold air, predominating even in the midst of summer, dried on our backs. We found nothing prepared in this inn. A small room was assigned to the holy father, and another next to it for me, with the gendarmes posted at the door. I assisted the servant to settle the bed for his holiness, and prepare the table for his supper, dressed in my cardinal's dress, with the surplice and rochet on."—pp. 99-100.

At Grenoble, the illustrious prisoners were separated; the holy father being carried on to Savona, while the cardinal was sent to the fortress of San Carlos, at Fenestrelle. His confinement was not only rigorous in the extreme, but attended with harshness and indignity which reflect eternal disgrace on the memory of his persecutor.

"I had scarcely entered my room, when I ran instantly to the window to observe if I should have even the benefit of the fine view, if it were possible in this horrid prison, but I found that it looked upon a flight of steps in the interior of the fortress, and had in front a high wall, which in fact excluded all view. I went to the other window of the room, and saw a very high alpine mountain, the Aberjan, of which the summit only was visible; and in several places the snow was to be seen in the summer season, which I left still master of the field in the same place, after three years and a half's imprisonment. The apartment in which I passed almost all that time, was on the ground floor; the roof was cracked and rent in several places, from the shocks of an earthquake of the year before; the walls, black and smoked, resembled those of kitchens and blacksmiths' shops, and from the flooring to the height of the cornice, the walls were covered with disgusting remains of those dirty writings, which Monsignore Giovanni della Casa forbids even the mention of. The flooring was composed of boards, half rotten, covered with dirt, and fit only to be, as they were, the receptacle of mice. I found no other furniture in the room than what I had hired at first at my own expense, consisting of a bed, four old broken cane-bottom chairs, and a wooden table, roughly made, exactly like a shoemaker's bench. Whatever I saw around me, and what I had heard from the commandment on my first arrival in the fortress, caused a terror in my mind which increased when I saw that my servant did not return from the village where he had remained with my clothes. The thought of being left alone, totally abandoned, in the hands of the governor, excited other painful ideas in my mind, upon which I had recourse to the means of consolation which religion administers, and recited some devout prayers on my knees. On a sudden my mind became serene, and, a short time after, my faithful servant returned, and I had the

assurance that he was to remain with me. The Major Jamas, who inhabited the fort, came in the evening to visit me, and learn if I wanted anything, and how I found myself. Having thanked him for his attention to me, I told him that being a priest, and also an archbishop, I wished to say mass in the chapel of the fortress; which I considered certainly would not be denied me; and I begged him to have a priest brought by the commandant, as a confessor, many days having elapsed since my last confession. The major answered me, that he believed there would be no difficulty with the commandant as to the celebration of mass, but that it appeared difficult that a confessor should be assigned to me after the strict orders from government not to permit any one to speak to me. "But you can," said he, "say mass when you wish." I replied, "I have not the good fortune of being without sin, and if a confessor is not allowed me, I must, to my great regret, abstain from celebrating mass." He then concluded by saying he would report my request to the commandment, and afterwards give me the answer. \* \* \* \*

"To these sufferings of the body were added the afflictions of the mind. I had the night before asked for some book to occupy my time, and distract me a little, and was sent a volume of *Voltaire* by an officer. I heard a bell ring in the corridor in front of my room, and learnt that a priest, a prisoner, was going to say mass in the chapel. I immediately desired my servant to ask Major Jamas if I could go with the other prisoners to hear it. He sent me word that he had not had any instruction from the commandant on this point; that he would ask, and let me have an answer for my satisfaction the next day: this rigorous conduct began to tire me, and was, indeed, extraordinary towards a cardinal archbishop. He asks for a confessor, and the answer is, that it cannot be granted; he asks for a book, and they send him a volume of *Voltaire*; he expresses the desire of hearing mass, and does not obtain the permission, and is even answered that they will ask instructions, whether they shall grant it or not in future. \* \* \*

"The commandant came to pay me a visit, with Major Gazan, and I instantly introduced the subject of the mass and confessor, praying him to comply with my request on these two important points. He answered me that he would give orders to the gaoler to come and let me know in the morning, when mass was to be celebrated, and to accompany me to the chapel, but that it was not in his power to grant me a confessor, from the express order given to him by the government not to allow me to speak with any one whomsoever."—pp. 144-6.

Cardinal Pacca's imprisonment continued from August 6th, 1809, till February 5th, 1813. During the greater part of this time the pope remained a prisoner at Savona. But in

the early part of 1812, the emperor suddenly formed the design of removing him to Fontainebleau. The following particulars of his journey could hardly be credited, did they not rest on an authority so unquestionable.

"On the evening of the 9th of June, towards seven o'clock, the pope suddenly received orders to prepare to return to France, and having made him change those clothes which might cause him to be recognized on the road, he was forced to leave towards ten o'clock in the morning. After a long and painful journey, in the hottest part of the day, he arrived at a very late hour of the night at the hospice of the Cistercian monks, at Mons Cenis.

"They took Monsignore Bertazzoli up into the pope's carriage at Stupinigi, in the neighbourhood of Turin, and he from that day never left his side. The holy father fell alarmingly ill at the hospice, to such a degree that the officers who escorted him thought it their duty to forward the news to the government at Turin, and to ask for instructions if they ought to remain there, or continue their journey. The answer given them was to execute whatever orders they had received; whence, though the pope had on the morning of the 14th received the holy viaticum, he was forced to begin his journey again the following night, and to continue it night and day until the morning of the 20th, when he arrived at Fontainebleau. He never left his carriage the whole of the road, and when he required any food or repose, his carriage (as already mentioned) was driven into the court-yard of the post-house in the least populous towns. The porter at the imperial palace of Fontainebleau having no orders, as yet, from the minister at Paris, could not admit him, and he was brought to a house of his, not far distant from the palace. A few hours afterwards the order came to admit the holy father into the palace, where some of the emperor's ministers came from the capital to pay their compliments to him."—pp. 273-4.

Meanwhile the faithful secretary was still detained in prison at a distance from his suffering master, nor was it till the general amnesty, accorded on the pope's signing the preliminary articles of Fontainebleau, that he was permitted to return. Indeed, even then Cardinals Pacca and Di Pietro were at first formally excluded; and it was only on the earnest and indignant remonstrance of the pope that they also were released from captivity.

The return of his tried and trusted counsellors was a source of new strength and consolation to the afflicted pontiff. The unhappy step of accepting the articles of Fontainebleau, into which he had been betrayed in an hour of sickness and exhaustion, had been to him, even from the first moment, a

subject of unceasing remorse and anxiety; and he only awaited their counsel and assistance to recall the consent which he had reluctantly given. The particulars of this important proceeding are detailed with great minuteness by his eminence, and are full of interest. Having already dwelt at some length upon this subject on a former occasion,\* we must now be content with a general reference to the first and second chapters of the third part.

The after proceedings of the emperor, which form the subject of the closing chapters, were of the same imperious and arbitrary character. On the 22nd of January, 1814, Pius VII suddenly received orders to return immediately to Rome. On the 25th of the same month, Cardinal Pacca, who had been denied the gratification of accompanying the pope, was directed to set out without delay, and in the strictest incognito, for Usez, in Languedoc. There he was suffered to remain for about two months; and on the 22nd of April, he set out for Rome, joining the pope at Sinigaglia, whence he accompanied him during the remainder of the journey. They entered Rome in triumph on the memorable 24th of the same month, since that time celebrated as a festival of the city.

We are perfectly conscious that these brief extracts will give but an imperfect idea of this most interesting work. But we have the less difficulty in referring the reader for the rest to the work itself, since we perceive that it is published for the benefit of the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity in Dublin. To the translator, though his volume is not without occasional traces of carelessness or haste, we are sincerely grateful. We only regret that, when he selected the edition of *Civita Vecchia*, as the basis of his translation, he did not subjoin the appendix of new and valuable documents, which are to be found in the Roman edition of 1830: and we trust that, if he be induced hereafter to reprint his book, he may, ere then, be enabled to prefix a translation of the new and valuable introduction which his eminence has prepared for the new edition now passing through the press.

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\* See vol. x. pp. 59, *et seq.*

ART. IX.—*Past and Present.* By Thomas Carlyle. 8vo. London. 1843.

WE have read this last production of Mr. Carlyle with feelings of no ordinary interest. Its author, indeed, has far stronger claims upon our attention than the infinite majority of the popular writers of this country. He is not only the most eloquent and energetic writers of the day, but one of the most profound and independent thinkers. And although his mind is one of the most original now exerting its influence on the literature of this country, he comes before us, professedly, in the character of an adept in all the mysteries of the modern German literature and philosophy. Our readers hardly require to be told that it is chiefly to him that we are indebted for what we know of such writers as Novalis, Jean Paul Richter, and Goethe. And Goethe has said\* of him, that he is almost more at home in German literature than the Germans themselves. Now, when a person of this character comes forward and offers his opinion in the boldest and most uncompromising manner upon those very subjects which are agitating the public mind, we should hardly be fulfilling our duties as reviewers, if we neglected to direct the attention of our readers to a work, in the matter of which so many of them must feel deeply interested.

To many persons, indeed, Mr. Carlyle's German studies and avowed German leanings are a matter of great annoyance, not so much because they are certain, *à priori*, that Germans must, necessarily, be wrong, as because their national feeling will not allow them to tolerate foreign importations of any kind. "Learn to talk in German," says Mr. Sewell, "and as Germans talk, and you will soon learn to think in German, and thinking in German, *you will cease to think as an Englishman.*" In which sapient observation our readers will please to observe that the great grievance complained of is not "incorrect thinking," but the "not thinking as an Englishman." Now, however solid this mode of reasoning may be against the Repeal of the Corn Laws, we must beg leave to protest against its introduction into philosophy, which knows nothing of the necessity

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\* Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe," p. 259 (American translation). This is not by any means Goethe's only testimony to Mr. Carlyle's great powers. At p. 230, he says, "We are weakest in the æsthetic department, and may look long before we meet such a man as Carlyle."....."Carlyle has written a life of Schiller, and judged him throughout as it would be difficult for a German to judge."

of "thinking as Englishmen." And, let us add, it sounds rather inconsistent in a teacher who prefers Berkeley to Locke, and Plato to Paley.

For our parts, we confess to no small satisfaction that the time is changed since the *Edinburgh Review* treated Goethe as a literary moon-calf, and spoke of Kant's philosophy as "the most wilful and monstrous absurdity that ever was invented." No one could venture to talk in this manner now-a-days, without at once forfeiting all right to be ever listened to again on philosophical matters. At the same time we fear that very little progress has been made, generally speaking, from the deplorable state of ignorance under which we must have laboured, when the most enlightened journal of this country used the language just quoted. For what has appeared since the time of Reid and Stewart, who have long since been utterly forgotten? With the exception of Sir William Hamilton's articles in the *Edinburgh Review*—of which, by the way, not one well educated man in a thousand knows anything—we have had absolutely nothing. Kant's *Critick of Pure Reason* has been translated, it is true, but, if we mistake not, has remained as dead lumber upon the hands of the bookseller. This might be supposed to imply a dislike for German philosophy alone, but if so, what else have we produced worthy to be dignified with the name of philosophy? Assuredly, nothing. And yet Italy, "that grossly superstitious country, labouring as it is beneath the yoke of popish dominion, under whose influence nothing can grow," has produced her Galuppi and Rosmini; France has her Cousin, Jouffroy, and Damiron, to say nothing of a hundred others far above mediocrity; and in America, where we should least expect it, philosophy is being carefully studied, and foreign philosophical works published, translated, and understood. Of Germany we need say nothing. But what can be expected in a country like this, where intellectual science has been so grossly neglected by those to whose care the education of the country has been intrusted? If an Englishman knows anything of philosophy, it certainly is not in consequence of having learnt it at school; and as to the universities, the less said about them the better. We are sure that hundreds of men take their degree annually, who would be puzzled if asked what is meant by psychology, or have a vague notion that metaphysics are something or other exceedingly abstruse, they know not what,—probably a combination of poetry, logic, and mathematics.

It is not our intention to enter into the question how far the study of the German philosophical writers is calculated to remedy the present state of things. To give anything like a definite answer, in such a manner as to preclude all misunderstanding, would carry us entirely away from our subject. After this earnest, though somewhat abrupt, protest on our part against the existing state of intellectual science among us, and with a hope that it may produce some effect upon those whom it chiefly concerns, we gladly return to the consideration of Mr. Carlyle's book.

Of our author's Pantheism, as it is called, we shall say nothing; partly because it has already been sufficiently animadverted upon in a former article in this review, partly from a sense of the importance of the subject, and our inability to do justice to it, and chiefly because there is so much in this present work that is excellent, and so little that the most fastidious person could deem objectionable, that we prefer taking our author in his more favourable light, and holding back that which we cannot conscientiously approve. We may add another reason,—and that is, the little likelihood there is of Pantheism making converts in this country. With due respect for the penetration of those persons who can see deeper into a mill-stone than their neighbours, we own our inability to see a tendency to Pantheism in every thing that exists and has existed since the beginning of the world, except in Catholicism. And with great admiration for the intentions of our good friends on the continent, we should be better pleased if they perfectly understood the system against which so many of them have produced very voluminous publications. We hope we are sufficiently alive to the awful nature of a system which would create a Deity out of every cabbage-stalk, and would deny the personality of God, and deprive us of our liberty as moral agents. At the same time, from all that we have been able to see about these matters, we have no apprehension that the world is at all likely to fall into these ridiculous errors, or that any really intellectual being will ever embrace them.

We have already spoken of Mr. Carlyle as one of the most eloquent writers of the day. The work before us reminds us more than almost any other we ever read, of Coleridge's remark, that "wherever you find a sentence musically worded, of true rhythm and melody in the words, there is something deep and good in the meaning too." Our readers will, we are sure, on perusing *Past and Present*, agree with us in applying this remark to it.



It is, indeed, a wonderful book throughout; so full of thought in every sentence, and so perfectly connected in all its parts, that it is with great diffidence that we venture to point out, in a very imperfect manner, a few of its most striking features. In most cases it will be best to let Mr. Carlyle speak for himself.

The object-matter of the whole book may be learnt from the opening sentence of the Proem.

"The condition of England, on which many pamphlets are now in the course of publication, and many thoughts unpublished are going on in every reflective head, is justly regarded as one of the most ominous, and withal one of the strangest, ever seen in this world. England is full of wealth, of multifarious produce, supply for want in every kind; yet England is dying of inanition."

Few people now-a-days could be found to deny this fearful truth,—it is acknowledged on all hands, but how few can strictly be said to *believe* it. Most people are content with acknowledging it in the same way as they do the fact that two sides of a triangle are greater than the third, and there is an end of it. That all and each of us are as much personally interested in this truth as if our own house were burning over our heads, is what seems to strikes nobody. The more honour then to Mr. Carlyle, who sees it more clearly than most persons are disposed to do, and who, though altogether unconnected with a certain set of political alarmists, draws a most vivid and frightful picture of the present state of things in England,—the more frightful because it is undeniably a true one.

The fact, however, being admitted, two questions naturally arise from it:—to what causes are we to attribute the evils under which we labour? and, by what means can we remedy these evils?—the solution of the latter question evidently depending upon that of the former. Here every person has a different theory, all more or less founded on some one truth, which put forth to the exclusion of other truths equally undeniable, sounds to all but partisans very like falsehood. One person thinks the repeal of the corn laws will set all things right; his neighbour thinks the suppression of the Anti-corn Law League would quiet all disturbances; a third person has set his heart upon the ballot; and a fourth sees the root of all evil in the game laws; another is quite positive that the spread of democratic feeling is the one mischief; while the majority are equally positive that the contrary is the case. In short, "Conservatives" propose "conservative" measures as the cure for all evils; "Liberals" "liberal" measures.

Differing widely from all parties, and yet absolutely from none, Mr. Carlyle takes a much deeper view both of the extent and the cause of our political evils. He would, no doubt, say that both parties were right to a certain extent, and only wrong from taking a partial view of the truth. The "liberals" of course consider Mr. Carlyle as fighting on their side, and are very fond of quoting all the severe things he says against the powers that be, against the corn laws, their supporters, &c. &c. But there cannot be a greater mistake than to imagine that he is one of the party;—his political opinions coincide much with those of his favorite Goethe:

"No apostle of liberty much to my heart ever found I,  
Licence each for himself, this was at bottom their want.

Liberator of many ! first dare to be servant of many :

What a business is that : wouldst thou know it, go try !"

Accordingly, in his *Chartism* and elsewhere, he spoke very freely indeed about parliamentary radicalism ; and that his opinion is not changed is visible from the work before us.

"Bull is a born conservative ; for this, too, I inexpressibly honour him. All great people are conservative ; slow to believe in novelties ; patient of much error in actualities ; deeply and for ever certain of the greatness that is in LAW, in custom once solemnly established, and now long recognized as just and final. True, O radical reformer, there is no custom that can, properly speaking, be final ; none. And yet thou seest *customs*, which, in all civilized countries, are accounted final ; nay, under the old Roman name of *mores*, are accounted morality, virtue, laws of God Himself. Such, I assure thee, not a few of them are ; such almost all of them once were. And greatly do I respect the solid character,—a blockhead, thou wilt say ; yea, but a well-conditioned blockhead, and the best-conditioned,—who esteems all customs once solemnly acknowledged to be ultimate, divine, and the rule for a man to walk by, nothing doubting, not inquiring farther."—p. 219.

All this, however, is a very different thing from saying that he perfectly approves of all the proceedings of Sir Robert Peel's government.

"There is a noble conservatism as well as an ignoble. Would to heaven, for the sake of conservatism itself, the noble alone were left, and the ignoble, by some kind, severe hand, were ruthlessly lopped away, forbidden evermore to shew itself ! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle ; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement, and fearful imperilment of the victory."—p. 15.

Among the annoyances of ignoble conservatism, he reckons

the corn laws; "defended," he says, "by arguments which would make the angels, and almost the very jackasses, weep." And were he the conservative party of England, "he would not for an hundred thousand pounds an hour allow the corn laws to continue." At the same time he is very far from thinking that the repeal of the corn laws is the one thing necessary. "By no reform bill, ballot box, five point charter, by no boxes or bills, or charters," is this to be obtained.

The abrogation of the corn laws might, he thinks, afford life to the nation for twenty years, like the shadow on King Hezekiah's dial; but, by this time they would have relapsed into their old course, in spite of free trades and abrogations.

Nor will more universal representation secure the desideratum, and sending members to parliament by bribery, though an infamous solecism (and he has a whole chapter about it), is not the only thing to be cured, for, "what can the incorruptiblest *Bobuses* elect, if it be not some *Bobissimus*, should they find such."

"Unworking aristocracies" are a great evil, and carry with them the seeds of their own dissolution; they are "like a tree planted on precipices; from the roots of which all the earth has been crumbling." But it is not by abolishing aristocracies that we shall gain our end.

"If the convulsive struggles of the last half century have taught poor struggling convulsed Europe any truth, it may perhaps be this, as the essence of innumerable others: that Europe requires a real aristocracy, a real priesthood, or it cannot continue to exist. Huge French revolutions, Napoleonisms, then Bourbonisms, with their corollary of Three Days, finishing in very unfinal Louis-Philippisms: all this ought to be didactic! All this may have taught us, that false aristocracies are insupportable; that no aristocracies, liberty, and equalities, are impossible; that true aristocracies are at once indispensable, and not easily obtained."—p. 323.

But all these matters, however important in themselves, are but the surface of things; we must look far deeper, if we really wish to know the source of all the thousand evils which threaten us on every side. Mr. Carlyle has pointed it out in his previous works, but never so energetically as in this.

"There is no longer any God for us! God's laws are become a greatest-happiness principle, a parliamentary expediency: the heavens overarch us only as an astronomical time-keeper; a butt for Herschel telescopes to shoot science at, to shoot sentimentalities at: in our and old Jonson's dialect, man has lost the *soul* out of him; and now, after the due period, begins to find the want of it!

This is verily the plague spot ; centre of the universal social gangrene, threatening all modern things with frightful death. To him that will consider it, here is the stem, with its root and taproot, with its world-wide upas boughs, and accursed poison exudations, under which the world lies writhing in atrophy and agony. You touch the focal centre of our disease, of our frightful nosology of diseases, when you lay your hand on this. There is no religion ; there is no God ; man has lost his soul, and vainly seeks antiseptic salt. Vainly : in killing kings, in passing reform bills, in French revolutions, Manchester insurrections, is found no remedy. The foul elephantine leprosy, alleviated for an hour, reappears in new force and desperateness next hour."—p. 185.

This awful truth is now acknowledged by minds\* of the most opposite character ; would to God that we only knew how to act in accordance with our convictions. If we only did our part, each man according to his capabilities, much might be hoped for. But alas ! we have only to look around us, nay,—too often into our own bosoms,—to be convinced of the justice with which Mr. Carlyle inveighs against the unreality which prevails everywhere :—

"From this the highest apex of things downwards, through all strata and breadths, how many fully-awakened realities have we fallen in with ? alas, on the contrary, what troops and populations of phantasies, not God-veracities, but Devil-falsities, down to the very lowest stratum. You will walk in no public thoroughfare, or remotest byway of English existence, but you will meet a man, an interest of men, that has given up hope in the everlasting, true, and placed its hope in the temporary, half, or wholly false."—p. 191.

Many of Mr. Carlyle's readers are annoyed beyond measure at, what *they* consider, his tedious repetition of protests against the shams, the formulas, the unveracities, the quackeries, the doggeries, &c., &c., of the flunkey species. This only betrays how utterly they fall short of his real meaning, and to how little purpose even words of fire are addressed to those who *will* not understand. They can have little in common with a writer who is terribly alive to the fact that—

"Human affairs now circulate everywhere, not healthy life-blood in them, but as it were a detestable copperas banker's ink ; and all is grown acrid, divisive,—threatening dissolution ; and the huge tumultuous life of society is galvanic, devil-ridden, too truly possessed by a devil ! For, in short, Mammon is not a god at all ; but a devil, and even a very despicable devil. Follow the devil faith-

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\* See Mr. Bosanquet's "Principia, or, the Principles of Evil manifesting themselves in these last times, in Religion, Philosophy, and Politics."—Burns.

fully, you are sure enough to go to the devil: whither else *can* you go?"—p. 91.

Mammon indeed is no sham, it is truly the only veracity we have left; and this brute-god has usurped the place of the Most High.

"Oh it is frightful when a whole nation, as our fathers used to say, has 'forgotten God;' has remembered only Mammon, and what Mammon leads to!.....Not one false man but does unaccountable mischief; how much, in a generation or two, will twenty-seven millions, mostly false, manage to accumulate? The sum of it, visible in every street, market-place, senate-house, circulating library, cathedral, cotton mill, and union workhouse, fills one *not* with a comic feeling."—p. 195.

The most distressing thing too is, that this accursed gospel of Mammonism is not preached in those places alone which would naturally be dedicated to its worship, as the mart or market-place,—but from the very chairs of moral philosophy, by those whose especial duty it should be to resist its claims. And if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

"The haggard despair of cotton-factory, coal-mine operatives, Chandos-farmer labourers, in these day, is painful to behold; but not so painful, hideous, to the inner sense, as that brutish god-forgetting profit and loss philosophy, and life theory, which we hear jingled on all hands of us, in senate-houses, sporting clubs, leading articles, pulpits and platforms, everywhere as the ultimate gospel and candid plain-English of man's life, from the throats and pens and thoughts of all but all men!"—p. 252.

Look at our universities. At Cambridge, as far as we are aware, no moral philosophy of any kind is professed. Oxford and London, however, have text books of their own. And what is the doctrine taught by these books as to the final cause of human action?

"Actions are to be estimated by their tendency. Whatever is expedient is right. It is the utility of any moral rule alone, which constitutes the obligation of it."

Such is the doctrine taught in Paley's *Moral Philosophy*, the text-book of the London University. We are not writing in ignorance of the defence set up by the partisans of Paley, which is certainly valid to the extent of vindicating Paley himself from the charge of *practically* advocating anything morally wrong. But the principle itself, however neutralized by Paley's other doctrines, is essentially and radically immoral. Paley, however, is almost held in execration

at Oxford; but what does *their* manual of ethics teach? That happiness is the τέλος τῶν πρακτῶν, ὃ δὲ αὐτὸ βουλόμεθα, τὰ ἄλλα δὲ διὰ τοῦτο; as if we should not equally be bound to act virtuously if God did not reward us with happiness. The Nicomachean ethics are as decidedly, though not so offensively, Utilitarian in their tendency, as anything that Paley ever wrote. And we say it without fear of contradiction, that until very lately this tendency was not pointed out and condemned by the tutors. Even now, those tutors who do so are the exception.

In noble and striking contrast with these doctrines, we have an eloquent chapter of Mr. Carlyle's, which we would gladly quote entire did our space permit. A few detached citations would give but a faint, and therefore a most incorrect, idea of its merits. Honour to him and all others, who, in this faithless, mechanical God-denying, devil-fearing generation, lift up their voices, and use all their energies against the soul-destroying gospel of mammonism, in all its developments, forms, and modifications. Till this devil's gospel cease to be preached in every corner of our streets, and to be acted upon in every imaginable department of social life, all the proposed panaceas, reform bills, ballot-boxes, corn-law abrogations, &c. &c. are but so many Morrison's pills, so many efforts of flunkeyism, terminating in puffery. No! as long as we are satisfied with looking at the mere outward appearances, and neglect the inner-facts, the everlasting substance of things, our finest-spun theory must remain a "formula,"—our most promising remedy a "sham."

We have forgotten God, we have no more faith; till *this* be remedied, all remains as before. Remedy it, and all other evils will remedy themselves.

"My friend, if thou ever do come to believe in God, thou wilt find all Chartism, Manchester riot, Parliamentary incompetence, ministries of windbag, and the wildest social dissolutions, and the burning up of this entire planet, a most small matter in comparison."—p. 304.

"Awake, O nightmare sleepers! awake, arise, or be forever fallen! This is not play-house poetry; it is sober fact. Our England—our world cannot live as it is. It will connect itself with a God again, or go down with nameless throes and fire consummation to the devils."—p. 364.

Now some excellent persons will be tempted to sneer at a writer who puts forward these views. "We *do* believe in God, and so do most persons now-a-days. There are sad

errors abroad, it is true,—very sad errors, but nobody goes to the length of Atheism." Not so, good people; you do not understand Mr. Carlyle:—you do *not* believe in God as he wishes you to do; otherwise *you* would see that want of faith is the one ruling evil of the day. He does not ask you to believe in God, in the same way as you believe there are mountains in the moon, but even as a man in danger of drowning believes that he must sink or swim. It is because we do not *thus* believe in God that calamities hitherto unheard of have now fallen upon us. Yes! there *is* such a thing as national sin;—not only individuals, but nations, may forget God, and, leaving out all considerations of the just and the unjust, betake themselves to the godless question of expediency. And "windbag ministries," who do this, strong only in the faith that paragraphs and plausibilities bring votes; that force of public opinion is the primal necessity of things, and highest God we have;" however they may *seem* to prosper for a time, although newspapers may consecrate their leading articles to their service, and quarterly reviews pronounce their policy to be irreproachable, they must roll on—to their own perdition. Justice may be delayed, but come it must and will, even in this world.

"One strong thing I find here below; the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back, in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory in behalf of it,—I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, 'In God's name, No!'"—p. 14.

"Parliament and the Courts of Westminster are venerable to me; how venerable? grey with a thousand years of honourable age. . . . They are venerable,—they are great and strong. And yet it is good to remember always that they are not the venerablest, nor the greatest, nor the strongest! Acts of Parliament are venerable; but if they correspond not with the writing on the 'Adamant Tablet,' what are they?"

"The gowns of learned sergeants are good: parchment records, fixed forms, and poor terrestrial justice, with or without horse-hair,—what sane man will not reverence these? And yet, behold the man is not sane, but insane, who considers these alone as venerable. Oceans of horse-hair, continents of parchment, and learned serjeant eloquence,—were it continued till the learned tongue wore itself small in the indefatigable learned mouth, cannot make unjust just. The grand question still remains,—Was the judgment just? If unjust, it will not and cannot get harbour for itself, or continue to have footing in this universe, which was made by other than one



unjust. Enforce it by never-such statuting, three readings, royal assents; blow it to the four winds with all manner of quilted trumpeters and pousuivants, in the rear of them, from all ends of nature, from the throne of God above, there are voices bidding it Away! away! Does it take no warning? does it stand, strong in its three readings, in its gibbets, and artillery parks? The more woe is to it, the frightfuller woe. It will continue standing for its day, for its year, for its century, doing evil all the while; but it has one enemy who is Almighty: dissolution, explosion, and the everlasting laws of nature incessantly advance towards it; and the deeper its rooting, more obstinate its continuing, the deeper also and huger will its ruin and overturn be."—p. 12-13.

We require, then, a government which does "believe in God," government of heroes, which will not fear to rule according to the undeviating principles of justice. But is *this* the first step towards the political regeneration of the country? By no means.

"The government cannot do, by all its signalling and commanding, what the society is radically indisposed to do. In the long run, every government is the exact symbol of its people, with their wisdom and unwisdom; we have to say, 'Like people, like government.'"—p. 361.

"A whole world of heroes; a world not of flunkeys, where no hero-king *can* reign: that is what we aim at. We, for our share, will put away all flunkeyism, baseness, unveracity from us; we shall then hope to have noblenesses and veracities set over us; never till then. Let Bobus and his company sneer, 'That is your reform!' Yes, Bobus, that is our reform; and except in that, and what will follow out of that, we have no hope at all. Reform, like charity, oh Bobus, must begin at home. Once well at home, how will it radiate outwards, irrepressible, into all that we touch and handle, speak and work; kindling ever new light by incalculable contagion, spreading in geometric ratio, far and wide,—doing good only wheresoever it spreads, and not evil."—p. 46.

In all this, whatever Bobuses and the Morrison's-Pill Political Economists may think about the matter, there is deep, very deep political wisdom. The only mischief is, that people will not listen to Mr. Carlyle; but he himself is so earnest and so hopeful, that we cannot but join with him, and hope too. Besides this, he is none of your paradoxical writers,—none of your Mr. Palmers and Mr. Sewells, who sit in their chambers, spinning theories for the good of their neighbours, and at the same time shutting their eyes to every thing that goes on in the world: far from it. He sees clearly enough how difficult it will be to change a nation of flunkeys into a

nation of genuine men; but, as he truly says, "no noble task was ever easy." He is hopeful, nay, almost sanguine: and for this we love and honour him. In his predictions of the future, however, there is none of that arrogant confidence which disgusts us so much in the every-day declamations of political prophets.

"Straining our eyes hitherto, the utmost effort of intelligence sheds but some most glimmering dawn, a little way into its dark enormous deeps; only huge outlines loom uncertain on the sight; and the ray of prophecy, at a short distance, expires. But may we not say, here as always, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof!' To shape the whole future is not our problem; but only to shape faithfully a small part of it, according to rules already known. It is perhaps possible for each of us, who will with due earnestness enquire, to ascertain clearly what he, for his own part ought to do; this let him, with true heart, do, and continue doing. The general issue will as it has always done, rest well with a higher intelligence than ours."—p. 334.

Two predictions, nevertheless, he thinks himself warranted in making, as being already possible.

First, "That a 'Splendour of God,' in one form or other, will have to unfold itself from the heart of these our industrial ages too, or they will never get themselves organized:" and, secondly, "That there will again *be* a king in Israel—a system of order and government; and every man shall, in some measure, see himself constrained to do that which is right in the king's eyes. This, too, we may call a sure element of the future; for this, too, is of the eternal; this, too, is of the present, though hidden from most; and without it no fibre of the past ever was."

We fear much of this must be altogether unintelligible to many of our readers. If so, we beg to assure them that they can hardly do better than purchase Mr. Carlyle's book, and study it attentively. In these days it would be difficult to find more instructive and profitable reading.

We have now given a sketch—a very poor and inadequate one, we fear—of three parts of *Past and Present*. The remaining one, book the second, is intended to illustrate the present and the future by means of the past. This, Mr. Carlyle has done by reviewing, as it were, the Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelonda, published two or three years ago by the Camden society. In doing this, he has given as strong a proof of his depth and power of thought as it is possible to

give. Of this, however, no one can be fully aware unless he has first read the Chronicle in question, which to ordinary readers has hitherto proved as barren a subject as the stoniest rock. And yet to Mr. Carlyle it has afforded numberless texts for eloquent discourse. Gladly would we transcribe large portions of this interesting book, but cannot venture to do so after the many citations we have already made. The book, we need hardly say, is a picture of twelfth-century Catholicism, as contrasted with the spirit of the present age. The author has entered as deeply into the spirit of the middle ages as his peculiar views will allow him. That he thought far more justly of those "ages of faith" than most moderns are disposed to do, must be known to all readers of his former works, especially of his *Lectures on Hero-Worship*. But in this volume he goes beyond any thing that he has yet said.

We have already seen what he thinks of the religious spirit of this age; let us now see what he thinks of that of the "dark ages."

"Within doors, down at the hill-foot, in our convent here, we are a peculiar people,—hardly conceivable in the Arkwright Corn-Law ages, of mere spinning mills and Joe Mantons! There is yet no Methodism among us, and we speak much of secularities: no Methodism; our religion is not yet a horrible restless doubt, still less a far horribler composed cant; but a great heaven-high unquestionability, encompassing the whole of life. Imperfect as we may be, we are here with our litanies, shaven crowns, vows of poverty, to testify incessantly and indisputably to every heart, That this earthly life, and *its* riches and possessions, and good and evil hap, are not intrinsically a reality at all, but *are* a shadow of realities, eternal, infinite; that this Time-world, as an air-image, fearfully *emblematic*, plays and flickers in the grand still mirror of Eternity; and man's little life has duties that are great, that are alone great, and go up to Heaven and down to Hell. This with our poor litanies, we testify and struggle to testify."—p. 90.

And again:—

"The great antique heart: how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands on the earth; making all the earth a mystic temple to him, the earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight; angels yet hover doing God's messages among men: that rainbow was set in the clouds by the hand of God! Wonder, miracle encompass the man; he lives in an element of miracle; Heaven's splendour over his head, Hell's darkness under his feet. A great

law of duty, high as these two infinitudes, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else, making royal Richard as small as peasant Samson—smaller if need be!—The 'imaginative faculties?' 'Rude poetic ages?' The 'primeval poetic element?' O, for God's sake, good reader, talk no more of all that! It was not a dilettantism this of abbot Samson. It was a reality, and it is one. The garment only of it is dead; the essence of it lives through all Time and all Eternity."—p. 157.

Many passages equally striking might be cited. Indeed, Mr. Carlyle's admiration of the "Dark Ages," is unbounded. The "tyrant Hildebrand" is the "Divine Gregory;" St. Anselm is "one of the purest minded 'men of genius,'" and "full of divine blessing;" and St. Thomas of Canterbury spilt his life in Canterbury Cathedral 'as a noble man and a martyr, not for nothing; no, but for a divine something.'" From all this an uninitiated reader might be apt to think that Mr. Carlyle would look forward to the restoration of Catholicism as the means of saving England. For surely a religion which *was* a reality, and did make genuine men in the twelfth century, may still be a veracity, unless, indeed, something has occurred since that time to shake our faith in its divinity. This, however, Mr. Carlyle thinks, is the case.

"A theorem, or spiritual representation, so we may call it, which once took in the whole universe, and was completely satisfactory in all parts of it, to the highly discursive acute intellect of Dante, one of the greatest in the world,—had, in the course of another century become dubitable to common intellects; become deniable; and is now, to every one of us, flatly incredible, obsolete as Odin's Theorem."—*Hero Worship*, p. 190.

How is this? Mr. Carlyle does not make much of "progress of species as handled in these times of ours," but, nevertheless, looks upon the fact as certain enough, and consequently Catholicism being a "formula," however true in its day, has since become obsolete.

"Dante's mountain of purgatory does *not* stand in the ocean of the other hemisphere, when Columbus has once sailed thither! they find no such thing extant in the other hemisphere. It is not there. It must cease to be believed to be there."—p. 191.

Now the very illustration here adopted is one of the very best calculated to assist us in establishing an important distinction. True, Mr. Carlyle; all mere *vorstellungsarten*, mere "modes of representation," will have their day and perish,

perhaps, for ever. But not so the eternal inner-truths of which they are the accidental representations. Dante's mountain of purgatory, his Malebolges, and his infernal circles, are gone for ever. But let people sail round the world as much as ever they please, their most startling discoveries will never alter the eternal fact that there *is* a purgatory for imperfect souls, and a real hell for the unjust. No Catholic who believes in God has the slightest fear of any future discoveries, either in intellectual or physical science. At a time when people were solemnly discussing (in England) the awful consequences of certain geological facts, Dr. Wiseman was appropriating all these at Rome, and pressing them into the service of Christianity. And so it always will be.

Catholicism has its formulæ no doubt, some of them eternal, some only accidental; the latter may perish, the former never. Three hundred years ago, Luther, one of Mr. Carlyle's heroes, loudly protested against the whole Catholic system. Powerful sovereigns, and still more powerful human passions, lent their aid in advancing his Reformation, and every possible advantage that could be desired in establishing a religion was granted him. And now scarcely a soul professes this religion, whilst the Catholic Church remains as vigorous as if Luther had never been born. The world, the flesh, and the devil, have unceasingly waged war against her, but in vain. All their combined efforts have not removed one pebble stone from her battlements; the gibbet, the axe, and the scaffold, have but added to her glories, and furnished her white-robed army with new saints and martyrs. Now, as in other times, is the hand of God with His Church; no weapon that is formed against her prospers, and every tongue that riseth against her in judgment doth she condemn. When an earnest man like Mr. Carlyle has thoroughly studied and mastered a system, his authority against it must be of great weight, to say the very least. But we have no reason, from anything we have read, to think that Mr. Carlyle has come to a *deliberate* opinion as to the merits of Catholicism at this day. He has, no doubt, treated it as an exploded absurdity, as most Protestants do, and as we are ourselves daily in the habit of doing with reference to Mahometanism, and a thousand other religious sects. But, surely, there are reasons enough to induce him to look deeper into the matter than he has done. The Catholicism of such men as Novalis, Stolberg, Werner, and Friedrich Schlegel, is not a thing to be de-

spised. Yes, his exquisite article on Novalis, in the first volume of the *Miscellanies*, to almost every word of which we would gladly subscribe, is so far an inadequate representation of its subject, as to leave out all consideration of Novalis's Catholicism. Mr. Carlyle could hardly have been blind to what everybody else, not excepting Goethe, has seen to be the most prominent feature in the intellectual character of Novalis. The article on Werner is equally partial, representing only one, and that the unsettled, portion of his life. In spite of all his perversities, Werner is allowed to have been a genuine man—nay, to have “hungered and thirsted after truth in religion, as after the highest good of man.” And after his conversion to Catholicism his life is allowed to have had “the merit, at least, of entire consistency.” Yet Mr. Carlyle, who judges the man chiefly from his writings, confesses, in a very significant note, that “Werner's Sermons, his hymns, his preface to Thomas à Kempis, &c. are entirely unknown to him.” Friedrich Schlegel is never mentioned in Mr. Carlyle's writings but in most respectful terms, and as a person whose judgment is deserving of great weight; but of his conversion to Catholicism little or nothing is said. Once, indeed, we hear of “a noble Frederick Schlegel, flying back to Catholicism, as a child might to its slain mother's bosom, and clinging there.” Why not follow up the figure to see if it will hold? The child, in spite of all its efforts, can derive neither warmth nor nourishment from its cold and lifeless parent's bosom, but must perish with misery and starvation. Was this the case with Schlegel? Did his noble heart pine in vain to satisfy its longings, after he became a Catholic? None can think so who have read his beautiful *Philosophy of Life*, to say nothing of his other later productions. Still less can those think it who know the gentle mother of our love, and have tasted of the inexhaustible springs of life and light which flow from her tender bosom. Of Count Stolberg, Mr. Carlyle says nothing, except that he was “a man of vigorous intellect, and of a character above suspicion;” an opinion pretty generally entertained of Stolberg, in Germany, whilst he was a Protestant, but given up when he became a Catholic.

The little that Mr. Carlyle says of modern Catholicism in the present volume, betrays the little trouble he gives himself about it. He allows that “the popish religion is the most vivacious looking religion to be met with at present,” and

that the pope is "the remarkablest pontiff that has darkened God's daylight, or painted himself in the human retina, for these several thousand years." And "his poor Jesuits, in the late Indian cholera, were, with a few German doctors, the only creatures whom dastard terror had not driven mad: they descended fearlessly into all gulfs and bedlams, watched over the pillow of the dying, with help, with counsel, and hope; shone as luminous fixed stars, when all else had gone out in chaotic night." Notwithstanding all this, our author runs off upon a ridiculous story, which a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*,—a very decided flunkey by the way,—pronounces to be "delectable." He also seizes upon a bon-mot, attributed some time ago to M. Jouffroy (we believe the report was officially contradicted), to the effect that Catholicism had just about three hundred years to run before its final overthrow. It is really melancholy to see an earnest and truth-loving writer like Mr. Carlyle forced upon expedients like these. In flunkey reviewers for *Fraser's Magazine* the thing is tolerable, in *him* it is wholly unpardonable. When he says that the pope "discerns that all worship of God is a scenic phantasmagory of wax-candles, organ-blasts, Gregorian chants, &c." he deserts his own principles, and is satisfied with looking no farther than at "the transient outer appearances," instead of penetrating to the "eternal inner facts." The papacy of the present day may well be an object of alarm and hatred to thinking men ranged amongst his enemies—none but a fool can despise it.

"The papacy remains," says Mr. Macaulay, "not in decay, not a mere antique; but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the furthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn—countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united, amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesias-



tical establishments, that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were yet worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 145, p. 228.

Mr. Macaulay sees *facts* plainly enough,—whether he sees their true solution is a different question. To ascribe the past, present, and even future greatness of the papacy to a mere masterpiece of human wisdom, must indeed be very far short of the truth. Protestants are not slow in reminding us that many of our popes were no better than they should be, nay, that some of them feared not openly to commit crimes the most revolting to human nature, and provoking an indignant reaction against their power; whilst many of our pontiffs have undoubtedly possessed the innocence of the dove, without the wisdom of the serpent. But to bear out Mr. Macaulay's theory, all the popes and cardinals should have been men of at least exemplary lives, and distinguished by the most consummate earthly wisdom. Even then, here would be a phenomenon of no ordinary kind, one certainly not explicable by any means short of Divine interposition.

Whatever Mr. Carlyle may think, and however others may sneer, it is our humble but firm conviction that the papacy is destined not only to outlast all present governments, however strong and secure, but to fulfil a destiny far higher than we have yet seen or read of. We, too, believe in the "Progress of the Species," and have no doubt that the whole human race will hereafter bow down in worship before the throne of Christ's vicar upon earth. The Church of God has ere now enjoyed full many triumphs over the world, but far greater glories are yet in store for it. Enemies it has, and will have; from the very first, it was destined to be the sport of tribulation, the true "religion of sorrow." "Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, may Israel now say; many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, *yet they have not prevailed against me.*" The enemies of God and of His holy Church have been forced to bow down and lick the dust, whilst the heavenly spouse has gone on in her majestic path of victory, extending her dominions from sea to sea, and from

the river even to the ends of the earth. Charlemagne founded his empire as an ally to the papacy, and it has stood for ten centuries; Napoleon braved its thunder, and his empire had crumbled into nothing before ten years had passed over it. And unless the governments of the day begin ere long to see more clearly the mysterious character of St. Peter's chair, they must even perish as others have done. "The nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." Better far will it be for those rulers who have ministered to God's appointed authority, even though they have humbled their heads, and licked the dust from its feet, than for those who have fought against Jerusalem, whom the Lord shall smite in the day of His anger.

Beautiful now upon the mountains are the feet of those who bring good tidings, and publish peace to them who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. Crowns of martyrdom are daily being won in distant climes, by holy missionaries; and if *we* are not exposed to such fiery purgations at home, let us at least cultivate a spirit which may enable us to brave the severest trials whenever our appointed hour may come. It is not a work of a day, or of a year, still less is it likely to prove tempting to every one about us. But it is a work which *must* be accomplished. Difficult as it appears, we are full of hope; and in this spirit conclude our article, as Mr. Carlyle has concluded his book, with the noble and heart-stirring words of Goethe:—

"The Future hides in it  
Good hope and sorrow;  
We press still thorow,  
Nought that abides in it  
Daunting us—ONWARD."

ART. X.—*Memoirs of the Life and Times of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan.* By his Son, Henry Grattan, Esq. M.P. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1839-1842.

**T**HERE are moments in the history of even the most enslaved nations to whose redeeming splendour they can always look back with enthusiasm, some brief sunburst of liberty,—some chivalrous achievement in defence of the altars

of their faith,—some heroic exertion for the recovery of their rights,—some act of daring valour which proves that the spirit of the people is not dead but sleepeth,—the labours of some majestic mind directed solely to their interest, itself creating and illuminating the events of its era. No country is without one or other of these incidents, and by such as are in bondage they are most highly prized; for they are evidences of an energy within, which requires only an opportunity for the exercise of its powers, and triumphantly refute all who might be inclined to taunt them with the want of those high qualities which few conquered nations are considered to possess.

Such a moment was that in which the Irish people, after having for centuries groaned under a dominion whose horrors had no parallel in the annals of tyranny, were at length declared free to think and act like human beings, and for a short interval unfettered from the bonds which for some centuries they had worn. It was on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of April 1782, that this act of justice was performed, and the august spectacle of a nation throwing off her chains was presented to the assembled senate of Ireland, and thence to the world. Early on the morning of that day, the great spaces in front of the house of parliament,—its classic colonnades and pillared porticoes, and the open entrance of the university adjoining,—were thronged by thousands who had hurried from all parts of the country to witness the restoration of her rights, and the proclamation of her freedom. The streets of the Metropolis were paraded by armed regiments of the volunteers, in uniform,—scarlet and blue and green, with silver facings,—marshalled by men the noblest and bravest in the land, and bearing on their glittering banners of azure, white and purple, mottoes and exhortations that might have been breathed on the field of Marathon, or amid the mountain passes of Thermopylæ. No man stood there who had not pledged himself to risk life and fortune in the cause of Ireland, and who did not feel that upon the issue of that day depended her eternal destiny. She was about to commit herself irrevocably with England. The question agitated between the two kingdoms was liberty or a revolution;—there was no alternative. Had the former been refused,—had the demand for it been even coldly received, the sun would have gone down that evening for the last time on an enslaved people, and the morrow's dawn would have beheld

them rising up with giant force, rushing out upon the plains and hills with fire and sword, and rending, as if they had been withes of straw, the ties that had so long connected them with England. The example of America encouraged and inspired all—they were irresistible,—and England knew that they were determined.

Nor was the sight exhibited in the interior of the House of Commons less imposing than that which was seen outside its walls. A rotunda of magnificent proportions and great architectural elegance, lighted from a lofty dome on which sculpture had lavished many an ornament,—a capacious gallery supported by Tuscan pillars, surrounding the entire apartment, and filled with four hundred ladies radiant with beauty and jewelled robes; the great body of the peerage in stars, and orders, and swords,—all filled with anxiety about the approaching scene; here and there some gay officers of the volunteers conversing with the students of the university in their gowns of black silk and velvet;—on the marble floors, the representatives of the people, several of whom appeared in military dress, talking together in little groups, and venturing many a surmise on the course which government might take on this momentous question: such was the scene which a spectator of that day would have beheld, as he entered the Irish House of Commons through one of the many tessellated corridors by which it is approached. In that assemblage, he would have gazed upon men the most illustrious that Ireland has produced, and whose abilities would have adorned any body that ever deliberated. The speaker Pery, one of the wisest and most dignified of characters,—a grand mind, an imposing presence; Flood, tall, grave, and even gaunt, but with a statesman-like wisdom sitting upon his princely brow, and an eye of fire that spoke eloquently of that high soul which had been for years the guardian of the country: Burgh, honest, single-hearted Hussey Burgh, whose eloquence could melt a senate, whose judgment shed honour on the bench,—a bright dreamer, an enthusiast in the cause of Ireland,—happy on that day to witness her resurrection, but happily not fated to behold her fall: beside him, Yelverton, the future Lord Avonmore, a greater intellect, a more eloquent advocate than Mansfield: Scott also was in his place; and Daly, of whose eloquence we have only tradition, but who is described to

have been one of the most finished speakers of the time: Hutchinson, a tall and fair figure; a man of unblemished honour, of perpetual illumination of fancy and massive force of argument,—an Irishman, though yet a placeman: Fitzgibbon, afterwards chancellor, haughty, daring, and ambitious, expressing in his large, dark, and penetrating eye, the fiery impetuosity of his spirit, one who, if born to a throne, would have been a conqueror and a tyrant, unscrupulous as Clive, dominant as Hastings, fierce and unforgiving, but still great; he it was who, but two days before, had called the acts of the British Parliament "*a daring usurpation on the rights of a free people*;" he it was who, eighteen years after, sealed in blood the slavery of that very people, at the bidding of the British cabinet. On the ministerial benches, Ponsonby sat; he also was destined to grasp the great seal, and to hold it but for a moment: Sir Hercules Langrishe scattered about him the rays of that picture-like imagination which so delighted those for whom it shone, and which lent to the Baratarian history of Lord Townsend, his competitors, his sycophants, and his hirelings, the enchaining interest of a romance: there too was Bagnal, the representative of Carlow county, whose extraordinary achievements might have furnished materials for half a dozen novels, according to modern taste.

Among the crowd of anxious spectators might be discerned Lifford the Lord Chancellor, Fitzpatrick the friend of Fox, and Charlemont, elegant and courtly, as if he had all his life conversed only with kings and princes; democratic, as if he had never heard of either. Sir Jonah Barrington, then but a young man, sat there and watched with intense interest the proceedings which his eloquent pen was, in after years, to trace: Frederick, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, also looked on; handsome and noble in bearing, splendidly dressed in a suit of purple, with diamond buckles, and white gloves fringed with gold, and adorned with rich tassels of the same material. He loved to emulate the pomp of Wolsey, and drove to parliament escorted by a troop of light cavalry, magnificently accoutred and mounted on the finest chargers; six beautiful horses gorgeously caparisoned drew his carriage, his servants wore the most expensive liveries, and a flourish of trumpets announced his approach. How far all this became the *bishop*, it is not necessary for us to say.

Curran, whose wild and fascinating genius, as beautiful, as

various, and as sparkling as the costly opal, threw round every subject a golden light—an enchanter whose wand transformed all that it touched to splendour—as melting and as pathetic as one of those melancholy melodies of our country, which make the tears roll down from the eyes,—he, too, was there, and jested with the young and thoughtless as gaily as if he were one of themselves. Yet his recollection of this impressive scene furnished him afterwards with one of his finest passages, and did deserved honour to the illustrious men who had passed away.

“You cannot but remember,” said he, in his speech in Hamilton Rowan’s case, “that at a time when we had scarcely a regular soldier for our defence, when the old and young were alarmed and terrified with apprehensions of descent upon our coasts, that Providence seemed to have worked a sort of miracle in our favour. You saw a band of armed men come forth at the great call of nature, of honour, and their country. You saw men of the greatest wealth and rank; you saw every class of the community give up its members, and send them armed into the field, to protect the public and private tranquillity of Ireland. It is impossible for any man to turn back to that period, without reviving those sentiments of tenderness and gratitude which then beat in the public bosom,—to recollect amidst what applause, what tears, what prayers, what benedictions they walked forth amongst spectators, agitated by the mingled sensations of terror and of reliance, of danger and of protection, imploring the blessings of Heaven upon their heads, and its conquest upon their swords—that illustrious, and adored, and *abused* body of men stood forward, and assumed the title which, I trust, the ingratitude of the country will never blot from its history—‘The Volunteers of Ireland’.”

But there was one young man who sat silent and calm. He was somewhat below the middle size, strongly but clumsily built, of a quick penetrating eye, and a sharp, intellectual forehead. His air and manner were impressive, and he looked like one convinced that he was born to think great things, and to act them. This conviction, or consciousness, betrayed itself in every movement that he made, in every word that he uttered. Attired in the scarlet coat of a colonel of volunteers, turned over with black velvet, with a sword by his side, and a roll of paper in his hand, he seemed the lodestar of attraction to all. Nor did after years alter in any one particular the intrepid bearing, the look of command, the stern glance, the philosophic brow, the fiery yet thoughtful energy which then, in his thirty-sixth year, were the external types of the bold spirit of Henry Grattan.



On that day he was confessedly the most distinguished man in Ireland. A young barrister without practice, or wealth, of no illustrious connexions, or patrician family, or powerful patronage, he had by the sole might and magic of eloquence, a fearless heart, a passionate enthusiasm for Ireland, by indefatigable labour, by midnight watching, by zealous thought, worked his way onward in the senate, distancing the most celebrated and experienced of his fellow-labourers for liberty; placing himself almost at a bound before all competitors; and, after a few short years' experience in parliament, beholding on his brows the priceless diadem of eloquence. This was his achievement—this his distinction. But here we are compelled to pause. When we have paid due tribute to his labours, his eloquence, and his triumph, we have done. He deserves to be honoured for organizing that determined patriotism among the people, which, by combining, rendered them irresistible; he merits all the praise we can bestow upon a successful and disinterested expounder of freedom to his countrymen in the worst of times,—these glories we cheerfully accord to him: but directly we are called to crown him with the loftier laurels of statesmanship, we refuse, and reluctantly add that, if ever there was a man born for the downfall of his native land, that man was Henry Grattan. Had he retired from parliament on the 17th of April—the day after he had moved the Declaration of Right—we know no name in Irish history to which we could more willingly pay respect, or which could be more worthy of our eternal gratitude; or had he—if to retire were too great a sacrifice—contented himself in the senate by taking only that position for which nature and his own abilities destined and adapted him, namely, that of advocate; and, like Curran in Ireland, and Sheridan in England, avoided the hazardous paths of legislation; he would still have merited applause: but the blaze of success which flashed about his earliest efforts, with a suddenness that must have amazed himself; the absurd flattery with which he was loaded, by friends and foes; his own vanity, which was always considerable; and the utter want of prudence which marked his parliamentary career, from its dawn to its decline, dazzled, blinded, and misled him; and forms the sole apology by which his conduct can be defended, and posterity induced to listen and to forgive. In most cases, want of wisdom is a misfortune, but in Grattan's it became guilt, and was fatal to his country. His intentions were in many instances honest, in some they have



been suspected to be corrupt; but honesty of intention is, after all, but a poor palliation for crime, and what crime can be greater than to annihilate a constitution? This, Grattan did: he was warned by Flood, he was denounced by the volunteers, he was argued with and refuted; still he persisted, and laid the basis for Ireland's death. That peculiar mal-conformation of mind, which afterwards impaired his intellect, shewed itself in all his legislative acts; and the country was desolated and destroyed, because Grattan was popular, vindictive, and insecure.

Looking upon him as a mere orator—a giant in conception, a dwarf in execution—and in no other light will posterity recognize his claims to distinction,—we do not think his speeches on Irish Right those most likely to immortalize him, when we contrast them with those on the Union; a period when his mind gave forth its grandest emanations, and seemed busied only in erecting new trophies every day, each succeeding one more imperial than its predecessor; nor do we think that these last confer on him such enduring renown, as his advocacy of the Catholic claims in the earliest times, when bigotry was rampant, and even Flood and Charlemont did not dare to emerge from the narrow trammels which Protestantism—but Protestantism unaccompanied by an enlarged spirit—cast around them. Yet we have selected the Declaration of Irish Right as the measure with which we connect him in his first introduction to our readers, because it laid the foundation of his fame, and is the action of his life with which his name is most usually joined by those who feel the strongest interest in its preservation. It is the action also that is most involved in obscurity, and, we fear, in dishonour.

In a paper which we devoted to Flood, last year, we promised to enter into a consideration of Mr. Grattan's conduct on this question, and we now intend to redeem our pledge—making it, however, subsidiary to a general review of his career. It is a subject of importance, and has not yet received from any Irish historian the attention which it deserves. The mystery which the present biographer of Mr. Grattan most injudiciously, yet with no slight finesse, casts about some parts, and those not the least remarkable, of the transaction, does not tend to remove that vague doubt of the innocence of the great orator, which even many of his admirers are constrained to entertain; and so far from proving (as he ought to do, if he wishes us to believe Grattan stainless) that his father was

deceived by the duke of Portland, he sets the matter before the public in so awkward a way, that a hasty reader would scarcely discover that any suspicion had existed, and a cautious one would find all his doubts materially strengthened by the calmness or artifice (it is either one or the other) of Mr. Henry Grattan.

Before, however, we proceed any further in this path, we will go over the leading incidents of Grattan's life, up to the period of the declaration of Irish rights. We cannot promise much to interest, though there is a good deal to instruct. The persevering ardour with which he taught himself his profession, will be a good example to all; the ruin which he brought upon the country will deter future orators, who like him may be deficient in the highest quality of mind—wisdom, from meddling with the more profound branches of statesmanship. It will teach them their true position, which is that of popular leaders; it will affright them from their false one, which is that of legislators and sages. From his private faults, too, a practical lesson of common sense may be drawn. His son has had the bad taste to exhibit him as an atheist and a rake; the dullest may be taught by this the folly of putting on paper records of dissipation, and sentiments of infidelity. When a man's own offspring is indiscreet enough to print them, what may he not expect from strangers? In all our reading, we do not remember a similar instance of a son thus disgracing a father. It is a species of parricide, and almost deserves the punishment reserved for that crime by the old Romans—to be sowed into a bag with an ape, a dog, and a serpent.

The right honourable Henry Grattan was born on the 3rd day of July 1746, in St. John's parish, Dublin. His family, on the father's side, though not eminently distinguished, was respectable, and had been honoured with the notice, the patronage, and even the praise of Swift. Some of them were doctors, some clergymen, a few lived in the country on their estates. Of one of the latter, who was remarkably small, there is a traditional story that "he was the stoutest and shortest man, who wore the longest sword, and was very active in pursuing the Torys and Rapparees who were outlawed." His mother was a daughter of judge Marlay. The present biographer tells us, "that the family of De Merly came over with William the Conqueror," and refers to Dugdale and Burke to authenticate this important fact. We

scarcely expected a vain announcement like this from a democrat like Mr. Henry Grattan. Whatever lustre is entwined about his name, he draws not from the Norman ruffians of William, but from the mover of the Declaration of Irish Rights.

In his seventeenth year Grattan entered the university, and soon bore away the high prizes. His contemporaries there were, Foster (afterwards Speaker), Day, Macaulay, and Fitzgibbon. He also formed an acquaintance with a Mr. Broome, a cornet in the army, and to the letters addressed to this gentleman we owe most of what we do know relative to Grattan's early life. He appears to have been of a melancholy temperament in his youth, or to have fancied that he was; his epistles betray a mind ill at ease; they are cold and formal, and awaken no interest in the reader. We have some sympathy for the melancholy of poets—that unenviable attribute, together with poverty and spleen, seems, indeed, inseparable from the poetical faculty; but when orators and statesmen sigh and look gloomy, we are inclined to laugh. The reason we think Mr. Grattan's sadness was imaginary, is, that directly he entered on active life he forgot or lost it altogether. Not so is it with real gloominess. The records of distinguished men shew that melancholy, when it continues in them to adolescence, never leaves them, but tinges the entire of their lives. In testimony of this opinion, we might cite the writings of Swift, Pope, Cowper, Byron, Collins, Johnson, Curran, and many others. The fact is, that the busy life of a public man scarcely ever affords him time to be melancholy, and it is mere affectation to assume it. We suppose that Mr. Henry Grattan has read Aristotle, or conversed with somebody who has, and thinks that his father having been a great man, must necessarily have been a gloomy one. "How comes it to pass," asks the Stagyrte, "that all who have most distinguished themselves in philosophy, or statesmanship, in poetry or the arts, have been of a melancholy disposition?" Δία τι πάντες, οσοι περιττοι γεγονασιν ανδρες η κατα φιλοσοφiam, η πολιτικην, η ποιησιν, η τεχνas, φαινονται μελαγχολικοι οντες. [*Prob.* xxx. 1.] We know not—neither is it of much consequence; nor should we have stopped at all to notice this trifle, but we have observed that, of late, biographers labour very hard to prove their heroes men of exceeding melancholy, and it is really time to put a stop to a custom so ludicrous, and so silly.

In 1767, Grattan went to London and was entered in

Michaelmas term as a student in the Middle Temple. This was, without doubt, a dissipated portion of Grattan's life, and his son might have gently passed it over. His ideas on marriage are those of a loose young libertine, and his speculations on religion are those of a confirmed infidel. We will suppress what his son has not been ashamed to publish on the first topic, from a letter to Cornet Broome, and content ourselves with the following:—

"I long infinitely to argue with you upon matters of philosophy. My principles when we parted had got a little the start of your's in eccentricity; though the precepts of the world would recal me, its conduct confirms my deviation. *I have become an epicurean philosopher, consider this world as our 'ne plus ultra,' and happiness as our great object in it.* The sensualities, the vices, the insignificance, and the pursuits of mankind, are arguments in favour of this conviction. To a man steeped in vice, and, therefore, alarmed by fear, such philosophy would be influence; but to one who is neither devoted to vice, nor afraid of its penalties, I fear it is reason. Such a subject is too extensive and too dangerous for a letter; in our privacy we shall dwell on it more copiously."—*Life*, vol. i. pp. 115-16.

If these were merely the sentiments of an ordinary young man, we should not attach any importance to them, or to their publication in these memoirs,—we should consign them to the contempt which folly and impiety deserves,—but they are the sentiments of young Grattan, and as such are truly dangerous, for they are likely to seduce into similar lunacy other youthful minds, who may be dazzled by the splendour of the orator's subsequent career. Their omission would have done no injury to the *Memoirs*. It may be pleaded by his son, that Mr. Grattan ought to be truly represented to posterity, and that his doctrines ought not to be concealed; but this excuse furnishes no valid defence for the publication of opinions so truly dangerous and disgraceful as those above cited. We will say more. No one, whose character to be known requires such a publication, deserves to have his memory preserved by a biography. Its only justification could be the splendour of his repentance; and this unhappily is wanting here.

In another letter, dated August 14, 1768, we hear him expressing his sorrow that Bolingbroke did not more fully carry out and avow his doctrines.

"Hume is the only author who, from his abilities and compass, deserves the title of an English historian. Lord Bolingbroke has a

rapidity that gives him sometimes a real, and always a seeming superiority, over those he contends against; his language is strenuous, his censures presumptuous, his spirit prodigious, his affectation of language great, his affectation of despising it still greater. Next to Moses, Plato seems to be his great detestation. *Pity he should so desert the doctrine he sets out to inculcate*, and that he should, as you will find out at the latter end, fear to avow conclusions he seems so fairly to have deduced."—*Life*, vol. i. p. 129.

Even at his mother's death he cannot refrain from doubting the immortality of the soul. His affectionate commemoration of her virtues does him credit, but the credit is dearly purchased by the knowledge which we gain, that a young man could be so deeply sunk in infidelity.

"Your good sense, your meekness in misfortune, your fortitude in suffering, the judicious love you distributed among your children, your generous negligence of yourself, place you among the first of women. A thousand admirable instances of your virtues—a thousand mutual obligations that interwove our affections, crowd on me and afflict me. Your incomparable qualities torment me now, though I was formerly proud to recollect them. *Heaven forbid that you should only live* in the memory of those who knew your virtues, and that such merit should have no reward, but the tears and adoration of those that survive you."—*Life*, vol. i. pp. 132-3.

The last record of these sentiments which we shall quote, is contained in a letter to the Cornet, of the date Dec. 15, 1769. "The opinion," whatever it may have been, is lost or suppressed, but there can be no doubt that it refers to disbelief, for *that*, we lament to add, is but too often the result of "*profound erudition*"—but happily not of the profoundest.

"My reading in theology has been possibly only enough to make me singular, not deep. I have not time to pierce into so important mysteries, *but the opinion I advanced* is the usual result of profound erudition, or daily but unbiassed experience."—*Life*, v. i. p. 144.

Omitting all further allusion to this deplorable aberration of Grattan, we look to his course of life while at the Temple. His greatest delight was to attend the debates of the Lords and Commons, and every important discussion in either beheld him at his post, listening breathlessly to the sublime language of Chatham or Burke, and occasionally taking notes of the winged words of wisdom that fell from their lips. No record of his legal reading remains, but we have ample testimony of his devotion to politics and eloquence. In order to study his favourite pursuit more freely, he took apartments in a pretty cottage at Sunning Hill, and there, amid the venerable forest trees, read, and thought, and declaimed for hours.

"The country I am in," said he, "is most beautiful; there is an antiquity and wildness in the woodlands here infinitely surpassing what I have met with. Whole tracts of country covered with nature, without the least interval of art; these are the forests of Windsor which Pope has sung of, with so much eloquence, and which have been a sanctuary as well as a theme to the master of poetry."

By his friend Mr. Day, who resided with him at the period, we are furnished with the following singular anecdote.

"When he resided in Windsor Forest, he would spend whole moonlight nights rambling and losing himself in the thickest plantations. He would sometimes pause and address a tree in soliloquy, thus preparing himself early for that assembly which he was destined in after life to adorn. One morning he amused us at breakfast with an adventure of the night before in the forest. In one of these midnight rambles he stopped at a gibbet, and commenced apostrophizing the chains in his usual animated strain, when he suddenly felt a tap on his shoulder, and, on turning about, was accosted by an unknown person—'How the devil did you get down?' To which the Rambler immediately replied—'Sir, I suppose you have an interest in that question.'"*—Life*, vol. i. p. 119.

It might be supposed that these musings would have filled his soul with hope and dreams of glory, but they had no such effect. On the contrary, he describes his condition to have been utterly wretched, and writes to Cornet Broome for comfort in his afflictions. We know not how to believe that a young man of one-and-twenty, in Grattan's situation, could have been seriously unhappy; but his letters certainly are evidences of a most depressed state of mind. His gloom can only be accounted for thus—infidelity and unhappiness go hand in hand.

The impression which Chatham made on him was never erased. Forty-eight years afterwards, we find him looking back to his early recollections of that illustrious man. From the diary of Sir James Mackintosh, for 1818, we transcribe the following sketch.

"April 30. — At Holland House, found Grattan, Plunket, Brougham, &c. Grattan was put on his best conversation. He gave very interesting and spirited sketches of the great men whom he had seen in his youth, particularly Lord Chatham; describing with delight, 'his breathing thoughts, and burning words,' which it was impossible for such a man as Grattan not to prefer to the eloquence of argument and business which has succeeded. He disliked the favourite notion that Pitt far surpassed his father. In



truth, they were too unlike to be compared." [The same writer did not fail to remark that "harlequin delivery," which struck Lord Byron so forcibly, and which Curran caricatured so well.] "May 1.—Grattan again at Breakfast. There is nobody so odd, so gentle, and so admirable; his sayings are not to be separated from his manner. Plunket never addresses Grattan without 'Sir,' with a respectful voice. This mark of respect, or almost reverence, is common amongst the Irish."—vol. ii. pp. 352-3.

Nor was the mighty genius of Burke forgotten or unadmired. In speaking of Burke's social hours, Grattan, not long before his death, observed that he was the greatest man in conversation he had met with. A nobleman who was present, enquired whether he did not think Curran, on some occasions, was greater. "No, my lord," was the reply; "Curran, indeed, had much wit; but Burke had wit, too, and, in addition to wit, boundless stores of wisdom and knowledge." Perhaps this praise could not be disputed, but Grattan scarcely ever said a good word of Curran—a man with whom in genius he will not bear comparison. The following harmless habit of the Master of the Rolls was, as some say, the origin of the dislike; others declare that it sprang from natural bitterness and envy. "Mr. Grattan's manners in private life were odd, but natural. Curran used to take him off, bowing to the very ground, and thanking God that he had no peculiarity of gesture or appearance, in a way irresistibly ludicrous." Such is Lord Byron's account. (*Life*, vol. i. p. 405.) Whatever origin it had, it was discreditable.

In the latter part of 1769, Mr. Grattan paid a visit to Ireland, but appears to have been in a hurry to get out of it as soon as he could. The following are extracts from his letters.

"Dublin, Jan. 9th, 1770.

"I shall soon be in England. I am tired of Dublin, with all its hospitality and all its claret. Upon our arrival, it seemed a town hung in mourning, swarming with poverty and idleness. We feel relaxation growing upon us as soon as we arrive, and we catch the epidemic sloth of the luxurious capital."—*Life*, vol. i. p. 152.

"I am impatient to return to England: the splendid and the enrapturing scenes of London begin to wanton in my imagination. I have here respectable friends, and am myself not totally without credit, and yet (such is the perverseness of our nature) I am impatient to become an obscure character in another country."—*Life*, vol. i. p. 153.

He did not return to London until April, having spent part of the spring with Flood and Burke, in Kilkenny. Of



the former he thus favourably speaks: "Flood is the most easy and best-tempered man in the world, as well as the most sensible. He harangued one morning: he was excellent; your humble servant execrable,—overawed, and ashamed of himself." (p. 160; *Letter to Mr. Broome*.) Thirteen years afterwards he described the same man as a slanderer and an incendiary, a perjurer and a cheat. Such was his notion of friendship!

It was about this period that the famous letters of Junius wielded at will the fierce democratic. Mr. Grattan was for a time supposed to be the author, but when applied to by Alman, the bookseller, he thus denied it.

"Sir,—I can frankly assure you I know nothing of 'Junius,' except that I am not the author. When 'Junius' began, I was a boy, and knew nothing of politics or the persons concerned in them. I am, Sir, not Junius, but your good wisher and obedient servant,

"HENRY GRATTAN."

The supposition was flattering; but Junius always wrote common sense, and Mr. Grattan seldom anything but metaphor. The only point of resemblance between them was the vindictiveness, with which they attacked whoever dared to differ from them in opinion.

In Hilary Term 1772, Mr. Grattan was called to the Irish Bar. For success in his profession, he could scarcely hope, until, at least, he had got some better knowledge of law than that which in the August previous he tells us he possessed. "I am now becoming a lawyer, fond of cases, frivolous and illiberal; instead of Pope and Milton's numbers, I repeat in solitude Coke's distinctions, the nature of fee-tail, and the various constructions of perplexing statutes. This duty has been taken up too late; not time enough to make me a lawyer, but sufficiently early to make me a dunce." (*Life*, vol. i. p. 246.) He does not indeed at any time appear to have much cared for success in the legal profession, nor was he of a mould of mind likely to achieve it. All his ambition was political. "I am now called to the bar," said he to Broome, "without knowledge or ambition in my profession. The law courts are of all places the most disagreeable. My purpose is undetermined, my passion is retreat." It is not of this stuff that great lawyers and judges are made.

The death of Lord Charlemont's brother, in 1775, was the means of introducing him to the senate, under the auspices of that nobleman; and on the 2d of February 1778, he made his first reported speech. Lord Buckinghamshire was then

viceroys: an artful, a corrupt, and wretched minister, ready to perform any act of baseness at the bidding of his base employer, and commissioned to stop at no ends to carry on the business of the government. The bribery and corruption during his administration was of unparalleled extent and infamy, and the revelation of his practices, now for the first time published in these *Memoirs*, from the original dispatches to the British secretary, is such as must cover him with eternal disgrace. The villainous means adopted to carry the Union in 1799 and 1800, are rivalled in almost every way but their extent, and Grattan rightly described him in his speech on the occasion, as "*an instrument of English power, with a license to plunder—this is his commission.*"

The condition of Ireland at this time was more desperate than it had been perhaps at any former period since her connexion with England. The government was bankrupt, the payment of salaries and contracts was stopped; free trade being prohibited, the country had no commerce. Poverty prevailed to a frightful extent, and thousands had been forced by starvation to emigrate to America, where they avenged themselves under the banners of Washington, for many a privation they had endured at home from the ministers of his opponent. The most appalling statements of national destitution were every day conveyed to England,—were despised or disbelieved,—and Lord North himself had the audacity to declare in the House of Commons, "that the distress of Ireland was a child of the imagination, and except where laziness was attended by its never-failing companion, wretchedness, all in Ireland was a continued scene of abundance and festivity." The profuse expenditure of the Irish government had mainly brought about this state of ruin, and their perseverance in refusing justice to the people continued it. No man felt much interested in a country where he knew that he was a slave. But there was a powerful party in England, which though it may have shared in the apathy of "the noble lord in the blue ribbon," was at least exiled from place, and clamorous against the occupants of the ministerial benches; and by these, accordingly, the cause of Ireland was taken up, and her wrongs brought before the British parliament. The restrictions on trade were admitted to be a crying grievance, and Lord Nugent moved the house to take them into consideration. It was on this occasion, when America was almost entirely severed from England, that Mr. Burke said, "*Ireland was now the chief dependance of the British*

*crown, and it particularly behoved this country to admit the Irish nation to the privileges of British citizens.*"\* Many of the leaders of the Whig party took part in this debate, and their remonstrances were not without some effect; for on the 25th of May, a "Popery" bill was introduced in the Irish parliament, for the purpose of relieving the Catholics from many unjust disabilities. This, after great discussion, passed, and was transmitted to England on the 14th of August. But the commercial restraints continued as before.

The prorogation of parliament which followed the passing of Gardiner's Popery Bill lasted until the 12th of October 1779. During the recess, the volunteers were organized. "Every day," says Hardy,† "beheld the institution expand; a noble ardour was almost everywhere diffused, and where it was not felt, was at least imitated. Several who had at first stood aloof now became volunteers from necessity, from fashion. No landlord could meet his tenants, no member of parliament his constituents, and no gentleman whatever the ladies, who was not willing to serve and act with his armed countrymen. The spirit-stirring drum was heard through every province,—not to fright the isle from its propriety, but to animate its inhabitants to the most sacred of all duties,—the defence of their liberties and their country. The greatest names were enrolled,—the loftiest principles were inspired; and it is with justice Lord Charlemont said of those gallant men, "to that institution my country owes its liberty, prosperity, and safety; and, if after *her* obligations I can mention my own, I owe the principal and dearest honours of my life." When parliament reassembled, the volunteers were 40,000 men, were armed, drilled, and trained, and were under the command of the Duke of Leinster; and the country had pledged itself, i. "*to make use of the manufactures of this kingdom only;*" and, ii. "*not to buy any articles from any person who should be known to purchase goods which are not manufactured in this kingdom.*"

On the 12th of October 1779, was moved and unanimously carried that celebrated amendment, which Burgh, and Flood, and Grattan originated, and which was in these words,—"*that we beg leave humbly to represent to his majesty that it is not by temporary expedients, but by a free trade alone, that this nation is now to be saved from impending ruin.*" On the

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\* 8 Eng. Deb. p. 185, April 1, 1778.

† Life of Charlemont, p. 195.

occasion of presenting the address to the Lord-Lieutenant, the streets through which the members passed were lined by the volunteers, with the duke of Leinster at their head: as the speaker approached they presented arms. On the following day they received the thanks of both houses of parliament "*for their spirited and necessary exertions*;" and to complete the triumph of Ireland, the Commons, on the 25th of November, granted the loan duties for only six months. These evidences of determination could not be mistaken; they were thus eloquently summed up by Burke in his place in parliament:—

"These were the grounds on which the people of Ireland proceeded when all hopes of redress from this side of the water had vanished. What was the first resolution they adopted? Like America, to consume no more British manufactures. The next? To enforce this resolution by rendering it operative and extensive, and for that purpose entering into a non-importation agreement. What next? To arm and array themselves to the number of forty thousand men. What next? A parliamentary declaration that nothing short of free trade could afford them effectual relief; and as the last act in order to secure a due and faithful performance of what they claim, they pass a money bill for six months. Ministers have but six months' credit with the parliament of Ireland. What, then, was the true state of both kingdoms? Ireland insisting on a free trade, or determined to break off all political connexion with this country.\*

Fear at length extorted from the minister what his justice had so long denied; and on the 24th of February 1780, his majesty in person announced to the British senate his assent to a bill for a free trade between Ireland and the colonies. The measure was received in this country with every demonstration of gratitude; the metropolis was illuminated—general satisfaction prevailed.

The joy of the people was, however, only momentary: cool reflection dispelled it altogether. They saw—or thought they saw—that the present bill had been enacted, not because it was just and reasonable, but because it was expedient; because they were armed—powerful—unopposable; because England was weak and at war. The claim of the British parliament to make laws for Ireland was still continued: they might repeal the Free Trade Bill, and enact any measure of severity, directly they were strong enough to do so. To abolish this claim, became next the object of the patriotic party

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\* Burke's Speech, Dec. 6, 1779. 15 Parl. Deb. p. 11.

in this country, and in Grattan they beheld the champion of their principles. He resolved to move the Declaration of Irish Right. Every argument was used to dissuade him from his purpose. His friends deserted, his enemies ridiculed him. Burgh and Daly and Mr. Ponsonby were adverse to the introduction of such a motion; Pery and Lord Charlemont were both unfavourable to it at that time. Even Burke wrote over from England, "*will no one speak to this madman?—will no one stop this madman Grattan?*" But the latter had resolved to go on; and in the seclusion of Celbridge Abbey meditated and matured his plans:—

"Along the banks of that river," said he, "amid the groves and bowers of Swift and Vanessa, I grew convinced that I was right. Arguments unanswerable came to my mind, and what I then prepared confirmed me in my determination to persevere. A great spirit arose among the people, and the speech which I delivered afterwards in the house, communicated its fire, and impelled them on: the country caught the flame and it rapidly extended. I was supported by eighteen counties, by the grand jury, aldermen, and the resolutions of the volunteers. I stood upon that ground, and was determined never to yield. I brought on the question the 19th of April 1780. That was a great day for Ireland—that day gave her liberty."

His speech on this occasion is said to have been the finest he ever delivered. In the language of one who witnessed the scene, "*he spoke as if inspired.*"

"Hereafter," said he, "when these things shall be history, your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop at liberty, and observe,—that here the principal men among us fell into mimic trances of gratitude—they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down and were prostituted at the threshold.

"I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you by the laws of the land, and their violation,—by the instructions of eighteen counties,—by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go,—assert the law of Ireland,—declare the liberty of the land.

"I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking of the subject's freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no

ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chains, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his legs; he may be naked, he shall not be in irons; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it; and the health of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

"I shall move that the king's most excellent majesty, and the lords and commons of Ireland, are the only power competent to make laws to bind Ireland!"—*Speeches*, vol. i. p. 52.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Robert Stewart, afterwards Lord Londonderry, and was violently resisted by the whole phalanx of government. The fright into which it had thrown the king and the English cabinet for weeks previous to its introduction, is amusingly displayed in the despatches to and from the Castle. It was the express command of the king himself, that no bill embodying a declaration of Irish Right should be transmitted to England, and Lord Buckinghamshire had assured Lord Hillsborough (one of the Secretaries), "That every effort should be exerted to resist this and every improper measure;"\* and "that all the opposition which could be given should be made in every stage of the progress upon this business."† Experience, however, proved to the king the difficulty of stifling the spirit of freedom which was now thoroughly awakened throughout the country. No less than ninety-nine members voted in favour of the principle advanced by Grattan, and the motion was at last let drop on the understanding that no entry should be made in the journals. On the 21st of April, the Lord-Lieutenant closed a despatch with these words, "*It is with the utmost concern I must acquaint your lordship, that although so many gentlemen expressed their concern that the subject had been introduced, the sense of the house against the obligation of any statutes of the parliament of Great Britain within this kingdom is represented to have been almost unanimous.*" The great body of the people regarded this day as one of triumph. It afforded them the first glimpse of liberty, and paved the way for the subsequent recognition and restoration of their rights. "May such," exclaims Mr. Henry Grattan, "ever be the offspring of noble minds, and such the success

\* Dispatch, April 12, 1780.

† Ibid. April 19, 1780.



of generous and virtuous efforts made in the cause of freedom and their country."

Parliament was prorogued on the 2nd of September, and on the 8th the Lord-Lieutenant commenced a series of despatches to the British minister, recommending for peerages and pensions, and sinecures, and other similar disgraceful marks of royal favour, no less than *fifty* individuals (noblemen, knights, burgesses, and military men) who had signalized themselves during the past sessions by every species of infamy in the service of his corrupt administration, and who had made these *bribes* the express stipulation on which they had prostituted their honour and bartered the liberties of the country. These despatches extend from page 162 to page 177 of the second volume of these memoirs, and brand for ever the memory of the wretches who sold, and the minister who bought their services for so shameful a consideration. Well might Mr. Henry Grattan declare, "such a wholesale system of corruption flowing from St. James's, and tainting the subjects of this realm, was hardly ever surpassed in the most corrupt periods of the annals of parliament;\* when the employment of government was to court the vices of the subject, and the representation of majesty went about like an obscene hawker, presenting by stealth his shameful merchandise; or, resembling a criminal who bribes off the evidence, that the forms of conviction may fail on the day of trial. Thus were the prerogatives of the king degraded, the nobles of the land debased, the representation of the people corrupted, and the nation held in servitude and thralldom." And well might the merchants and volunteers stigmatize the abandoned miscreants who thus betrayed their countrymen. The Commons' journals themselves hand down to us the popular impression of their villainy, and the following paragraphs from the *Freeman's Journal* prove that the truths of liberty were rife, and that the people only waited for an opportunity practically to expound them.

"We are happy to find that a general meeting of the independant merchants and volunteers of this city is fixed for Monday evening next, at the Music Hall. It is hoped that their spirit and example may animate the kingdom to rise in support of the violated rights of Ireland; and that the nation may be restored by their means to their *inherent privileges, which their treacherous representatives have basely sold to the infamous administration of Great Britain.*

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\* The period of the Union is an exception.



"It is thought that the measures which will be adopted on Tuesday next, by the merchants and volunteers, will be directed to effect the destruction of the betrayers of our excellent constitution; and as it is feared that the Music Hall will not be large enough to contain them, *it is expected that the next meeting will be in the Park, or in St. Stephen's Green.*

This intimation gave so much offence to the house that it was

"*Resolved, nem. con.*—That the said paragraphs contained matters that are false, scandalous, seditious, and libellous, grossly aspersing the proceedings of parliament, and most manifestly tending to create discontent among his majesty's subjects, to withdraw them from their obedience to the laws of this realm, and to subvert the authority of the legislature of this kingdom."—*Journ. Com.* p. 195.

But the punishment of a wretched printer never yet succeeded in stopping the majestic march of truth, and the people were victorious in the end over their oppressors. The despotism of the government did but make them more resolute to shake it off; the parliamentary prerogative was followed by reviews of the volunteers all over the country; the Duke of Leinster, who—true to the principles and practice of that weak family—had temporised, was deposed from the command, and the Earl of Charlemont unanimously elected to fill the vacant place of honour. The volunteers were everywhere and everything. Their numbers increased,—their spirit increased,—and Irish liberty was soon after yielded to the terror of Irish cannon.

The villainy of Lord Buckinghamshire did not end so favourably for him as he had anticipated. On the 23rd of December he was turned out of the viceroyalty, and Lord Carlisle appointed in his stead, by whom the new session was opened Oct. 9, 1781. The popular leaders lost no time in propounding the measures which they intended to introduce. On the first day of meeting, a vote of thanks was unanimously passed TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF IRELAND, and the sheriffs of the different counties were ordered to present them. On the 10th, leave was given to the recorder and Yelverton, to bring in the heads of a Habeas Corpus Bill; on the same day Grattan gave notice of his intention to bring in a Mutiny Act; on the 11th, Yelverton gave notice of his intention to move the modification of Poyning's Law. On the 7th of November, Flood gave notice of his intention to bring before the House the state of the kingdom, on the following day. He did so. He was dismissed from office, and his name struck off the privy-council.

On the 15th of February 1782 took place the convention of Dungannon, at which the representatives of one hundred and forty-three corps of the volunteers assembled. The resolutions they adopted\* were circulated through the country, and all stood pledged to abide by them with their lives and fortunes. The loss of America, the tottering condition of the British ministry, the ruin of the finances, their own power, emboldened them to make any and every exertion in the cause of Ireland, and nobody doubted that an awful crisis, pregnant perhaps with blood, was approaching. On the 22nd of February, Flood said in the house, "I am satisfied it is intended to maintain the claim of right; it is now made a question of *power*, that is the right of the highwayman, *and the proper time, therefore, to overturn such power is the season of weakness.*" This speech was emblematic of the general feeling of the time, and the question, if delayed any longer, threatened to end in revolution. But the measure of Lord North's iniquity had now been filled, and, in the following March, he was displaced by the Buckingham administration. On the fourteenth, the patriotic party in the Commons carried a vote of the House, whereby it was ordered that the House be called over on the sixteenth of April, and that the speaker do write circular letters to the members, ordering them to attend on that day, as they tender the rights of the Irish Parliament. This proceeding greatly disgusted and terrified the hypocritical Whigs of the Buckingham cabinet; but the earnestness of the people was such as could not be controlled. The Whigs, however, did not fail to resort to one of those artful manœuvres for which they have always been notorious: that they meant honestly to Ireland, no one in his senses believes; but the professions which Buckingham and Fox made to Charlemont and Grattan on their assumption of power, were such as might be expected from accomplished tricksters, being plausible enough on the outside, but hollow and rotten within. The great object they had in view was to *gain time*. Ireland was at this period all powerful; England weak, crippled, and divided: but the resources of the latter country were so stupendous, that she might hope, after a short interval, now that her disastrous struggle with America was ended, to resume her former strong position, and thus awe the people of Ireland once more into subjection. If this resource failed, it was hoped by the cabinet that they

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\* Dublin Review, No. xxv. p. 140.

might succeed in another manner every way congenial to their dispositions. This was by cheating, cajolery, and corruption. That either one or other of these "knavish tricks" was intended to be played by the Whigs in 1782, we fearlessly assert. As we are not aware that any historian hitherto has carried out this theory, and, as many persons have insisted on the sincerity of Fox and his followers at this period, we feel particularly cautious in all that we advance, and, in order to avoid the charge or risk of misrepresenting them, we think it better in every case to quote original documents. We shall do this even at the risk of quoting too much, but the question is a curiosity of history,—a very important one indeed as affecting the character of the Whigs,—and, as such, deserves consideration.

We have said that their great object was *to gain time*. The following letter from Mr. Fox to Lord Charlemont shews how anxious the ministry felt on this point. The reader will notice the vague way in which he expresses himself,—so unlike the noble candour of a statesman who really felt well disposed to Ireland,—and will not fail to ask himself what could have been "*the line*" hinted at in the last paragraph? It clearly does not mean a declaration of rights, for that had been already "*hit upon*," and was neither honourable nor beneficial to England, for it convicted her of having for a long period usurped authority in Ireland, and it deprived her of innumerable advantages which she possessed,—opportunities, to wit, of injuring the commerce of this country, and materially serving her own.

"MR. FOX TO LORD CHARLEMONT.

*Grafton Street, April 24, 1782.*

"With regard to the particular points between the two countries, I am really not yet master of them sufficiently to discuss them, but I can say in general, that the new ministry have no other wish than to settle them in the way that may be most for the real advantage of both countries, whose interests cannot be distinct. This is very general indeed; and, if this language came from persons whose principles were less known to you, I should not expect you to consider it as anything but mere words. As it comes from those of whom I know your good opinion, I trust it will pass for something more. All we desire is favourable construction, and assistance as far as is compatible with your principles: for to endeavour to persuade men to disgrace themselves (even were it possible, as in this instance I know it is not), is very far from being part of the system of the ministry, and the particular time of the year at which this change happens is productive of many great inconveniences,

especially as it will be very difficult for the Duke of Portland to be in Dublin before the parliament meets, but I cannot help thinking that all reasonable men will concur in removing some of those difficulties, *and that a short adjournment will not be denied, if asked.* I do not throw out this as knowing from any authority it will be preferred\*.

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"Pray make my best compliments to Mr. Grattan, and tell him that the Duke of Portland and Mr. Fitzpatrick are thoroughly impressed with the consequence of his *approbation*, and will do all they can to deserve it. I do most sincerely hope *that he will hit upon some line that may be drawn honourably and advantageously to both countries*; and that, when that is done, he may shew the world that there may be a government in Ireland of which he is not ashamed to take a part."—*Life*, vol. ii. 217-18.

In the same insidious spirit Lord Rockingham wrote to Lord Charlemont a few days after. The reason assigned for asking an adjournment is manifestly false and incredible. There was no necessity to enquire into "*the opinions of Lord Charlemont and other gentlemen of weight.*" Their opinions were perfectly well known, and could not possibly be receded from.

"Grosvenor Square, 9 April, 1782.

"The Duke of Portland will set out for Ireland to-morrow evening. *I should hope that an adjournment of the House of Commons in Ireland for a fortnight or three weeks, in order to give the Duke of Portland the opportunity of enquiring into the opinions of your lordship, and of the gentlemen of the first weight and consequence, will be readily assented to.* I cannot think it would be good policy in the House of Commons of Ireland to carry on measures at this moment *which should appear so onerous to extort.*"—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 219.

In the same letter he requests his lordship to communicate *confidentially* with the duke, and follows up the hint already given by Mr. Fox. "*The new arrangement of connexion*" does not surely mean the declaration of Irish rights, but something else.

"9 April, 1782.

"His Grace's character and disposition of mind, as well as the principles on which he has long acted, are well known to your lordships, and I cannot but hope that *many advantages will arise from a trust and confidence in his character, which may produce the happiest effects both in the commencement and progress of such plans as may be suggested.* \* \* \* In truth, my dear lord, I think the time is come when a new system and *new arrangement of con-*

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\* This was evidently a lie. Lord Rockingham's letter of the 9th of April can leave no doubt on that point.

*nection between the two kingdoms must be settled to the mutual satisfaction and reciprocal interest of both. Let us unite our endeavours in so good a work.*"—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 219.

From the foregoing, it will be seen, that the Duke was in the entire confidence of the ministry. He was in possession of all their plans and intentions. No viceroy ever came to Ireland before, so intimately connected publicly and privately with the ministry that sent him, and so, indeed, Mr. Fox himself declared in a letter to Lord Charlemont, written on the 4th of April. The Duke must have known their opinions well on the subject of Irish Rights, and he must be supposed to have been entrusted with *full powers* to treat on those *subjects of confidence*, and that *new arrangement of connection*, on which Lord Charlemont had been invited to communicate with him. This is the natural conclusion to be drawn from these letters; yet, when Lord Pery asked the Viceroy and the Secretary, "what powers they had?" they answered, "that they had not any." Now, why had they not any?—simply for this reason, that the Irish Rights never were seriously contemplated by the ministry, and that the confidential communications, solicited from Lord Charlemont, referred not to those rights, but to that "new arrangement of connection," which, it was thought, an adjournment might facilitate. And it was on this subject that the Duke was entrusted with "full powers," and no other.

"From this circumstance alone," says Mr. H. Grattan, it became clear that delay was dangerous; that it was precisely what the government sought for." No time, therefore, was lost by Grattan. He sent also to the English Cabinet a syllabus of the resolutions which he intended to propose, and which comprised the repeal of the 6th of George the First, the abolition of the custom of altering or suppressing Irish Bills by the Privy Council; a repeal of the perpetual Mutiny Bill; and a new Mutiny Bill, with a declaration of rights; new Statutes, to legalize judgments made by the House of Lords, and King's Bench in England; an act to limit the regulation of the King's forces; and a modification of Poyning's law. These had already been shown to the Duke of Portland, and Colonel Fitzpatrick. "They read them, and observed, that they were strong; they made some objections, and suggested modifications, which, possibly, would have rendered them less unpalatable in England, *and which would have injured them considerably.*" (vol. ii. 230.) It is clear, therefore, that these were not the subjects on which the Duke

had been empowered to treat. The English Cabinet, having thus found that Charlemont and Grattan were not to be cajoled by their letters, another proceeding was resorted to, of a different character, but the object of which was in effect the same,—namely, a proposal that Lord Charlemont, Mr. Grattan, and their friends, should take office. The government *offered anything* that Lord Charlemont or Mr. Grattan would ask, and begged of them to say what they wanted, and it should be given; *hoping that they would agree to an adjournment, and would not then press the question of independence*, but would allow time for consideration.\* “This proffered bribe was found to be as ineffectual as the letters had been. The enumerations of grievances to be redressed, forwarded by Grattan, “*much perplexed*” them; and finding that the parties they had to deal with were inexorable,—that they could neither be prevailed on to accept office, nor to delay the measures,—*being at a loss what to do*, like men in similar situations, they did nothing; they neither assented, nor approved.” (*Life* vol. ii. 233.) From all this, it is perfectly manifest, that *not any of these grievances* related to “the new arrangement of connection,” on which the duke was authorised confidentially to treat.

Long before the failure of these negotiations, Mr. Secretary Fox had read to the House of Commons his Majesty’s message, recommending “*a final adjustment*.” A similar message was presented to the Irish House, on that 16th of April to which we referred in our opening, from the new viceroy, but no promise was held out of conceding the favourite measures of the people,—all was doubt and hesitation. Mr. Hutchinson said he had no authority to say anything from the lord lieutenant; Mr. Ponsonby moved an humble address; and the house would probably have separated without doing anything, had not Grattan at length risen, and moved an amendment to the address, which embodied all the people’s demands; “spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneux,” he exclaimed, “your genius has prevailed,—Ireland is now a nation! In that new character I hail her! and bowing to her august presence, I say, *esto perpetua!*” The amendment was carried without a dissentient voice, and the house adjourned for three weeks, to wait for the answer of his Majesty, to an address setting forth the claim of Irish right.

The remark of Mr. Grattan on the event of this day, was

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\* *Life*, vol. ii. p. 224.



one that should not be omitted. Contrasting the success in 1782 with the proceedings of 1800, he observed :

"There are two days in the Irish history that I can never forget:—the one on which we gained our freedom. How great the triumph! how moderate! how well it was borne—with what dignity, and with all absence of vulgar triumph! I shall ever remember the joy on that occasion. The other was the day in which we lost our parliament. It was a savage act done by a set of assassins who were brought into the house to sell their country and themselves; they did not belong to Ireland; some were soldiers, all were slaves. Everything was shame, and hurry, and base triumph."  
—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 239, (n.)

On the eighteenth of April, Grattan wrote to Fox, and laid before him the particulars in which Ireland felt aggrieved. On the 27th, Mr. Fox replied: the following is an extract from his letter. In the true Machiavellian spirit, he promised nothing, because he meant nothing.

"The business of Ireland becomes so very important, that it would be imprudent in me (especially as it is not within my department) to give any direct opinion upon the various points which make the subject of your letter.\* What I do think myself at liberty to say is, that it is my ardent wish that matters may be so settled as to give satisfaction to both countries; *and above all, that whatever settlement is made, may be so made as to preclude all future occasions of dispute* between two nations, upon whose mutual union the prosperity of both so unquestionably depends. That as *close a connexion* may subsist between us as the nature of the case will admit must be my wish. . . . I am sure I share these feelings in common with your lord lieutenant and his secretary; and if ever you should think it worth while to enquire into my political sentiments upon *any point*, you may always be pretty sure of them when you know those of these persons."—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 253.

From this, it will be seen that even to the last moment, Fox delayed giving an open, an honest, and an explicit opinion. He never once alludes to a declaration of Irish right—never mentions the sixth of George the First. On the contrary, he speaks as if still undecided whether he should grant the rights or not; this is the plain interpretation of the words, "whatever settlement." He talks of "mutual union," and "close connexion," just as Lord Buckingham had talked of

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\* These points were, "a foreign legislature, a foreign judicature, a legislative privy council, and a perpetual army." If Mr. Fox had been sincere in wishing "finally to adjust" these subjects of difference in the way Ireland expected, why refuse to give his "direct opinion?"



"new arrangement of connexion," and refers his correspondent to the Duke of Portland for information upon "any point." He allowed Grattan to deceive himself with the notion that the "Irish Rights" would be acknowledged, but all along nursed the hope in his own breast that something might occur which would blast the whole proceeding and carry his own plans. This is the plain reading of his reserve, making every allowance for diplomatic secrecy. On the day subsequent to his writing that letter, he, however, received an intimation from the Duke of Portland, which, appealing to his fears, decided him at once.

"I cannot conclude this letter," writes his Grace, "without expressing my most anxious wishes for a *speedy* and favorable determination. There is still an *appearance* of government; but if you delay or refuse to be liberal, government cannot exist here in its present form; and *the sooner you recall your lieutenant and renounce all claim to the country, the better*. But, on the contrary, if you can bring your minds to concede largely and handsomely, I am persuaded that you may *make any use of this people, and everything that they are worth*, that you can wish."—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 274-5.

This letter, coupled with a threat from Grattan, that if nothing was concluded before the 26th, "WE MUST PROCEED AS IF REFUSED;" and the knowledge of the recorded declarations of 100,000 volunteers, with 200 pieces of ordnance, headed by the nobility and aristocracy of the nation, and opposed, in the event of a collision, by only 5,000 regular troops, terrified the ministry, and on the 17th of May, Fox moved the repeal of the sixth of George the First,—prefacing that he spoke as a member of Parliament, rather than as a minister. The motion passed. We give the new act here.

"CAP. LIII.

"An Act to repeal an Act made in the sixth year of the reign of his late Majesty King George the First, intituled, An Act for the better securing the dependency of the kingdom of Ireland upon the crown of Great Britain.

"Whereas an Act was passed in the sixth year of the reign of his late Majesty King George the First, intituled, an Act for the better securing the dependency of the kingdom of Ireland upon the crown of Great Britain: may it please your most excellent Majesty, that it may be enacted, and be it enacted, by the king's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords, spiritual and temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that from and after the passing of this Act, the above-mentioned Act,

and the several matters and things therein contained, shall be, and is, and are hereby repealed."

In Ireland, the news was received with enthusiasm: \* 20,000 seaman, and £100,000, were instantly voted for his Majesty's fleet on the motion of Mr. Grattan, and Ireland dreamed that she had at length recovered her long-lost constitution. On the 31st of May a grant of £50,000 was voted to Grattan.

"Far be it from me," says Bagenal, the proposer of the grant, "to compare even the services of Marlborough to those for which we stand indebted; we have no deductions to make from our gratitude; without delay—without any public expense, his efforts have been timed and conducted with so much wisdom—and the appearance of such a being on earth was so essential to the establishment of liberty at this most critical juncture—that, without superstition, men may well record him amongst the most propitious interpositions of heaven.

"He has crowned his work, and under his auspices, the throne of freedom is fixed on so certain a basis, and will, probably, be always so well supported by the due influence the public are likely to acquire under his system, that, with the blessing of God, there is no danger of parliament itself being able ever to shake it."

The sum of £100,000 had been originally mentioned, but there being no likelihood of its passing through the house, half was substituted. A trick was now played by the ministry which ought not to be overlooked. It is all of a piece with their grand nostrum for governing Ireland—a bribe to Mr. Grattan. Mr. Conolly delivered the following message from the king to the house, "That the Duke of Portland *felt equally with the Irish people the high value of Mr. Grattan's services*;—that he was authorized by the lord-lieutenant to express, in the strongest terms, the sense he entertained of the public virtues of Mr. Grattan, and of *his eminent and important services to Ireland*; and as the highest proof he could give of his admiration and respect for that distinguished individual, he (the lord-lieutenant) begged to offer, as part of the intended grant to Mr. Grattan, *the viceregal palace in the Phoenix Park*, to be settled on Mr. Grattan and his heirs for ever, as a suitable residence for so meritorious a person." The proposition was coldly received. Had Grattan accepted it he would

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\* We do not know whether the following prophecy was fulfilled, but it is a curious instance of what the English thought of our sobriety. "Lord Newhaven concluded the conversation by saying, that as soon as the right hon. secretary's speech should have been read in Ireland, there would not, he was sure, be a dry eye from one end of the island to the other; *every man would get drunk and cry for joy*."—Eng. Parl. Deb. vol. xxiii. p. 34.

have lost his popularity for ever, and this was, probably, the secret reason of the offer. The dishonesty\* of the British cabinet we will now fully prove: the conduct of Mr. Grattan we will leave our readers to decide upon. We will state facts; the conclusions every one can draw.

The first instance of dishonesty was the attempt to gain time for negotiation. This was in the beginning sought to be procured by promises, and then by bribes—for such we regard the offer of place at that juncture to Charlemont and Grattan. Had they accepted place they would have either acceded to the dishonest plans of the ministry, or they would have given them time. By the former course the question would have been deferred, perhaps, indefinitely.† “They would have been free agents no longer, and would have lost favour with the people.” From the latter course, Mr. Henry Grattan tells us that equally disastrous results would have followed:—I. “It was necessary that the business should be quickly done; if it had not, probably it could not have been done at all;” II. “It was possible that advantage would be taken of the delay;” III. “The influential men might be brought or bought over; thus the Duke of Leicester was smarting under his recent removal from the volunteer corps, and might have seceded from the liberal party;” IV. “Mr. Ponsonby had English connexions, who might have persuaded him to yield on minor points;” V. “Mr. Conolly was connected with the Temple family, and they would not have been averse to the delay which might have hazarded the question;” VI. “Mr. Hutchinson had influence at the Castle, and might have also changed;” VII. Others “would have preferred to hear the question half carried by themselves than entirely carried by others;” VIII. “The volunteers were certain of having a very short political existence—they did not, in fact, live for more than a week, and had they deferred the measures, and entered into negotiations (as Mr. Fox and his party wanted) it would have been the means of procuring terms for England, who would have exacted a tribute, or got some revenue for what she gave up;” IX. “The opportunity which thus presented itself might never have recurred—it was therefore necessary that it should be quickly seized.” “These were the difficulties,” concludes Mr. Grattan; “here lay the danger—domestic danger from the people,

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\* “They adopted,” says Barrington, “the low and cunning course of yielding with affected candour, and counteracting with deep duplicity.”

† Life, vol. ii. p. 226.

the necessary concomitant of a vast popular movement; danger of another sort from courtly interference and intrigue, and last, not least, danger from British pride and British feelings.\* Of all these dangers and difficulties the ministry were as well aware as Grattan and Charlemont; like them, they were aware that delay, that *gaining time*, would have given them their greatest force, and, *therefore*, they asked time. There could have been no other object in asking it,—we believe there was no other object in asking it. How any rational man, with a sound mind in a sound body, can, after making these admissions, defend “the sincerity” of the Whigs, does indeed amaze us: nay, it almost leaves upon our minds doubts of his rationality. Yet Mr. Henry Grattan has done both: he has made the admissions, and concocted the defence. “*Mr. Fox*,” he says, *throughout was perfectly sincere.*” Was he so? It is true that on the 17th of May he thus delivered his opinion:

“With regard to the Act of the 6th of George I, it had always been his opinion out of office, that it was downright tyranny to make laws for the internal government of a people who were not represented among those by whom such laws were made. This was an opinion so founded in justice, in reason, and in equity, that in no situation had he, or would he ever depart from it.”—*English Parl. Deb.* vol. xxiii. p. 21.

This was his language in the House of Commons on the Bill for repealing the 6th of George I. In the following year, he wrote to Lord Northampton, that circumstances alone prevented him from giving that very bill “the strongest opposition.” Where shall we find a grosser instance of falsehood and duplicity? The falsehood we can, indeed, parallel in his denial in the House of Commons that the Prince of Wales had married Mrs. Fitzherbert—a fact of which he was as well acquainted as he was of his own existence; but for a similar instance of duplicity we might search the records of English history in vain.

*St. James's Place, 1st Nov. 1783.*

“It is true that the bill we passed here last year does not agree with my system; but you know the history of that bill, and the stage in which it was when we came in, otherwise I am satisfied it never would have passed; at least I am sure it could not without *the strongest opposition from the Duke of Portland and me.*”

And it is of this man that our biographer is the panegyrist!

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\* See all these arguments, vol. ii. pp. 226-8.

and it was this duke who felt equally with the Irish people the services of Mr. Grattan. [See *Message* 7.]

But there is one other fact which proves the dishonesty of the cabinet, and was an additional inducement with them to gain time. This was the project of Union then contemplated by Fox and his party. Had they succeeded in their first plan to protract proceedings on the Declaration of Right, they would have found this an easy matter. The volunteers, fancying themselves deceived and betrayed by their leaders, would have either disbanded in disgust, or proceeded to hostilities. In the first contingency, Ireland would have fallen an easy prey to the minister, and the Union could have been, as in 1800, carried at the point of the bayonet. In the second, she would have been invaded, and the measure imposed, with fire and sword to back it. "A man must be a shallow politician indeed who could not find means of distressing Ireland and making her feel the weight of calamity; the resources of this country were amply sufficient for the purposes of devastation; the deserted towns and villages, the ruined provinces of America would bear testimony to the power of the British arms, to depopulate countries, and deluge them with blood." So spake Fox when moving the Repeal of the 6th of George I. The sentiment is worthy a Sejanus.

This project of Union we know has been strenuously denied, but we will clearly shew that it was agitated secretly in 1782; that Grattan negotiated on it, and *promised support*; that while the negotiation was pending, Grattan got 50,000*l.*; and that it was only prevented from being brought forward, by the terror into which Flood and his party threw the cabinet of England. Whether the 50,000*l.* had any connexion with Mr. Grattan's promise, is no business of ours to enquire. We do not now accuse him. We merely state what we know and believe. His biographer will, no doubt, find it an easy task to refute us.

The reader has before seen the allusions to "some line that may be drawn between the two countries," in Mr. Fox's letter of April 4, 1782. Lord Buckingham's hint of "the new arrangement of connexion," mentioned on the 9th of April, has also attracted his attention. He has seen, too, that the Duke of Portland had full power to treat on these subjects, and on no other. Let him now read the glowing extract from Fox's speech, when moving the repeal of the 6th George the First:—

"But as it was possible that if nothing more was to be done than what he had stated to be his intention, Ireland might perhaps think of fresh grievances, and rise yearly in her demands, it was fit and proper that something should now be done, towards establishing on a firm and solid basis the future connexion of the two kingdoms. But that was not to be proposed by him here in parliament; it would be the duty of the crown to look to that; the business might be first begun by his majesty's servants in Ireland; and if afterwards it should be necessary to enter into a treaty, commissioners might be sent from the British parliament, or from the crown, to enter upon it, and bring the negotiation to a happy issue, by giving mutual satisfaction to both countries, and establishing a treaty which should be sanctified by the most solemn forms of the constitution of both countries."\*

And let him behold, side by side with it, Pitt's declaration that this repeal was to be followed up by other proceedings; which declaration Fox never dared to deny:—

"I do assert, without the least fear of contradiction from any gentleman whatever, that it was in the contemplation of the government of that day to adopt some measures of the nature alluded to in the address."†

Let him now peruse the account of the steps to the measure:—

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND TO MR. FOX.

(*Private and confidential.*)

Dublin Castle, April 28, 1782.

My dear sir.

I have written so fully to Lord Shelburne, that it is almost unnecessary to trouble you on the same subject; but as I conceive somewhat better hopes than what I could venture to express to Lord Shelburne, and as I knew that that circumstance will not induce *you or some of you* to delay or *haggle*, I may own to you that *I do not believe the people of this country inexorable, or determined to reject all idea of treaty.* I do not mean to say that some preliminaries must not be granted before the negotiation takes place, because I am convinced they will not listen to any proposition until the independence of their legislature is *promised*, and the necessary (for so it appears to me as an Englishman) alteration of their Mutiny Bill is agreed to. These two points ceded, and an engagement on your part to enter into a fair discussion, for the purpose of settling the judicature and Poynings' law, would, I believe, compose their spirits, *and incline them to adopt measures and modes of treating*, without which I do not see the probability of settling the business. \* \* \* \*

"I had some conversation with Grattan upon the mode. He was

\* Eng. Parl. Deb. vol. xxiii. pp. 26-7.

† Ibid. vol. xxxiv. p. 262.



very reasonable, and professed the strongest disposition to *accommodate*, saying that his reason for preferring the address to resolutions, was that he thought the parliament of Ireland *less pledged to adherence by the one than the other*. He also insisted upon the necessity of any concession on the part of England being considered here as *matter of favour*; that it was the duty of this country to consult our honest pride; and that if the language did not afford words that would reconcile our feelings to the measures we might think proper to adopt in the present crisis, words should be made for that purpose. He suggested that the preamble of the act for granting the independence of the Irish legislature (*not absolutely insisting on the repeal of George I.*, but certainly not pointing out any mode by way of substitution) might run, 'Whereas it is *rightful*,' conceiving that the *ambiguous* sense of that word might gratify the feelings of the two countries."—*Life*, vol. ii. pp. 272-4.

Here we have Grattan *accommodating* the English minister, and preferring an address—why?—learn it with amazement, O ye credulous people of Ireland!—because by it *the parliament of Ireland was less pledged to adherence than by resolutions*." Adherence to what? Why to that very repeal which he said elsewhere was final. We have him *insisting* that the repeal of this British Act shall be considered "as *matter of favour*," whereas it was notoriously *matter of right*, and not absolutely insisting on the repeal of the statute of George I: and in the conclusion of the same despatch, we have the duke's assurance that the English cabinet, by conceding handsomely, "may make any use of this people, and of *every thing that they are worth*," which was certainly a pretty plain allusion to their parliament. That this was the subject on which his Grace had been directed to treat, is proved by this correspondence. The go-between on the occasion (Mr. Grattan was too cautious to write) was Mr. Ogilvie, a man of high position in the country, the husband of the Duchess of Leinster, and the representative of the wishes of this country on the subject of union. We copy the following letter to him from the viceroy:—

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND TO MR. OGILVIE.

Dublin Castle, Sunday Morning, 26th May 1782.

"I should be very glad to hear that Lord Charlemont was inclined to accede to any part, or even to the idea of such a plan as you have been so obliging as to communicate to me. I should consider it as a material step to that situation in which I am sure it is the interest of both kingdoms to be placed; being convinced that *whatever is most like a union*, is the most probable bond of connexion to restore and perpetuate the harmony and prosperity of the two countries."—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 289.



Mr. Henry Grattan, defending the duke, tells us that Lord Charlemont fancied Mr. Ogilvie referred to something else,—not to an union. Is it likely that Mr. Ogilvie, in the course of the discussions, did not show the foregoing letter to his lordship? The biographer also says that, “neither Mr. Fox nor the English government had anything to say to the chimerical idea,” and yet a few pages after he prints the following letter from the prime minister:—

“THE MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM TO THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

“*Wimbledon, 25th May, 1782.*

“The essential points on the part of Ireland now acceded to, will, I trust, establish a perfect cordiality between the two countries; and, as there can no longer exist any grounds of contest or jealousy on matters of right between the countries, the only object of both will be how finally to arrange, settle, and adjust all matters, whereby THE UNION of power and strength, and mutual and reciprocal, advantage, may be best permanently fixed.”—*Life*, ii. 289.

He also prints the duke's letters to Lord Shelburne.

“*Dublin Castle, 5th June, 1782.*

“I cannot so readily take upon me to answer for the immediate attainment of the benefits which the liberality of Great Britain entitles her to expect; unless, therefore, *one very great measure*, which I will make the subject of a separate letter, can be obtained, &c. &c.”—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 290.

The steps by which Lord Charlemont was seduced are thus described in *Barrington's Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*.\* “He stated in conclusion, that he would omit no opportunity of *cultivating* his connexion with the Earl of Charlemont, who appeared entirely disposed to place confidence in his administration, and to give a *proper tone* to the armed bodies over whom he had the most considerable influence.” “So skilfully did he act upon these suggestions,” adds Sir Jonah, “that he inveigled the good, but feeble, Earl Charlemont entirely into his trammels; and, as long as his Grace remained in the Irish Government, he not only much influenced that nobleman, but kept him at arm's length from some of the ablest statesmen in the country, without their perceiving the insidious power that caused their separation.” All this is in accordance with the duke's declaration in parliament in 1799, “that he never considered the adjustment of 1782 final.” If he did not, why did he offer Grattan the vice-regal lodge?

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\* Paris ed. p. 172.

"THE DUKE OF PORTLAND TO THE EARL OF SHELBURNE.

"*Dublin Castle, 6th June, 1782.*

"The measure which I stated to your lordship in my letter of last night, as a sufficient inducement for deferring the prorogation of parliament, is of so *delicate* a nature and requires so much secrecy and management, that *I think it unadvisable to trust the communication of it to any hand but my own*; and, as it is possible that the event may not justify the hopes I entertain, it would, perhaps, be more prudent to withhold the intelligence which I am now about to give you, until I could transmit the plan properly authenticated for the consideration of your lordship and the rest of the king's confidential servants. \* \* \* I shall, therefore, acquaint your lordship that I have reason to hope that I may be shortly enabled to lay before you the sketch or outline of an act of parliament to be adopted by the legislatures of the respective kingdoms, by which the superintending power and supremacy of Great Britain in all matters of state and general commerce will be virtually and effectually acknowledged; that a share of the expense in carrying on a defensive or offensive war, either in support of our own dominions, or those of our allies, shall be borne by Ireland in proportion to the actual state of her abilities; and that she will adopt every such regulation as may be judged necessary by Great Britain for the better ordering and securing her trade and commerce with foreign nations, or her own colonies and dependencies, consideration being duly had to the circumstances of this country. I am flattered with the expectation of receiving the most positive assurances from Lord Charlemont and Mr. Grattan\* of their support in carrying such a bill through both houses of parliament."—*Life*, vol. ii. pp. 291-2.

Lord Clare read this extract to the House of Lords in 1799. He did not mention the names, but he added these words,—  
"I happen to know, from an unofficial quarter, that the sketch of such an act of parliament was then drawn—I know the gentleman who framed it, and I know from the same quarter that blank, and blank, and blank, and blank, *did unequivocally signify their approbation of it.*"

As a further proof that the English minister "had nothing to say to the chimerical idea," Mr. Grattan publishes the following letter from Lord Shelburne to the Duke:—

*Shelburne House, Sunday, June 9.*

"The contents of the letter are too important to hesitate about detaining him, while I assure your grace of the satisfaction I know your letter will give the king. I have lived in the *most anxious expectation of some such measure* offering itself. \* \* \* No

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\* Mr. H. Grattan artfully omits the names. But it is well known that they are in the dispatch.

matter who has the merit, *let the two kingdoms be one, which can only be by Ireland now acknowledging the superintending power and supremacy to be where nature has placed it*, in precise and unambiguous terms. I am sure I need not inculcate to your grace the importance of words, *in an act which must decide upon the happiness of ages*, particularly in what regards contribution and trade, subjects most likely to come into frequent question. \* \* \* *I have only to assure your grace of every support necessary to carry this measure.*"—*Life*, vol. ii. pp. 292-3.

The cabinet now congratulated themselves on the likelihood of obtaining the measure of union. The draft of the bill had been drawn up—the £50,000 had been voted—the support had been promised. A speech from Flood suddenly dissipated all their schemes. On the 11th of June, he first moved the question, and declared that he was discontented with the simple repeal of the Declaratory Act.

"*A repeal*," said he, "without a *renunciation*, leaves you in effect only where you were. It is a first principle of law, that a declaratory act declares the law to be what it was before; that is to say, that it only declares, and that it does not alter the law. What follows? That as making a declaratory act does not alter the law, so neither can the mere unmaking of such an act alter the law. Or, in other words, it follows that if a declaratory act is not pronounced to have been an erroneous declaration of law, the bare repeal of it can do no other than leave the law in that state in which the declaratory act did declare it to have been before such declaratory act passed. An enacting statute alters the law when it is made, and, consequently, when it is repealed it alters the law; that is to say, its enactment makes law, and therefore its repeal unmakes law. Inconsiderate people confound this idea of an enacting with that of a declaratory act, and are imposed on to believe that the repeal of a declaratory act unmakes and alters the law in like manner as the repeal of an enacting statute does,—but this is utterly false. The repeal of a declaratory law, unless it contains a renunciation of the principle, is only a repeal of the declaration, and not of the legal principle,—the principle remains behind in full force."

Mr. Henry Grattan, with that peculiar accuracy of statement, which he manifests throughout these volumes, and with that peculiar discrimination which could see in the foregoing letters of the British ministers nothing to say to the chimerical idea of the union, tells us that this speech was made on the 13th of June, and was occasioned by some remarks that fell from Mr. Grattan, and assures us, that Mr. Flood's motives were base, and hollow, and mercenary,—he having been neither restored to office, nor rewarded with a

pension;—yet, it was only on the very day before Flood spoke, to wit, on the 10th of June, that Fitzpatrick assured the house, that the ministry had taken distinguished notice of Flood, and had offered him an honourable mark of their regard which he thought proper to refuse.

"In ability," cried this consummate orator on the 14th, "I will yield to many, in zeal to none; and if I have not served the public cause more than many men, this, at least, I may say, I have sacrificed as much to it. Do you repent of that sacrifice? if I am asked; I answer, no; who could repent of a sacrifice to truth and honour, to a country that he loves, and to a country that is grateful? Do you repent of it? No, but I should not rejoice in it, if it were only to be attended with a private deprivation, and not to be accompanied by all its gains to my country. I have a peculiar right, therefore, to be solicitous and ardent about the issue of it, and no man shall stay me in my progress. Were the voice with which I utter this, the last effort of expiring nature; were the accent which conveys it, to give the breath that was to waft me to that grave, to which we all tend, and to which my footsteps rapidly accelerate, I would go on, I would make my exit, by a loud demand of your rights; and I call upon that God of truth and liberty which has often favoured you, and which has of late looked down upon you with such a peculiar grace, and glory of protection, to continue to give his inspirings, to crown you with the spirit of his completion; and to assist you against the errors of those that are honest, as well as against the machinations of those that are not so." (*Parl. Deb.* vol. i. p. 428.)

This is the man against whom our biographer has shot every hateful sneer, every odious suspicion that he can invent; whose motives he vilifies; whose life he slanders; whose memory he endeavours to blast. Whatever were his motives, they produced a ferment through the country, which left no hope that the prospect of union would then be entertained.

"THE DUKE OF PORTLAND TO THE EARL OF SHELburne.

"*Dublin Castle, June 22, 1782.*

"The disappointment and mortification I suffer by the unexpected change in those dispositions which had authorized me to entertain the hopes I had, perhaps too sanguinely, expressed, in the letter which I had the honour of writing to your lordship the 6th instant, must not prevent my acquainting you that, for the present, those expectations must be given up. I trust, and am inclined to flatter myself, they are only suspended, and that they will be revived when the temper of this country shall have recovered its tone, and acquired that degree of composure, which must give it the firmness necessary for effectuating so wise and salutary a measure. Mr.

Fitzpatrick will have informed your lordship of some very unpleasant circumstances which were likely to have happened a very few days before the adjournment, the traces of which are strangely marked in the address from the Leinster volunteers, which I have this day the honour of transmitting to you, *but which I think are to be attributed to a suspicion of the possible effect of a negotiation.* By the account of the event of these three or four days, and of the timidity and jealousy of the Irish people in this country, it is clear, to my apprehension, that any injudicious or offensive measure may be prevented, but that *any attempts to conciliate the mind of this nation to any such measure as I intimated the hopes of, would, at this moment, be delusive and impossible.*—*Life*, vol. ii. pp. 293-4.

"The suspicion of negotiation" had been dropped by Flood, in his speech on the 11th. His doctrines on simple repeal spread instantly through the country. The greatest lawyers in the empire took up the question.\* The more illustrious sided with Flood. The volunteers sided with him; the country sided with him. The placemen in the House of Commons opposed him; but the duke did not dare to proceed with his bill. The strong indignation against Grattan, by a betrayed people, was so loud, and so terrific, that he fled from the country. A seasonable fit of illness, a desire for change of air, any pretext was adopted. Thus ended the glorious Revolution of 1782. It was commenced in patriotism; it concluded in treachery. It began with virtue; it was finished with a bribe.

Mr. Henry Grattan's defence of his father's conduct in this year is amusing: "*He could not have negotiated with the Duke of Portland, because Mr. Fitzpatrick was ignorant of it.*" This is the defence. Was ever anything more absurd? From the whole correspondence of the duke with the government, it appears that Mr. Fitzpatrick was not trusted with this great state secret. How does this argument, if it can be so called, do away with the effect of the passages in his Grace's letters? with the charge made publicly by Fitzgibbon, and never denied? with the absence of any letter in Mr. Grattan's handwriting rebutting the imputation?† with the absence of a denial in parliament, from Fox, that the Union was meditated? The innocency of Mr. Grattan depends upon the

\* The biographer tells us that Lord Erskine, Sir Arthur Pigott, and Sir Samuel Romilly, gave their opinion in favour of Mr. Grattan. But he does not cite it!!

† In his speech on Feb. 28, 1800, he cautiously forbears to deny his participation. (*Speeches*, vol. iii. p. 409.)

veracity of Mr. Fitzpatrick, whose very life was a public lie. We can assure the member for Meath *this* will not do. Mr. Henry Grattan tells us also that the negotiations to which Fox alluded, "related to the question of trade." This is no new discovery, for the same assertion is made in Mr. Porter's speech on the Union, p. 21. But both are mistaken. Fox, on the 22d of July 1785, said, "That no idea of a commercial regulation had been entertained by the administration of 1782 in proposing the resolution in question."

We have shewn that the Whigs were insincere; that they meditated union; that Grattan agreed to support it; that he got 50,000*l.*; that they promised a final adjustment at the very moment when the draft of an Act of Union was drawn; that Grattan insisted on an address because it was less binding than resolutions; that the country grew alarmed, and rose up against simple repeal, which Mr. Grattan preferred because it could be more easily got rid of than renunciation; that the ministry got frightened, and did not persevere in their project; that Grattan fled. But that it is unnecessary, we could also show that scarcely any person in authority in England sincerely believed the simple repeal to be sufficient; that Lord Abinger in the House of Lords denied its efficacy; that Lord Mansfield on the bench refuted it; that when it was the object of the British ministry to stifle all opposition in Ireland, Grattan proposed in the house that *any person* (meaning thereby Flood, whose honesty at this crisis crushed the ministerial project of union) who should deny the omnipotence of simple repeal was inimical to both kingdoms; that if this resolution had been passed, freedom of speech on the subject would have been for ever abolished; that he resisted all Flood's patriotic measures for a more stable assurance of Irish liberty than the repeal of a declaratory act; that he attacked with unseemly and indecent heat all who differed with him; that Flood's act was at length passed, which was a virtual confirmation by the British parliament of the inefficiency of simple repeal; all this we could show, but surely on this question there can be no longer any doubt of the conclusion to be arrived at, when the honesty of Mr. Grattan, or the sincerity of the Whigs, is in dispute.

There are some palliations for Mr. Grattan's defection, which his partisans may mention. His private fortune was small, and not at all commensurate to his position. He was flattered by the greatest men of his time. His assistance, nay, his patronage, was courted by lords and dukes, as if he



had been something beyond mortality. These things, operating on a vain, weak mind, within which prudence had never sat enthroned, had their effect. His after conduct in a great measure redeemed this period of his career. He refused office from the coalition, but he also supported their measures; he behaved with true patriotism at the disastrous period of the Union; he devoted his mind to the emancipation of the Catholics, and died with a declaration in favour of Ireland on his lips.

On Mr. Grattan's return to Ireland, he married a Miss Fitzgerald. "To the graces of a handsome person, a commanding air and figure, she united a rectitude of mind, a purity of thought, a dignity of manner, and a disposition the most amiable and benign. She was full of virtue, charity, and piety, and was respected, admired, and beloved by all who knew her." He took up his abode at Tinnehinch, a romantic valley in the county of Wicklow, and for a time forgot politics and court intrigue. In a letter to Cornet Broome, he thus describes his life:—"We dine at half an hour after four, breakfast not too early for you, and go to bed before eleven; have tea—eggs very good—bread and butter; are within a quarter of an hour of the Dargle, close to a mountain walk; have good sauntering grounds, backgammon table, Sankey 25 claret." This comprises nearly all that we know of his domestic history. These memoirs are singularly deficient of what ought to form their most interesting matter,—private personal details of Mr. Grattan. They are filled to repletion with political nonsense, extracts from old newspapers, and bad extracts of forgotten speeches; but they give scarcely any detail of the man inside his own threshold. We are therefore reluctantly compelled to sketch off his public life, for his private one is as yet a sealed book. Mr. Henry Grattan writes very good articles for Radical newspapers, but he is no biographer. The death of Lord Buckingham, in the July of this year, and the annihilation of his cabinet, are subjects not important enough to claim any particular attention. We come at once to the coalition ministry, in which we find Fox and Lord North, Burke and Lord Sancho Townshend, Fitzgibbon and Grattan, advocating the same measures, and mutually puffing each other, after years of mutual hate and abuse. We have seen that in 1782, the ministry had offered Flood a distinguished place, in order to cajole him from the country. In 1783, they did the same. They offered him the post of chancellor of the exchequer—the most considerable



situation at their disposal; but that great man refused to coalesce with a party, who, by their present associations, had falsified the proceedings of their whole lives previously. He, therefore, remained in opposition. The ministry never forgot or forgave his independent scorn of their offer; and it was reported publicly, at St. James's Palace, that they bribed Grattan to attack him. We have given the particulars in a former paper.

In July, 1789, was formed the National Convention. Its object was to procure a Reform Bill on the principles propounded by Mr. Pitt. It was supported by the volunteers, and consisted of some of the wisest and noblest individuals in the land. Yet so great a horror of reform was entertained by Mr. Fox, when in place, that he wrote to Secretary Burgoyne that, "If the parliamentary reform claimed by the volunteers be conceded, Ireland is irretrievably lost for ever;" and recommended him to "to baffle" that body, so that they might dissolve, or declare war! This was the liberal and humane feeling of Fox; and of this policy, and this party, we are sorry to say, Grattan proved himself a most violent advocate. He was every day at the Castle, was counselled on all subjects, had been made a privy councillor, and in the House, and out of it, behaved like the most rabid of placemen. This conduct displeased Lord Charlemont, who discarded him from the number of his friends.

We scarcely know how to excuse his desertion of the volunteers. In Dr. Madden's able, instructive, and pathetic work, *The United Irishmen*, it is thus alluded to:—"Grattan, from the time he imagined he had gained his great object, turned away his face from the ladder by which he upward climbed," and bid the volunteers farewell. The wooden horse of national independence was received into Ireland, and the hands of the opposition were held forth for the "*dona ferrentes*" of the British ministry. On the 5th of March 1782, Grattan stated in the House of Commons,—“he was far from saying that, under the present administration, independent gentlemen might not accept of places. He thought that places were now honourable, and in taking one he should be the friend of the people and of his majesty's government.”\* This was before he pocketed the 50,000*l.* The hint was not lost on Fox, as the reader will see by reperusing his letter of April 4. Nor were Fox's instructions to the Castle, to crush

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\* Mr. Henry Grattan has suppressed this speech.

the volunteers, lost on Mr. Grattan, for he immediately became the most virulent libeller and foe of that patriotic band.

To introduce disunion into the convention, was the first plan by which the Castle hoped "to baffle" that assembly. The chamberlain, Sir Boyle Roche, was accordingly dispatched with the following lie: he stated to the convention that he had been authorised by the Catholic party to declare, that they did not require the interference of that body, and that they did not intend to seek for any further political privileges. It was thought that this message would provoke the convention, and induce them to quarrel with the Catholics;—a step which would have deprived them of their greatest support, and rendered them easy victims of the government. Fortunately, the Catholics, in one body, disavowed the whole proceeding,—communicated with the convention, and declared Sir Boyle Roche to be a liar. The latter, in a letter bearing date Feb. 14, 1784, admitted that he was a liar,—that the whole story was an infamous fabrication; but added, that for this treacherous and villainous plot he had been "applauded by the lord-lieutenant, the secretary, and *all* the men in power." These were the miscreants, and this the system, which we now find Grattan supporting. *O quantum mutatus ab illo!* No wonder that Charlemont refused to know him.

"The next step," writes the lord-lieutenant to Fox, "was to try, by means of our friends in this assembly, to perplex its proceedings, and to create confusion in their deliberations, in order to bring their meeting into contempt, and to create a necessity of its dissolving itself. This method had considerable effect. \* \* \* Another desirable step was, to involve them, if possible, in a dispute with the House of Commons, and to create the necessity of a declaration of the House to support the dignity of parliament, and to maintain its rights: it was imagined a favourable opportunity would have presented itself upon the Down petition, which however, by a reconciliation between the parties, was avoided."—*Life*, vol. iii. p. 131-2.

When we bear in mind, that among the delegates were the following distinguished individuals, we shall be surprised and indignant that Fox should have wanted to disunite them. He had no fear of their loyalty; but while he was a minister he hated the very name of reform. The Bishop of Derry (Earl of Bristol), Lord Charlemont, Lord Farnham, Lord Aldborough, Lord Kingsborough, Rt. Hon. W. Brownlow, Rt. Hon. Thomas Conolly, Rt. Hon. Robert Stewart, Mr. Robert Day (afterwards justice in the King's Bench), Mr.

Henry Flood, Sir William Parsons, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and Sir Edward Newenham.

On the 3rd of November, Flood moved for a retrenchment in the military expenses. On the 10th, Sir H. Cavendish made a proposition nearly similar. Both these resolutions Grattan and the Castle party opposed. On the 29th of November, Flood introduced his motion for parliamentary reform, in one of his finest speeches, but it was rejected by the whig cabinet, on a division of one hundred and fifty against it, and sixty-eight for it. In a word, the opposition offered by this administration to every measure likely to benefit Ireland, was such, that the lord-lieutenant himself wrote unto Fox:—"I cannot help observing, that *the old notions* seem to govern, even now, the king's councils." (p. 133.) This was a strong expression, coming from a viceroy: it clearly proves the difference between Mr. Fox when in office and out of it. While in opposition, those who acted according to "*the old notions*" deserved to be impeached; directly he became a minister, he acted on these very notions. Posterity will rightly appreciate this statesman. We always suspected that astonishing candour and simplicity which Fox exhibited to his friends; and every day reveals some new instance of its falseness.

Nor did the destruction of the coalition make any immediate change in Mr. Grattan. He still supported the new cabinet, acting with Fitzgibbon, and opposing Flood. Then it was that he called the volunteers "*the armed beggars*"\* of Ireland; then it was that he voted 20,000*l.* to clothe the militia organized to intimidate that illustrious body.† He voted 140,000*l.* to the English minister, who had promised to accede to the eleven commercial propositions of the secretary Orde,‡—and who broke his promise. For three years he had been trammelled by the Castle. At length, on the 12th of August, he was in opposition once more, and the newspapers congratulated him on "*reviving his drooping laurels*." From this period until the Union, with the exception of his share in the regency question, and an interval in 1794, his conduct was unimpeachable. But these derelictions tarnish his laurels;—we should not speak too strongly, if we added, that they disgrace him.

The attractions that seduced Grattan from the volunteers were more than ordinary. The splendour and luxury of the

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\* Jan. 21, 1785.

† Feb. 14, 1785.

‡ Feb. 28, 1785.

Duke of Rutland's court exceeded anything that had ever been seen in Ireland, and the smiles of his beautiful duchess were lavished with a freedom worthy of the sparkling train that illuminated the licentious circles of the palace of Versailles. A mixture of refined gallantry, and the cessation of political hostility, seemed to be the reward of those political warriors, and a compensation after all their toils. They had succeeded in 1782, they had got over the difficulties of 1783, and the volunteer convention. Splendid parties, to which the opposition were not invited, were given in honour of the duchess. At Celbridge, where stood the bower of Swift's Vanessa, she had been enthroned and complimented in verse. Who could resist a lady, fair and fascinating as Armida, and, like her, bent on conquest? Who could absent himself from the circle of this modern Calypso, who suffered herself to be addressed in such strains as the following?—

“When you tell me your heart is another's,  
That our passions can never agree;  
That a flame in your bosom now smothers,  
Which ne'er was enkindled by me;  
But you mean that your friendship's soft balm,  
Unassisted by amorous sighs,  
Should all my disquietudes calm,  
And heal all the wounds of your eyes.

“Now, alas! though you call me your friend,  
Though that favour you'd freely impart,  
Yet I feel that my wishes don't end,—  
I would still have some share in your heart.  
So perhaps in your soul you may trace  
Some fond intermediate degree  
Between friendship and love,—some space;  
If such, then, oh! give it to me.”

The marked distinction, also, with which Grattan was treated, was such as had been rarely accorded to Irishmen. It flattered and misled him for a time, but he soon burst the chains which the corrupt wizards of the Castle had thrown around him.

On the 14th of February 1788, Grattan brought forward the subject of tithes. Even at the present time, his arguments against them deserve notice. That unjust iniquity is still upon the land. It remains for other statesmen than those we have of late seen to remove it altogether.

“Tithes are made more respectable than, and superior to, any other kind of property. The high priest will not take a parlia-

mentary title, that is, in other words, he thinks they have a divine right to tithe. Whence? None from the Jews; the priesthood of the Jews had not the tenth; the Levites had the tenth, because they had no other inheritance, but Aaron and his sons had but the tenth of that tenth; that is, the priesthood of the Jews had but the hundredth part, the rest was for other uses: for the rest of the Levites, for the poor, the stranger, the widow, the orphan, and the temple.

"But, supposing the Jewish priesthood had the tenth, which they certainly had not, the Christian priesthood does not claim under them. Christ was not a Levite, nor of the tribe of Levi, nor of the Jewish priesthood, but came to protest against that priesthood, their worship, their ordinances, their passover, and their circumcision.

"Will a Christian priesthood say it was meet to put down the priests, but meet likewise to seize on the spoil? as if their riches were of Divine origin, though their religion was not; as if Christian disinterestedness might take the land, and the tithe given in lieu of the land, and, possessed of both, and divested of the charity, exclaim against the avarice of the Jews!

"The apostles had no tithe. They did not demand it. They, and He whose mission they preached, protested against the principle on which tithe is founded. 'Carry neither scrip, nor purse, nor shoes; into whatsoever house ye go, say peace.'

"Here is concord and contempt of riches, not tithe. 'Take no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor fear your bodies, what ye shall put on;' so said Christ to his apostles. Does this look like a right in his priesthood to a tenth of the goods of the community?

"Beware of covetousness; seek not what ye shall eat, but seek the kingdom of God.'

"Give alms, provide yourselves with bags that wax not old; a treasure in heaven which faileth not,' This does not look like a right in the Christian priesthood to the tenth of the goods of the community, exempted from the poor's dividend.

"Distribute unto the poor, and seek treasure in heaven.'

"Take care that your hearts be not charged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and the cares of this life.'

"One should (*query* would?) not think that our Saviour was laying the foundation of tithe, but cutting up the roots of the claim, and prophetically admonishing some of the modern priesthood. If these precepts are of Divine right, tithes cannot be so; the precept which orders a contempt of riches, the claim which demands a tenth of the fruits of the earth for the ministers of the Gospel."—*Speeches*, vol. ii. pp. 54-55.

His motion was rejected by a majority of seventy-two. The speech was printed, and ran through four editions in the space of a month.

In the following year, the fatal question of Regency was brought before parliament. We have seen that in 1782, Grattan made a compact with Fox and the Whigs which, whatever was its nature, bound him to them, body and soul, for ever; he became their humble and consistent satellite, servitor, and bully,—even in the blue and buff uniform which they wore, he was their imitator and copyist. On this question, which Sheridan, in 1811, admitted to have been a mere party dispute, as well as on all others, he advocated the unconstitutional doctrines of that faction, and was one of those who drew up the address to the Prince of Wales, calling on him to assume the government of Ireland. It was the intention of the Prince of Wales to have turned out Mr. Pitt, and to bring in his own friends the Foxs and Fitzpatricks, and the other patrons, corrupters, and flatterers of Grattan. Of the proceedings of the Irish Parliament on that question there can be only one opinion among all who know the constitution. They were manifestly wrong: and it was a species of retribution, that Ireland having thus trampled on right, and espoused the cause of the prince, should thereby awaken the hate and jealousy of the king, and render herself liable to pains and penalties proceeding from an equally flagrant infringement of the constitution of England. By this act she sowed the seeds of her own destruction.

In the session of parliament which opened January 22, 1790, Grattan led the opposition, and did service to the country. On the 20th of February, he moved for a select committee, to enquire into the corrupt agreements for the sale of peerages, and the purchase of seats in the House of Commons. He cited the declaration publicly made by Lord Chancellor Clare; “these new charges are political expedients. Ireland was sold for £1,500,000 formerly, and if opposition persists will be sold again.” The motion was seconded by Sir Edward Newenham, and supported by Ponsonby, Sir James Cotter, Connolly, and Curran, who “pledged himself to prove” the sale of the peerages. It was rejected. In the following year the subject was revived, Grattan moving on the 8th of February, a resolution, similar to that rejected in 1790. The principal argument on which the ministerial side based its opposition, was, that common report was not a sufficient inducement for that house to vote a Committee. On this Ponsonby said:

“If gentlemen are unwilling to risk their reputation, by constituting an enquiry, on the ground of common fame, I will state to



them what they will consider sufficient ground for this enquiry ; a member of this house starting up, and asserting, that he has good reason to believe that peerages have been sold. This, Mr. Speaker, the gentlemen opposite will acknowledge to be good ground for enquiry. Sir, I am that man, I have reason to believe that *peerages have been sold for money*; nay more, *I have proof*. Go into a committee, and if I do not establish my charge, degrade me,—let me no longer enjoy the character of an honest man ; *I dare the administration to it. I risk my reputation on establishing the fact.*”

The motion was negatived by a majority of 52. On the 12th, the subject was a third time renewed by John Philpot Curran, but with no better success: as we have mentioned Curran's name, we must protest against the exceeding bad taste in which he is sneered at in these volumes. The member for Meath will certainly do himself no service by depreciating one of the honestest Irishmen that ever lived. It would seem however, that the dislike is hereditary, for he chucklingly relates the following anecdote of his father. While in opposition, the leaders of the whig party had subscribed a document, pledging themselves not to take office, except together; of these Curran was one. In 1806, Fox and his supporters met, they were puzzled to know what place to give Curran, and Mr. Grattan it was said, *humorously* (?) observed, “better then make him an Irish bishop.” (vol. iii. p. 425.) We do not see the wit, but we see the cold-blooded heartlessness, malice, and envy of this remark. Poor Curran had sacrificed everything for Fox and that ungrateful faction. He was appointed to the miserable place of master of the Rolls, and died broken-hearted. Did the mover of the declaration of Irish rights call this “backing his friend?” But Curran was not the only friend of Grattan, whom the latter betrayed; with Theobald Wolfe Tone, he was on terms of close intimacy, and that gallant Irishman was destined to experience the faithlessness of this man, with a withered heart, in a withered body. On the arrest of Jackson, in April 1794, the friends of Tone apprehended that he too might be seized and put to death; the Catholics, of whom he had been a distinguished advocate, came forward and offered him the means to escape. Grattan, the friend of poor Tone, “advised them to abandon him to his fate” (*Tone's Life*, vol. i. p. 161)—in other words to leave him to the gallows. Such was the tenderness of the mover of Irish rights to a man who visited him, and breakfasted constantly at his house. The reason assigned by Tone, is that he refused to become a pamphleteer



for the whig party in Ireland, and this crime Grattan never forgave!

In 1792, the Catholics began at length seriously to look for their rights, and held meetings throughout the country, in which they supplicated some share of the constitution. On the 18th of February, Sir Hercules Langrishe obtained leave to bring in a bill for their relief. Its object was to open to Catholics the profession of the law, to permit their intermarrying with Protestants, and to enable them to follow trades. The modesty of those demands shows how broken was the spirit of our persecuted brethren fifty years ago. The bill was objected to as being the production of a private individual (Mr. Richard Burke), and not expressing the sentiments of the Catholic body. Mr. Burke, who was behind the speaker's chair, stepped forward and attempted to speak, when suddenly arose a cry, "*Into custody.*" He, however, managed to escape, and the solicitor general Toler humorously remarked, that when some foolish petitioners had flocked, to St. James's with a statement of the grievances of that day, he remembered to have read in the London papers, a paragraph which announced "that on such a day a most violent petition was presented to the House of Commons, *but it luckily missed fire, and the villains made off.*" This pleasantry put the house into good spirits. They were addressed by Grattan in a masterly oration, and went into committee on the bill. But two days after, on the motion of Mr. Latouche, the Catholic petition was thrown out by a majority of two hundred and eight to twenty-five; and the same miserable bigot moved, "that the Protestant petition from the town of Belfast, in favour of the Roman Catholics, be now rejected," which was likewise carried. Disappointed in their appeals to Parliament, the Catholics determined to lay a statement of their grievances before the Prince of Wales. The hypocritical professions which this person had always used deceived the Catholics, and they believed him to be friendly to their cause. If he were so at that time, it was merely to vex his father; for directly he had it in his power to befriend them, he became their deadly enemy. Some riots in the country of Down having happened about this period, in which several Protestants were killed, Foster drew out a catalogue of the dead, writing after each name, "*Protestant,*" and "*killed by a Catholic.*"

This mischievous document was sent to the Prince of Wales, and he was requested to lay it before the king. Mr.

Grattan and Mr. Forbes had an interview with him at that time by appointment. The prince, according to Mr. Grattan's account, kept him and Mr. Forbes waiting very long. At length, when he appeared, he made a speech on the subject of the Catholics and their convention, all of which he seemed to have previously studied. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas (Lord Melville) were there. Mr. Grattan described the prince as professing himself friendly to the measure, saying that he was "a lover of Ireland, and would support the Catholics." He spoke well and was very animated; and at the conclusion he slapped most violently a very tight pair of yellow leather breeches which he wore, acting this part with much address and spirit, and adding, with great animation, that he had seen letters from the north of Ireland respecting the riots which had occurred there; "that the names of the persons were marked 'Protestant,' 'killed by a Catholic,' and so on; that he had been requested to give these letters to the king, but that he had declined to do so, and that they had been sent then to the Duke of York, who had brought them to his majesty." (*Life*, vol. iv. p. 675-6.) The following anecdote of the "rascalliest, sweetest, young prince," we do not remember to have seen before. "On one occasion three bills came from the prince to Lord Moira for 1500*l.* 5000*l.* and 15,000*l.* Lord Moira endorsed them, sent them to a friend, and got the money for the prince. His royal highness's letter, which was read on the occasion, made great protestations of regard, and added, "*If ever I forget your kindness, may God forget me,*" on which Lady Moira made the following prophetic remark—"If ever that man comes to the throne he will deceive his friends." By this nobleman Mr. Grattan was received with kindness. He was introduced to George III., and treated politely. In March 1793, the first Catholic Relief Bill—scanty and stinted enough in its provisions—was carried.

In this year, we meet the records of another fatal stigma on Grattan's memory—a proposal to him from Lord Loughborough to support an union, which proposal, instead of being repudiated with scorn, was considered.

"Your presence here," wrote the chancellor, "is most anxiously wished \* \* \* If there could be, by adjournment, a cessation of active measures, if, in that interval, all irregular modes of discussion could be prevented or frustrated, and it should be employed in a fair and candid discussion of the several points which seem necessary to settle the situation of Ireland in a just conformity to that of England, and with a due share of the general fortunes of the

whole empire, prosperous or adverse, by an adequate communication of interests, I am perfectly assured your satisfaction in such a result would be equal to mine."—*Life*, vol. iv. p. 107-8.

Mr. Henry Grattan does not hesitate to admit that this alludes to a project of Union. How was it received by his father? With an indignant refusal to participate in the ruin of his country? with an instant and cutting rejoinder for so barefaced a proposal, and unblushing an insult? Not at all; but by a civil letter, a *confidential* letter,—a copy of which, by-the-way, is suppressed. The following is the Chancellor's reply. We may glean from it that Grattan promised his support, but suggested the difficulty that lay in his way of breaking all his former promises to the people,—that he solicited his correspondent's advice as to how this difficulty could be softened,—that he declined to go to England because his absence would create *suspicion* (the very mention of this little word shows there was something dirty in the transaction),—that if the measure were proposed, so great was his influence, the people might be deceived into a support of it. This is what we gather from Lord Loughborough's reply. Let Mr. Henry Grattan come forward, and prove that we are mistaken.

31st Feb. 1793.

"I feel as I ought the *confidence*\* you repose in me with respect to the difficulty that impedes your *embracing the idea* \* \* \* *My idea* is plainly this, that at a convenient moment an interval should take place by prorogation, and that, by a direct intercourse here, advantage should be taken of that interval to discuss fairly a settlement of all questions, *not for the moment only*, but, as far as our views can reach, for the *permanent connected establishment* of Ireland, both internally and relatively to England \* \* \* his (Hutchinson's) presence here might be of service: yours, I am persuaded, would be of the greatest. *Suspicious, I am sure, it could be to no one*, and, although to be authorised by the people is in itself impossible, I am confident they would ratify and applaud what had received your approbation, and merited your support."—vol. ii. pp. 109-10.

It is easy to see that Lord Loughborough would not write this letter, if Mr. Grattan had not very plainly intimated to him opinions quite in accordance with his lordship's, and those of Mr. Pitt. The negotiation ended, we know not why: but the Catholic Relief Bill was certainly granted with this measure in view. In this year, the volunteers, "the armed beggary of the nation," as Mr. Grattan called them, were put down by proclamation,—the mover of the declaration of

\* Confidence in Mr. Pitt's lord chancellor!!

Irish Rights saying little in their defence, and voting with government for their destruction.

In 1795, we find him again a ministerialist,—offered the place of Chancellor of the Exchequer,—holding repeated interviews with Pitt,—courted by Lord Fitzwilliam, the new viceroy,—moving the address insisting on the necessity of war with France!—and asking for a vote of £200,000 towards manning the fleet destined to attack that country.

We have not courage to go through the years between this and the close of the century. They are so reddened with the blood of our unfortunate countrymen, that we shudder as we contemplate them. Murder, rapine, burnings, perjuries, fire, and sword; blood-thirsting yeomen, infuriated orangemen; the people slaughtered like sheep; villages burned to the ground; a ruffian military triumphant; a savage magistracy waging war with the peasantry; a rabble ministry, drunk with blood and crime,—these form the features of the frightful picture. The wickedness of Sodom and Gomorrah was punished by flame from heaven,—the dead sea stands to the present hour a testimony, a terror, and an example,—but the guilt perpetrated in our island is still unavenged; slavery still holds us in her chains; and, more miserable than the Jews of old, we tread the land which eternally reminds us of the sufferings we have endured, of the bondage that we bear, and the hopelessness of liberty. We are the only brave people on the face of the earth who have been for nearly a thousand years—slaves.

In May 1797, Grattan seceded from parliament. The step was unwise. It was an imitation of a bad example, that of Fox, and was productive of no good. In the spring of 1799, he got mad, and was for some time in a precarious state. One of the first acts of his recovery was to send the following message to Dr. Duigenan, who had severely attacked him in a pamphlet this year. The doctor was cautious of his life, and did not reply:—

*Dublin, 7th August 1799.*

“Mr. Grattan has seen a very gross, a very unprovoked, and a very ludicrous performance, written against him, and signed ‘Patrick Duigenan.’ Mr. Grattan does not explain his conduct to individuals; the statute book and the journals of the House of Commons are open. Were he to make his public conduct a subject of explanation, it would not be to such a person as Dr. Duigenan; but as the above-mentioned attack mixes in its folly much personal rudeness, Mr. Grattan judges it not wholly beneath him to take some sort of

notice of it; and he is very sorry to be forced to observe, that the author has departed from the manners and language of a gentleman, and has thought proper to adopt a strain so false, so vile, and so disgusting, as to render Dr. Duigenan a public buffoon, too low and too ludicrous to give an affront or make an apology.

"P.S. Mr. Grattan remains in Dublin for three days, and is to be heard of at Kearns's Hotel, Kildare-street."—*Life*, vol. iv. p. 404.

The following anecdote of Duigenan shews that he was no fire-eater. He had grossly insulted Sir Richard Borough. A message was in consequence sent to him, and he drove to the ground in his carriage, leaving the coachman on the box, while he took his position opposite Sir Richard. The pistols were loaded and laid at his feet, and the ground measured; but Duigenan declined to take them up. Mr. Fleming, who was second to Sir Richard, called upon him to do so; he refused, and called out to Sir Richard, "*Fire away, you rascal!*" This, Sir Richard would not do, and he was withdrawn from the ground. Duigenan being afterwards asked what he meant by such strange conduct, and why he declined to fire, answered, "If the fellow had missed the first shot, and the second shot, I would have taken my pistol and walked up to him, and if he had not begged his life, I would have blown out his brains, and if he begged to live, I would have taken my penknife and cut off his ear." A few opponents of this kind would put an end to the abominable practice of duelling more effectually than all the codes that ever were enacted.

The labours of the biographer do not extend beyond this year; and for the important question of the union, and the subsequent twenty years of Grattan's life, we cannot find space in this paper. Perhaps we may revert to both in a postscript. We await with hope and anxiety the publication of the concluding volumes, and the defence of Grattan's conduct, which we presume they will contain, and until then, we defer giving our views of his character. We have shown that his memory requires to be vindicated,—that it is open to grave, very grave suspicions; the praise of this reviewer, or the flattery of that newspaper scribbler, or the folly of a magazine writer, or the ignorance of a reverend rhymist, will not suffice to keep his fame bright, when opposed to historical facts. The latter we have given—the former we despise. It will be for Mr. Henry Grattan to say by which his father's glory is most likely to be finally decided.

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ART. XI.—*The Manual of Devotion.* By Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, Esq. Derby: 1843.

WHOEVER views from the outside any building which Protestant piety, no matter of what class, has raised for purposes of worship, can at once divine what form and what arrangement the interior will exhibit. Whether church or meeting-house, it imports not; whether it be a square brick building, with staircases and gallery-seats staring out of long, round-headed windows, or a stone edifice, that shams aisles along its sides, thrusts out a mean chancel at one end, and pokes up a stunted tower at the other; when you have skimmed over the outer surface of either, you have planned the inside; you know at once that the inner surface of every wall will run flatly parallel with the external, that the whole body will be crammed with pews or seats, and that a pulpit and communion-table (or a pulpit alone), will stand, where you at once see and know that they must stand. This is quite natural. The building must be according to the religion. Monotony in the one must give monotony in the other. Morning-prayer and evening-prayer, sermon or lecture, are at best but slight variations of the same theme; Sunday service and week-day service are but trifling modifications of the same type. We are amused, nearly every week, by the gravity of rubrical and liturgical questions raised in Anglican periodicals: what prayers should be said at the *lectern*, and what at the *fald-stool*, what at one side of the communion-table, and what in front of it. To a Catholic, such discussions truly appear like child's play; and we are tempted to think, how the Sacred Congregation of Rites, at Rome, would smile, first to see such matters become newspaper topics, and then to observe the vast importance attached to them. Alas! the mysticism is fled for ever from the congregations of such churches, which alone can give value to these variations in rites; the spiritual symbolism is no longer valued, which only can stamp dignity and meaning on such trifling ceremonials.

But we are forgetting that we have yet a counterpart to draw to what we have represented. Look on the outside of a finished Catholic church, cathedral, collegiate, or parochial, and you will not conjecture, with certainty, what awaits you within. The grand lines will not deceive you. The cross, which the lofty ridges of the towering roofs describe, tells you, at once, of the sublime and awful mystery which is to be



there celebrated. But round it, and principally round its noble head,—like the glory with which the Christian painter would ever encircle its prototype,—are clustered other minor buildings, separately and minutely elaborate, richly chased gems set in the crown, each apparently the choice work of some loving mind, bent upon excelling. And there run forth, and along, secondary appendages, as they seem, of the main building, giving scarce an evidence, to the outward beholder, of their interior destination and worth. Whence comes all this variety? From the nature of the worship to be performed within. It is varied, as are all those beautiful appurtenances, and secondary portions of the sacred edifice. The offices to be performed in them have suggested them; and those offices group round the great and heavenly liturgy, as those smaller and graceful sanctuaries do round the majestic cross. Here is the chapel of the most Blessed Sacrament, *because* the Catholic Church keeps It with great reverence, and often brings It forth to her infirm or dying children, or sets It aloft, as the Lamb upon His throne, to be worshipped and adored by priests and people. There is the Ladye-chapel, *because* holy Church has especial devotion to the ever blessed Mother of God, and must have a sort of family chapel, for homely pilgrimage, where the pious people of the congregation may gather at evening, and quietly say their beads, as if in Her society. Here are shrines of saints, in other smaller chapels, *because*, from time immemorial, their relics or their memories have been much honoured in the place; and to give them proper estimation, and to direct attention, separating them from other objects, though sacred, is the proper way: just as a nobleman will put his masterpiece of art in a rich cabinet by itself. And then you have chantries, where family sepulchres are placed, and commemorations of the departed faithfully made, and where the same devout spirit which rejoiced with souls in bliss, sympathises sorrowfully with those in suffering.

. But our allegory, or image, is not thus complete. As any one can know and comprehend all the inside of a Protestant house of worship by surveying the outside, and as one cannot really understand and estimate the interior of a true Catholic church, without going into it, and ranging round its parts, and, if he be a stranger, asking their uses; so, likewise, one may become thoroughly acquainted with all the meagre poverty (called by its fautors simplicity) of every uncatholic worship, without the pain and misfortune of belonging to it,



and mingling in it; while, on the other hand, no man need hope ever to know, understand, or value worthily, the richness and fulness of Catholic devotion, in its many beautiful forms, till he have passed into the interior of its divine sanctuary, and have visited, in its spirit, all its separate, but harmonizing parts. We have, in a former article, spoken of the great liturgical prayers of the Church, though far from becomingly; the little volume, which we owe to the zeal and piety of a layman, of one who from the outside has passed into the inside of the Church, reminds us how much remains to be said of those secondary and minor observances of Catholic devotion, which give her a rich variety, and yet the privilege of being known only by those within. "*Omnis gloria ejus Filiæ Regis ab intus, in fimbriis aureis, circumamicta varietatibus.*"

The feeling of the age, we know, is all for simplification, for curtailing, for baring everything to its pure essentials. If a machine that has been originally cumbrous in its complication is reduced to half a dozen wheels, it is reckoned, now-a-days, a great discovery. A gardener is more proud of a tree which, cut down to a few switches nailed in painful tension to a wall, bears some very choice fruit, than he is of a stately trunk, that tosses its noble head of foliage in the wind. The two great questions of the day are,—first, how much of anything (except worldly goods) is absolutely necessary; and then, what is the shortest and cheapest way of getting it. And this is applied to religion;—what are the services essential to be attended? what is the most simple form of having them? Let us answer: "the Sunday's Mass," and so far will be conceded; but then we shall be told,—“let it be as shorn of its splendour, as meagre of attendance, and as simple in ceremonial as possible. And so be it with every sacrament and sacramental; let us have all that is absolutely necessary for their efficacy, but suppress all that you can, with safety.”

It is fortunate that the men who speak thus have no power over nature; or they would be playing sad pranks with her, and teaching her some very summary ways and short cuts, instead of her very complicated methods, and slow progresses. And yet the order of grace presents so many analogies to her's, that we should think it might strike any man, that it is as absurd and as unnatural to tamper with the spiritual, as it would be with the physical, world. Each is, in fact, a world of life; each has living laws, dependent upon a higher power than man's; each refuses to be trammelled by

new and arbitrary ones. Take the plant and its life; upon how many small and trifling things it must depend! Try to simplify them and you will at once destroy it. Shut it up and feed it with an artificial atmosphere, in which the ingredients are purified of all that interferes with their justest proportions; and you will find it sicken. Make a soil for it upon scientific and chemical principles, and, ten to one, it will, most ungraciously, refuse to grow. And why? because its principle of life requires many more things than you can seize or even estimate; little, imperceptible, atomic things, which will escape the keenest eye. You know not what it sucks from the dew-drops that sparkle on it leaves at morning, beyond what the pure water from the fountain could give; you know not what healthy element it may inhale from the very mist which sometimes envelopes it; you know not what refreshment it may draw from the hoar-frost that clothes its naked limbs in winter with a mock efflorescence; you know not what degree of enrichment it receives from the grass that decays—nay, from the insects themselves that die, round its foot. The chance admixture of some stray loam, or sand, or other mineral, in the soil wherein it stands, may minister to its living energies a peculiar subsidiary source of sustenance and growth. Now, in a like manner, the spiritual life may be kept up, and made up. The many lesser ministrations of grace, which seem to us minute, and of very secondary importance, have their value and their efficacy in it, which now escape our notice, but may one day appear as they deserve. It may be a pleasing exercise of the new intelligence to be hereafter granted to the soul, for the full understanding of God's mercies, to see how much of its spiritual growth was forwarded, and how much of its fruit matured, by these smaller means; what latent strength was supplied by a blessing casually but respectfully received, what coming blight washed off by the sprinkled waters which the Church had sanctified, what measure of favour gained by an act of thoughtful reverence as we passed before God's altar; what a buffet was given to the evil powers that would have ruined us, by the sign of the cross imprinted seasonably on our foreheads; in fine, how much of our advancement in virtue was owing to our constant and devout employment of what others undervalue and therefore heed not.

It may be said, that yet we allow these things not to be essential; and therefore that there may be, and are, many in the true Church, who belong to this class of persons, and are

yet no less among its living members: Why, then, should they, or others, be urged to more? We reply by asking, Are these in general the ornaments, the flower of the Church? They may be living plants, it is true, but are they rich in spiritual fruit? are they fair and beautiful to the eye both of the faithful and of the separated? Is it among them that we find the instructors of the ignorant, the comforters of the poor, the endowers of charitable foundations, the propagators of truth? Are they not invariably the cold, the worldly, or the sickly, and the lukewarm Christians? The Church of God has the privilege of beauty and loveliness bestowed upon her; would she possess it indeed, if she had none but these to show? But, thank God, she has something better,—she has souls devout, fervent, zealous, and mortified; she has holy religious, active priests, edifying laymen. Now, those who keep up her noble claims to that prerogative, will be found ever to set the highest value upon the minor observances and rites of the Church—will be found most careful in their use, ever zealous in their defence of them. If, then, we see, as we always shall, the higher growth in virtue and the full comeliness of holiness united with these practices, and going hand in hand with their application, should we not cherish, rather than undervalue, them; increase and encourage, rather than diminish, them; uphold and vindicate, rather than abandon them to obloquy and misrepresentation?

Let us, by way of example, imagine a person who has stepped beyond the frozen zone of Catholicity into its more genial sphere, and has begun to feel its warmth. We speak not of place, but of mind; so that we understand by this, one who has learnt to taste interiorly the abundant consolations of his religion; who goes to the church, not one day in the week, because it is Sunday, but, if possible, every day, because his Lord is there; who approaches the altar, not at certain stated periods, with long intervals, because custom or law prescribes it, but as often as his own hunger after the food that perisheth not, impels him. A heartless Jansenist will perhaps say, that such frequency will beget familiarity, and this must be jealously guarded against; and we will say, that it is exactly familiarity which we desire to have, and to produce. He will dwell on the epithet “tremendous,” prefixed to the holy mysteries, and call out for mere fear: and we will answer, “*O sacrum convivium!*” He will intone in solemn key the little chapter, “*Quicumque manducaverit panem hunc indigne, reus erit Corporis Domini:*” and we will reply by the

antiphon, in gladder notes, "O quam suavis est Domine Spiritus tuus; qui ut dulcedinem tuam in filios demonstrares, pane suavissimo de cœlo præstito, esurientes reple bonis, fastidiosos divites dimittens inanes." If the Jansenistic reasoning prevails, there is an end to all we wish to say. The "Sacrament of Love," becomes rather that "of Fear;" the banquet is changed into a medicine, the staff into a scourge, the *viaticum* into a heavy load. The poor wayfarer towards warmth and light—the two rays from heaven—is driven back amidst his ice-bergs again, to shiver and freeze in the cold and gloomy regions of modern semi-protestantism. But let us suppose that he has had courage to face and go by this moody monster, and to get fairly into the genial pastures of the Church Catholic, and to feed fully upon its truths and feelings; he has begun to love that which makes him love, to enjoy that which gives him joy. He will not easily be satisfied, as he used to be. He begins to think that a means of grace is at his command, which he has not sufficiently attended to. Our merciful Lord has been pleased to institute the noblest and blessedest of His sacraments in a permanent form, which allows one to possess Him, in a marvellous manner, at all times. One may envy the ancient Christians, and almost covet their persecutions, on the condition of being allowed, as they were, to have the Lord an inmate in the house, and rising before day, partake of Him most familiarly. The house of Obededom was indeed but poorly honoured in comparison with theirs. But, even now, if not in our own unworthy dwellings, at least in His own house we may have Him ever. If we are sick, He comes to us whenever bidden; when we are well, shall we require much pressing to go to Him? Such a thought seems most natural; and whatever is natural to the devout soul, has place, of course, in the Catholic system: for this system is, in fact, the nature of the inward and spiritual world.

No one can go into a Catholic country without seeing at once this idea carried out into practice. Every church that can be considered public, is left open almost all the day; cathedral, collegiate, and parish churches, and often many others. It is considered a matter of right that they should be so. This, to our minds, forms a lamentable contrast between England and those countries; we mean not Protestant England, but what is Catholic of it. For truly, were the churches left open in the former, merely that strangers might more easily gratify their curiosity, by looking through them, we might perhaps indeed plead our poverty, to call it nothing worse, and say, that as we have no pictures or rich marbles to show, we may as

well shut up our comparatively poor places of worship. But the case is not so. There are plenty of country churches in France, or Germany, or Italy, which can boast of no attraction for the eye of flesh, which yet invite the passer-by to enter, and to pray. And many will do so; especially at the calm evening hour, so suitable to that duty. Now, that which attracts them, we possess in our poorest chapels: and if we see them not similarly visited, the fault is in persons not in things. The same Wisdom hath built a house with us, adorned with the same mystical seven columns, hath spread her table, and calleth aloud from her high citadel on all to enter, to come to her, and to partake. So far there is no difference, then; the difference lies in the obedience to the call. We may throw the blame upon the circumstances in which we live, our country, and times, but it will not do. It must ultimately fall upon ourselves. The feeling is not amongst us which inspires our brethren abroad. It is not necessary that we should trace the matter further, that we should enquire into its hidden or patent causes, that we should specify where the fault more particularly rests. Let us all at once bear it, acknowledge it, and strive to correct it. Let us in every way study to make the house of God more loved, its privileges more highly prized, and its treasures more earnestly coveted. If circumstances will not allow us to throw it open indiscriminately all day, let us, at least, make it at all times accessible to the faithful, and let us teach them what comfort they may find there.

The terms which Catholics soon come to apply to religious practices, are no unapt keys to the interpretation of those feelings, with which they are to be accompanied. Thus, the familiar expression "*a visit* to the B. Sacrament," so well understood in Catholic countries and Catholic communities, contains at once a depth of faith and of love, which long descriptions could not so adequately convey. It declares at once the simple, hearty, practical belief in the Real Presence; not a vague, surmising opinion, not an uncertain hope that the Lord of glory may be there, but a plain assurance that, as surely as a king dwells in his palace, and may there be found by those who are privileged to enter in; or rather, as He Himself dwelt once in a stable, making it His first palace upon earth, and was there "*visited*" by kings from a distance, and by shepherds from the neighbourhood; that He abode in the houses of His friends, and was "*visited*" by Nicodemus for instruction, or by Magdalene for pardon, so does He now

dwell amongst us, in such sort as that we may similarly come before Him, and have recourse to Him in our wants. Nothing short of the liveliest faith in the mystery could have introduced, or could keep up this practice. But the term is likewise the offspring and expression of love. It implies a certain intimacy, if one may use so homely a term, with Him to whom it is applied. It gets us beyond the dark regions of awe into those of glowing affection; it raises us up above the crouching multitude of Israel's children at the mountain's base, nay, carries us straight through the clouds and lightnings at its side, to the silent radiant summit, where God and man meet face to face, and discourse together as friends are wont to do. Yes; chamber devotion is doubtless good; the still domestic oratory at home, with its little tokens of loving piety hung around,—trophies often from a holier land,—is very composing, soothing, and devout. But the great and generous thoughts of Catholic heroism are conceived, or rather inspired at the altar, where the adorable Sacrament reposes; there, depend upon it, in silent prayer, the noble damsel in heart rejects the world and its vanities, and plights her troth to the spouse of her chaste heart: there the young ecclesiastic, bowing in meditation calm and sweet, thinks over the triumphs of his schoolmates, over the swords and red-hot pincers of Tonquin, and resolves to share their crown of martyrdom; there, whatever is planned for the Church of God, that requires earnest zeal and persevering energy, is matured and resolved. And there, too, is the heart unburthened of its daily load of sin and sorrow, anxiety and distress, with a fulness of feeling that comes not elsewhere; sacrifices seem easy which, in any other place, would be hard; and the Catholic soon learns to feel and utter those words which are there most applicable: "*Etenim passer invenit sibi domum, et turtur nidum sibi . . . altaria Tua, Domine virtutum, Rex meus, et Deus meus.*"

But the idea involved in this form of devotion deserves further development; though we have already in part anticipated our meaning, where we illustrated it by comparing it with circumstances in our Lord's earthly existence. We described Him as visited in His blessed sacrament, even as He was in His dwellings when in the flesh. Now the perfection of true ascetic devotion, at least in its first degree, may be said to consist in this, in the drawing us as close as possible to our Divine Master, and enabling us to feel near Him, and with Him, just as we might hope to have done, had we been

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\* Ps. lxxxiii. 3, 4.



happily numbered among His friends and familiars. But this idea we shall have a better opportunity of expanding just now: we must pursue our immediate subject to its natural termination.

If the principle of private devotion among Catholics be that of coming, as near as possible, to the feelings in faith and love, of those who lived in our Blessed Redeemer's society upon earth; the great idea and principle of public worship, in the Catholic Church, is to copy, as faithfully as may be permitted, the homage paid to Him and His Father in heaven. With the Church triumphant she is one; and their offices in regard to praise and adoration are the same. Now, if we look up towards that happier sphere, we see the Lamb enthroned to receive eternal and unceasing worship, praise, and benediction. How beautifully has the pencil of Van Eyck transferred this scene to earth, in his splendid picture of "the Adoration of the Lamb." In it all the tribes of earth, and all estates of men, united in the Catholic Church, are represented as engaged in admiring, in praising, and in worshipping the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world. And this universality of homage only requires perpetuity, an unceasing perpetuity, to make it a counterpart to the scenes which opened upon John at Patmos. In the Catholic system this could not be wanting. The Church would not be content with opening her sanctuaries all day, to such chance-worshippers as devotion might lead to them, even though she might know that no hour or minute would elapse during which some one or other in her vast dominions would not be engaged in such exercise of prayer. She would not even leave this duty of perennial homage to those praying communities, who, distributing the day and night into various portions, some at one hour, some at another, no doubt fill up the entire space with holy services. But she would have a direct, uninterrupted worship ever going on, through every season, and through every day, of her Lord and Saviour, as the adorable victim on His altar-throne.

For this purpose, in large towns, where there are a sufficient number of churches, the entire year is portioned out among them, in spaces of eight-and-forty hours, an interval which has given the name to the devotion, of the *Forty hours' Prayer*. No expense is spared, no pains neglected to make this sacred rite as solemn and as devout as possible. The church is richly adorned with tapestry and hangings, while the day-light is excluded, not so much to give effect to the



brilliant illumination round the altar, as to concentrate and direct attention towards that which is upon it, and make It, like the Lamb in heaven, the lamp and sun, the centre of light and glory to the surrounding sanctuary. After a solemn mass, and a procession, the blessed Sacrament is enshrined and enthroned above the altar; at the same moment that, with similar pomp, it is reverently taken down in some other church. Around it is disposed, as it were, a firmament of countless lights, radiating from it, symbolical of the ever wakeful host of heaven, the spirits of restless life and unfading brightness, that keep watch round the seat of glory above. At the foot of the altar kneel immovable, in silent adoration, the priests of the sanctuary, relieving each other day and night, pouring the prayers of the people, as fragrant odours, before it. But look at the body of the church! No pews, no benches, or other encumbrances are there; but the flood of radiance from the altar seems poured out upon the marble pavement, and to stream along it to the very door. But not during the day will you see it thus; the whole, except during the hours of repose, is covered with kneeling worshippers. To look at the scene, through the eye of memory, comes nearer to the contemplation of a heavenly vision than aught else that we know. It seems to us as though, on these occasions, flesh and blood lost their material grossness, and were spiritualized as they passed the threshold. Softly and noiselessly is the curtain raised, which covers the door, and passed uplifted from hand to hand, in silent courtesy, as a succession of visitors enter in; they who in the street just now were talking so loud, and laughing so merrily, how they steal in, with slow pace and gentle tread, as though afraid to break upon the solemnity of the scene! For before and around them are scattered, without order or arrangement, persons singly or in groups, as they have entered in, all lowly kneeling, all reflecting upon their prayerful countenances the splendour from the altar; and as they pass among them to find place, with what careful and quiet step they thread their way, so as least to disturb those among whom they move; and then drop down upon their knees too, in the first open space, upon the same bare stone floor, princess and peasant, priest and layman, all equal in the immeasurable distance between them and the eternal object of their adoration. In no other time or place is the sublimity of our religion so touchingly felt. No ceremony is going forward in the sanctuary, no sound of song is issuing from the choir, no voice of exhortation proceeds from the

pulpit, no prayer is uttered aloud at the altar. There are hundreds there, and yet they are engaged in no congregational act of worship. Each heart and soul is alone in the midst of a multitude; each uttering its own thoughts, each feeling its own grace. Yet are you overpowered, subdued, quelled into a reverential mood, softened into a devotional spirit, forced to meditate, to feel, to pray. The little children who come in, led by a mother's hand, kneel down by her in silence, as she simply points towards the altar, overawed by the still splendour before them; the very babe seems hushed to quiet reverence on her bosom. The hurried passer by, who merely looks in, cannot resist the impulse to sink, if only in a momentary genuflection, upon his knee; nay, even the English scoffer, who will face anything else, will not venture to stalk, as elsewhere, up the nave, heedless of others' sacred feelings, but must needs remain under the shelter of the doorway, or steal behind the shadow of the first pillar, if he wishes to look on without partaking. But more forward, or in the recesses of the aisles, how many you will find, who have not merely entered in to pay their passing, evening visit, but who have spent their hours in that heavenly presence, where they seem to breathe the pure air of paradise. To them it is, indeed, "the house of God, and the gate of heaven!" It does one's spirit good even to look again upon such hours, through years of distance and miles of space; it recalls to mind emotions deeper and tenderer than we may hope for here; it makes one almost envious of those whose privilege they are. Never shall we forget the first evening that we were admitted to enjoy it. It was, indeed, a sumptuous church, though its rich marbles were draperied over, in one of the fairest cities in Italy. But though we have since seen many more costly and more spacious, it has retained in our memory a charm peculiar to itself, a distinctive character impressed by the solemn circumstances under which we first saw it, an affection and interest which none other has been able to supplant.

But we must hasten on. As night closes in, will there not be danger of this worship ceasing? The last visitors have retired, the sacristan is locking the gates, the poor who have the privilege of asking alms at the door have ceased their pious appeals—for it is right that charity should be exercised at such a place, and where should the lame and the blind sit to ask it, rather than at that gate which of all others best deserves, for the time, the title of "the beautiful"?—

Still the piety of the faithful is neither exhausted nor fatigued. While equipages are rolling through the streets, conveying the worldly to and from places of entertainment, and long after they have ceased their din, there is one carriage, at least, which is busy all night with a better errand; which, at stated hours, may be seen to set down at the church a relay of night-watchers, and to take to their homes those of the preceding hour. Pious confraternities devote themselves to this, as well as to other deeds of piety; and carry on the godly work for centuries, night after night, without newspaper advertisements, dinners, or steam excursions.

Why are we precluded from this truly heavenly devotion, this angelic service? Shall it be the old story—"we are not ready for these things—our people don't understand them—we are too poor for such functions;" or—we hesitate again to state the objection—"they are not essentials, they are not necessary, and we can go on, as we have done, without them?" Yet, we may boldly say, that if any country under the sun has, more than another, a want of such a devotion, it is ours. Here, where, in three hundred years, more churches have been desecrated, more tabernacles profaned, more altars broken, more impious blasphemies uttered, more sacrileges committed, more perjuries pronounced, against the Blessed Eucharist, than in the entire world else, since the days of Berengarius; here, where more consecrated plate, sanctified by the contact of the most precious Gifts, stands on the tables and sideboards of princes and nobles, than brought a hand to write judgment in the banqueting-hall of Balthassar; here, where alone denial of this most holy institution has been made a public, a legal, a national, a royal act; here, where this Holiest of Holies has been chosen as the favourite object of the profanest treatment, pierced by the jeer of the scoffer, beaten about in the unholy language of itinerant declaimers, crowned with ignominy from pulpit and platform;—here, surely, if anywhere, should loving hearts conspire to atone and compensate, by holding the heavenly Mystery in perpetual homage, and never allowing one moment to pass, in which adoration, and benediction, and glory, are not openly and solemnly bestowed on it. There is, indeed, in England, one community, and we believe only one, in which the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Eucharist is carried on. There is abroad a religious order devoted exclusively to this holy purpose. But the house of which we speak has obtained the special privilege of uniting it to the rule of St. Benedict: and day and night,

some of the sisterhood watch in prayer before the altar. But this does not meet our wants. We should have something more general, more national. It is true that no single town could carry on the devotion as it is abroad; but what is to prevent the entire country combining for the purpose? Could not a sufficient number of churches be found (one hundred and eighty would suffice, and in England there are five hundred) of which the congregations would agree, with assistance perhaps from their neighbours, to bear the moderate expense necessary for it, and to devote themselves, according to their ability, for eight-and-forty hours to watching and prayer? The distribution of days might then be made, so that the worship should pass over the whole country, returning to different neighbourhoods at stated intervals, so as to satisfy the devotion of the faithful everywhere. If twice the number of congregations would enter into it, the perpetual adoration could go on in two distant places at once, and so on in progression. Uniform rules might be laid down; for, in fact, there is no point on which the sacred Congregation of Rites has been more explicit, than on this. And soon should we see the devotion of the faithful towards the sacred mysteries receive a new impulse, and burn up in a brighter flame. We hesitate not to say, that it would shortly become a favourite form of worship; and every one would long for the time when it would return to his own church or chapel, or into his neighbourhood at least. We might then indeed feel that we were trying to do something towards wiping off the long scores of treason and insult run up by our country, and hastening the time of merciful visitation, by propitiating the measure of wrath that yet remains.

But even if it be not in our power as yet to establish this beautiful devotion amongst us, which we will not easily believe, we cannot give too much encouragement to what in part attains the same object, and is common to all the Church—**THE BENEDICTION.** Of all the minor rites in the Catholic Church, there is none more esteemed and loved by devout persons,—none more calculated to inspire true piety, and to draw down blessings. We know places where several conversions are attributable to its solemn celebration; and others where not a little has been effected by it, towards exciting a thoroughly Catholic spirit, and keeping fervour alive. Abroad, its hour usually varies with the season. It is made to close the day: when its labours are over, and when the time generally given to exercise and recreation is ending, there are few towns in

which the bell of some church or other does not invite those who are returning home, to join in the concluding homage of the day. Nay, so great a favourite is this devotion, that if several churches concur in performing it the same evening, they will arrange so as to satisfy the piety of the people, by enabling them to attend at more than one. And so great is the concourse, and so eager the devotion, that nothing is more common than to see the church full to literal overflowing, and the breadth of the street opposite the open door occupied by a kneeling crowd, who thus receive the evening blessing of the Lord of glory, and form an echo without to the pealing hymn within. What a soothing, delightful end to a day of toil or of anxiety! How reconciled to its pains does one feel through it; and how prepared for the duties of home does one hasten from it! With us, this service is generally joined to vespers or afternoon prayers; and whether from the inconvenience of the hour, or from some other cause, is often comparatively scantily attended. Perhaps we have not as yet made our people feel sufficiently the beauty and advantage of the service; perhaps it is not always conducted with sufficient dignity and solemnity to impress them with its importance. But this matter belongs not to us: all that we wish, or have a right to do, is to direct attention to the fact, that equal interest is not felt amongst us for this most beautiful act of worship, as we find elsewhere. And our desire, here, as in everything else Catholic, is to excite and keep alive a holy rivalry, that will not allow itself to be outdone,—to make us look without foolish national pride upon the advantages which others have, determined to copy, and so to gain, them. We must assume the decided attitude of Catholics; we have no longer the plea of persecution; we cannot shelter ourselves under the imaginary rights of a national establishment. We belong to the Church Catholic, the *Orbis terrarum* Church,—unfettered and uncompromised; and our aim should be to assimilate, to harmonize, to be of one spirit as of one faith—of equal fervour and piety, as of equal profession and creed.

As another illustration of the beauties which the Church presents to our admiration in her minor offices, we may take the subject of the work before us, which has led us to the consideration of this topic. Its purpose is to recommend the devotion so little understood, nay often so much slighted even by good people in our country—THE ROSARY. It is intended as a manual, or guide, for those principally who adopt it in the modified form which the Church has lately approved, of

the *Living Rosary*, in which the various mysteries are distributed among different persons, who thus collectively weave together that flowery crown of exquisite devotion, the *chaplet* (sweet old name, which we would gladly see revived!), that crowns at once the divine Son, and the Virgin-Mother. For a full explanation of this holy exercise, and for an account of its origin, its advantages, and prerogatives, we will simply refer our readers to the work itself. It will amply repay them; and they will find in the meditations proposed to facilitate the practice of contemplation (which forms an essential portion of the Rosary), much tenderness of feeling and liveliness of thought, that will be at once edifying and improving to them.

Ours is perhaps a drier task, more barren and didactic—to explain the theory of the devotion itself, and so remove some prejudices which we know exist against it. And perhaps the season at which we publish this may not be inappropriate for the purpose.

We have already observed, that a great principle of Catholic devotion is the endeavouring to feel, as we should have done amidst the scenes which excite it. The Church in her public offices suggests this idea; she takes us successively to all the great events in the history of our redemption, puts us vividly into them, presents us to the actors, and instils into us their feelings. We need not enter further into this view, because it is probably not new to any of our readers, and it belongs rather to another subject. But we may observe, that the grand charm, nay, the essential power of St. Ignatius's *Spiritual Exercises*,—that treasure of spirituality, that storehouse of devotion, that none can rival,—consists in the vivid apprehension of the mysteries of God, which the very senses are made, in some sort, to serve. We are told that Goethe trained himself to look at objects with the eye of the great artists; so that in a group he could discern what characteristics Raffaele, or Guercino, or Michelangelo, would respectively have seized; and a landscape he would contemplate accordingly as Claude, or Salvator Rosa, or Poussin would have done, each drawing from it a different picture, though all true representations. And so surely, if one wished to contemplate the tender scene of our Lord's nativity, one could gaze upon it through the eyes of those poor, but happy shepherds who witnessed it, and try to feel and adore, humbly and lovingly, as they must have done; or one may approach it in the train of the eastern kings, and, with more distant veneration, offer up such gifts as God has granted us. Again, if we go up, in



devotion, to Calvary, we may place ourselves in many different positions and aspects: we may look upon THE Cross from the gibbet of the penitent thief, and take comfort from words spoken towards it; or we may think of Magdalene, and gaze through her tearful eyes, and feel love, not unmixed with remorse, and perhaps with indignation too, against the authors of all this woe (alas! ourselves); or we may stand, with John, love predominating over every passion, noting diligently, with the evangelical eagle's ken, every minute detail of sorrow, and every marvellous mystery of charity. And after the glad third day, when HE is risen again, we may find many ways of taking part in so joyful an event: it may be shame and sorrow-stricken, like poor Peter, or with spouse-like eagerness, as Mary addressed the supposed gardener. But surely there is One, who had a share in these and all other such scenes, through whose eyes we should all be glad to view them, in whose heart we should long to feel them. If in the reflection upon another's soul we wish to view the occurrences — joyful, dolorous, or triumphant — through which mercy and glory were purchased for us, there is one "Mirror of Justice," bright, spotless, untarnished, which reflects them in their full clearness and truth. Shall we not strive to look upon it? If these events called up feelings in every spectator, in one breast alone they found depth, and breadth, and strength enough to do them full justice. Shall we not watch and study its heavings and powerful throes? The maternal heart alone could contain the ocean of bitterness, or the heaven of joy, which these various mysteries were fitted to create. And hence the natural desire of loving souls, to be its associate, and to stand with its venerable possessor in sight of all that She saw, in hearing of all that She heard, in observance of all that She laid up in her heart.

Juxta {stramen } tecum stare  
 Et me tibi sociare  
 In {fœno }  
   {planctu } desidero.\*

Now this is, to our minds, exactly the object and practice of the Rosary. The history of our divine Saviour's life may justly be divided into four periods. The first comprises His blessed birth and childhood, — bright and joyful days, no doubt, in spite of the sorrows and trials that mingled with

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\* "Stabat Mater gaudiosa," and "Stabat Mater dolorosa."



them. The second includes the three years of His public mission. The third is short indeed, but full of mighty events, and crowded with awful, yet most affectionate recollections: it occupies but one day,—a day of sadness and gloom, but a day in which more was done for man, than had been accomplished in four thousand preceding years; *the* day for which those thousands had run,—of renovation of all nature, more wonderful than that of its first creation. Finally, the fourth is the glorious period which commenced at the Resurrection, and is continuing now, and will continue without end. Of these four periods, unquestionably, there is not one, which is not overflowing both with instruction and with appeals to our affection. But it is clear that the second is more especially devoted to the first, the other three mainly to the last. A triple plea of love is addressed to us by them, a plea which no heart that meditates on them can resist. Now, it is during these especially that we ever have a witness present, who can, better than any one, convey to us the becoming feelings, wherewith *we* should strive to contemplate them:—perhaps of our Lord's public life an apostle is the best evidence, on whose mind the wonderful teaching of the Mount, opened gradually, unfolding mysteries never before heard, or whose amazed senses saw the first awakening to consciousness of the rising dead, and the glad bound of the released cripple, and the kindling glow of the cured blind man's countenance. Or we may go into the hearts of those so benefited, and, spiritually applying their case to our own, try to imitate their sentiments. But while a Mother watches over the birth-place of Jesus, or follows His patient footsteps through torments to death, or exults in the triumphs which ensue, no inferior companionship, no smaller measure of feeling, no lower standard of appreciation will be preferred.

This is, then, the devotion which the Church of God proposes to us in the Rosary; the contemplation of the mysteries of this three-fold portion of our Redeemer's life, in connexion and sympathy with His loving Mother's feelings, in each. It is essentially directed to Him, being, in fact, the noblest and perfectest mode of meditating on Him. There is still another view of it, which, it strikes us, will facilitate and endear its practice to many; and therefore we will venture to unfold it.

The Church realizes to the utmost the communion of saints: by making the intercourse between earth and heaven as vivid as possible. The exclamations of the old Christians at the martyrs' tombs were as bold and direct, as though they

had been addressing the confessors in prison. And the Fathers represent them to their hearers, as though present to them, defending their cities from visible enemies, and actively interesting themselves in their welfare. It is only doing in their regard, what she wishes to make us do, towards their Head and Lord,—give the greatest possible reality to her belief concerning them. She existed in the small apostolic college, and the handful of disciples who enjoyed our Lord's society on earth; the pious women from Galilee, and the few like Joseph of Arimathea, formed her laity, as the others did her clergy. She increased in multitudes, but she strove to alter not in feeling. What the apostles felt towards their Master, they continued, no doubt, to feel after He was ascended—the same veneration, the same love, the same trustfulness, the same desire to imitate Him. And these feelings they would leave as a legacy to their successors; who, in their turn, would continue to *them*, after they had sealed their testimony, similar attachment, similar respect. Could Polycarp fail, to the end of his days, communing spiritually with the beloved disciple John, by passing again and again, in holy meditation, over the many happy hours, during which he had heard him recount every incident witnessed by him in his Saviour's life, and listened to the fervent accents of charity in which they were related? The same kind of communion, only more exalted and more deeply respectful, we may easily suppose to have been kept up, by those who enjoyed in life the familiarity of our blessed Lady.

It has often struck us, that many who, in latter times, have not scrupled to use the coldest, and even disrespectful, language respecting her, would shrink from the idea of acting similarly towards her, had they lived in her day, and had her near. When, particularly, we have heard the indignation of fancied zeal break from female lips against any respect being paid, or devotion expressed towards her who is the peerless glory, the matchless jewel of her sex, we have been led to think how differently the heart that gave the tongue such utterance would have felt, had its compassion been claimed by the venerable matron, whose bereavement of the best of Sons had been caused for its sake. Many who can speak unkindly of her in heaven, would have melted into compassion over her on earth; would have kissed with deep reverential awe the hand that had lifted from the ground and received into a maternal embrace the same sacred body, just born, and just dead—the infant and the corpse: and would have deemed

it a privilege inestimable, if granted them, to listen, low upon the ground, to her many tales of joy and sorrow,—glowing in her delight, and softening in her griefs, and exulting in her triumphs. That some holy souls partook of such happiness, no one can doubt. During the years that she survived her Son, she conversed with His and her friends, an object surely of affectionate regard and deep veneration. And of what would she discourse so willingly and so well, as of Him of whom her breast was ever full? Or, how would they express their love, better than by making Him their theme? How easily does the imagination depict the scene of some faithful follower, like Luke, anxious to have accurate knowledge of all things from the beginning, making enquiries concerning the earlier periods of our Lord's life; and then listening to the marvellous history most sweetly told:—how fair and reverent the Archangel came, and how her heart fluttered when she heard his salutation, and how her soul overflowed with consciousness of unheard-of grace, as she accepted his errand: how wonderfully Elizabeth greeted her, and how their infants mysteriously rejoiced in mutual recognition; how that cold December night was warmed and brightened by the first appearance of her god-like child, and her breast enraptured with heavenly delights, as He thence drew His first earthly nourishment: how holy Simeon proclaimed His dignity, and showed Him honour in the temple; and how her three days' tears were dried up, when she found her lost Son, sitting mild, and radiant with celestial wisdom, amidst the old men of the law. What looks, what emotions accompany the recital! With what breathless respect is it drunk in by the future evangelist! Or, we may fancy John more privileged to tread upon that tenderer ground, on which both have walked together,—the path of the cross, on some sad anniversary, dwelling with her upon each afflicting event, recalling faithfully every sacred word, till she voluntarily felt over again the sword of grief which had pierced her soul. And then would he not change the theme, and pass over to the bright Sunday morning, which saw Him rise from the grave to comfort the sharers of His sufferings, and to how He mounted before them all to His proper seat, at the Father's right-hand, and thence sent down His holy Spirit on them? And who would now restrain her thoughts from following Him in spirit thither, and casting up a wistful glance towards the resting-place for which she longed, in which she saw Him, her sovereign love, prepared to receive and crown her, when

the fulness of her time shall be complete, and the perfection of her patience manifested?

Now, a contemplative mind, deeply, affectionately contemplative, not envying, but striving to copy, those who had such singular happiness as we have described, will find in the holy Rosary the opportunity of most nearly approaching it. Looking at the Blessed Mother of God as only removed in place, not in affection,—changed in situation, not in heart, he will love to entertain himself with her, as he would then have done; will fix his eye on her, as he discourses with her, in a devout salutation and prayer, upon each of those mysteries, successively, in which she had such an interest. Instead of the barren and distracting form of prayer, which some complain they find it, they will thus discover in it that mine of spiritual riches, and that sweetness of consolation, which we know all those saints have found in it, who have been particularly distinguished for their piety and devotion towards the life and death of the Son of God, as well as towards his loving Mother.

We may be asked,—Is this what may be called the *popular* understanding of this devotion, and is it thus that the poor in Catholic countries practise it? We answer,—it is, as far as their capacity goes. They know that each decade in the rosary has reference to a particular mystery, and their catechism has taught them exactly to know them; and whenever the rosary is recited in common, the contemplation of each is expressly suggested. And this advertence is necessary to gain the indulgences granted to the devotion. They direct therefore their attention to the proper mystery, and say their prayers in its honour; this is sufficient. Ignorant persons cannot meditate as well as the more instructed; nor do they equally understand the words of prayers, or lessons from scripture read to them. But their good will and fervour do more than make up for this. Happy should we be, if we could plead the same excuse! What we have wished to do, is recommend the devotion of which Mr. Phillipps's book treats, to those who fancy it insipid and unprofitable; by shewing that the most spiritual-minded may find in it much food, wholesome and strengthening food; most sweet and delicious food too. But we must likewise add, that we have another ground for loving this devotion, and encouraging all to it,—those even who find it difficult to realize in practice what we have said. It is because it is the devotion of the poor among Catholics, the devotion of the lowly, the ignorant, the afflicted, the hum-

ble beadsmen, the *pauperes Christi*. It is with theirs that we wish *our* prayers to be judged, not with the Pharisees'! We dread the thought of being one day interrogated concerning them, as men of education, men of information, book-men, that looked down upon the poor pilgrim at the church-door, who could only repeat his *Paters* and *Aves*. We look with fear to being asked what we drew out of our silver-clasped, velvet-bound prayer books, that the simple old peasant at the bottom of the church did not get out of her beads, which we despised? Whether we have thence become more earnest, more fervent, more humble, more devout? We like not that sentence of an ancient Father, "Surgunt indocti, et rapiunt regnum Dei; et nos cum nostris literis mergimur in profundum." So will we be pleased to be reckoned among the poor, and ask to be held to have prayed with them.

Want of space precludes our carrying our subject further; enough remains to occupy us again, with other secondary services of the Church, which cannot be too much recommended.

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### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Harry Mowbray*. By Captain Knox. John Ollivier, Pall Mall. WE were, we confess, unacquainted with the works of Captain Knox, and entertained no better expectation on the first appearance of *Harry Mowbray*, than that we should find it an imitation—probably a vapid caricature, of *Harry Lorrequer*, and other works of that description. We were much mistaken, and should be glad to undeceive those who, with a feeling of satiety like our own, may have flung aside unopened the monthly number, with its grotesquely-lettered title-page. *Harry Mowbray* is (so far as we can yet judge) original in its story; original in its terse yet playful style, and in the characters and scenes which are introduced. The narrative is most entertaining, and full of incident, the dialogues racy and light, and their interest is sustained by acute observation, and occasional passages of great force and eloquence.

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*The Warden of Berkingholt; or, Rich and Poor*. By the Rev. Francis E. Paget, M.A. *The Pageant; or, Pleasure and its Price*. By the Rev. Francis E. Paget, M.A. James Burns, Portman-street, London. 1843.

WERE we fully to state our judgment of these works, or our reasons for recommending them, we should be obliged, in great measure, to restate the arguments of an article in our own present

number, for they are precisely of that class to which the writer of that article refers. Both these books are able attempts to render popular, through the medium of simple and pleasantly-told stories, the doctrines of the Tractarians. As might be expected, learning and argument are here laid aside. The pre-eminence and privileges of "the Church" are assumed as an unquestionable fact, and an effort is made to interest the taste and the affections of the reader on behalf of her claims. It is not new to us to find in these works an earnest sense of the importance, the necessity of religion; it would be unfair to deny that in the writings of the so-called Evangelicals, we have often admired a sincere devotion to the God "whom they ignorantly worship;" but here this devotion has received a new direction—one which, *so far as it goes*, is, we rejoice to see, entirely Catholic. The claims of the poor, which, every Christian writer must acknowledge, are no longer treated in a flippant and arbitrary, or, at least, a superciliously condescending tone; the sacred character with which Christ himself has invested them, the awful position in which the rich stand towards those whom He has made in some sense arbiters of their eternal destiny (Matt. xxv. 34) begin at length to be recognized, and the poor are spoken of with respectful consideration, not unmingled with tenderness; far indeed removed from the supernatural charity which inspired the saints of old, and which in our own days has carried so many (one most especially—the young, the lovely, and the high-born) as ministering angels, to the foulest lairs of wretchedness; still, it is something, that the right path has been discovered, if not followed up. The asceticism of the reverend author is equally far from attaining to the deep spirituality of that long line of "blessed mourners," who have in all ages followed the banner of the cross. Still we think that we can trace an improvement even here: we no longer find the spirit of the Pharisee pronouncing all in nature and society unclean, accursed—himself alone holy—superior and aloof from all things: a different principle has been introduced, the external world is viewed with a wiser, more humane, indulgence; the man has begun to judge *himself*, and from a sense of his *own* unworthiness has sprung a spirit of self-denial, weak indeed, but humble still, and reconcileable with charity. There are many other points to which we cannot now advert, but to which the same remarks are applicable—a stern reproof of all occasions for excitement and display, an inculcation of order, obedience, self-restraint; of devotional exercises of a more exalted character, and of more persevering patience in their use. All this is Catholic:—shall we repudiate the benefit truth may derive from it, because of much inconsistent argument and false assumption, and some uncharitable imputations with which it is intermingled? By no means. May these writers break down the barriers of prejudice so strongly armed against us!—may they direct to us that taste which would



now upon principle refuse our guidance, and we shall welcome their assistance, without much fearing their advocacy of the Church of England. In fact, the absurdity of her pretensions is nowhere more apparent than in these writings, where she clamours so loudly for more power, more wealth, more influence, in the very same page which displays the most frightful picture of the evils that have grown up unchecked, under the overpowering ascendancy she has so long possessed. Here, too, while she is giving evidence of her incapacity to ascertain the truth, or obtain its recognition, even by her own members, she yet ventures to pass the strongest condemnation against those who refuse to follow her blind guidance.

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*The Life of the Venerable J. B. de la Salle, founder of the Christian Schools, with an Historical Sketch of the Institute to the present time. Translated from the French of Père Garreau, S.J. and also an Account of the Rise and Progress of the Society in Ireland, by the Christian Brothers. William Powell. Dublin : 1843.*

WE have particular satisfaction in announcing this little work to our readers; our recommendation it will not need, for we are persuaded that no publication could be more generally acceptable, none more seasonable, than the life of the venerable founder of the Christian Schools. The great want of education for the children of the poor, and the difficulty of obtaining any for them, worthy of the name, has of late fixed the attention of Catholics most strongly upon the Christian brothers. Those who have seen their schools are not likely to be satisfied with any others; they are indeed perfection: their regulations, matured by the experience and reflexion of nearly two centuries, produce such order, decision, and peace, as make a school, wonderful to say! in itself an harmonious and pleasurable object of contemplation; but how much more so when it is considered that each individual child is there the object of the most charitable and patient solicitude. The admirable education of these schools is in no one point defective; sound secular instruction, amply sufficient for the majority of the boys receiving it, and an excellent preparation for those whose talents may incline them to make further progress, is added to such religious teaching as it falls to the lot of few to receive: and how sweetly is all inculcated! Many a boy escaping from a rough and vulgar home, must here have learned to associate religion and knowledge with the very happiest hours of his life; even the aspect of these venerable brethren must make a salutary impression upon the minds of children.

To our thinking no parish is complete without one of these schools, nor can any pastor be *entirely* contented with the condition of his flock unless he can unburden his soul by placing his little ones under the charge of these Christian instructors; and yet there are but seven of these schools in England;—in England, where



upon every account they are so greatly required. When we read an account of the "incredible joy" with which their pious founder accepted an invitation to a district of France, infected with Calvinism; "seeing nothing more conformable to the object of his institute, than to labour in rooting out heresy," we could not but hope that he will intercede for us, surrounded and on all sides endangered by this great evil. May his prayers (which soon we hope it will be lawful publicly to implore) avail us for the increase and prosperity of his institute amongst us! and meanwhile let us not be wanting to ourselves.

We are sure that no Christian will read this admirable work without feeling his courage stimulated to the overcoming of difficulties, and his devotion heightened by the example of so holy a saint. Wise as the serpent, yet harmless as the dove, although forced into contact with a most corrupt age, amidst all its entanglements he kept his soul fixed solely upon his God. Crosses were multiplied upon his patient head; storms from within and from without buffeted his infant institute,—it struck the deeper root; and had attained to great prosperity, when the dispersion of all religious societies in 1790, called upon the brothers to take their part in the martyrdoms and sufferings of the clergy. When the fury of the Revolution had passed by, this order was one of the first to reassemble; its unpretending usefulness recommending it to the favour of Napoleon. It is now prosperous in France; it has sent out branches to many countries, and received a new ingraft, or rather a sister and ally, from our own favoured land.

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#### ERRATA IN No. XXVIII.

The article "Cardinal's Mai's *Spicilegium Romanum*" not having been corrected by the author, several errors have crept into the press. The following are the most important:—

page	line	for	read
413	... 33 ...	Pius VI	Pius VII
422	... second last	Lugius	Sergius
429	... 3 ...	Photus	Photius
430	... 4 ...	"procession from the Father,"	"from the Son."
430	... 20 ...	Lessoriana	Sessoriana
433	... 60 ...	Mexican MS.	Vatican MS.

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2. The Expediency of Restoring at this time to the Church her Synodical Powers, Considered, in Remarks upon the Appendix to the late Charge of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. By James Thomas O'Brien, D.D. Bishop of Ossory, Leighlin, and Ferns. 8vo. London: 1843.	- 277
II.—1. Pastoral Letter from the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to the People under their Charge, on the Present Circumstances of the Church. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1843.	
2. Be not Schismatics, Be not Martyrs, by mistake. A Demonstration, that "The Principle of Non-Intrusion," so far from being "Fundamental in the Church of Scotland," is subversive of the Fundamental Principles of that and every other Presbyterian Church Establishment. Respectfully submitted to the Reverend the Convocation Ministers, by Sir William Hamilton, of Preston, Bart. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1843.	
3. The Drummond Schism Examined and Exposed. By a Layman of the Church. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1842.	
4. A Second Letter to the Members of the Congregation of St. James's Chapel, Edinburgh, &c. &c.: together with Remarks on the proposed Attempt to dissever the Chapel from the Communion of the Scottish Episcopal Church, on account of its recognizing as the Authorized Service, the Scottish Communion Office. By Jos. Moule, Esq. F.S.S.A. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1843.	

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